September

E. S. Dellinger—James W. Earp—Griff Crawford
Wm. Edward Hayes—Don Waters—John Johns

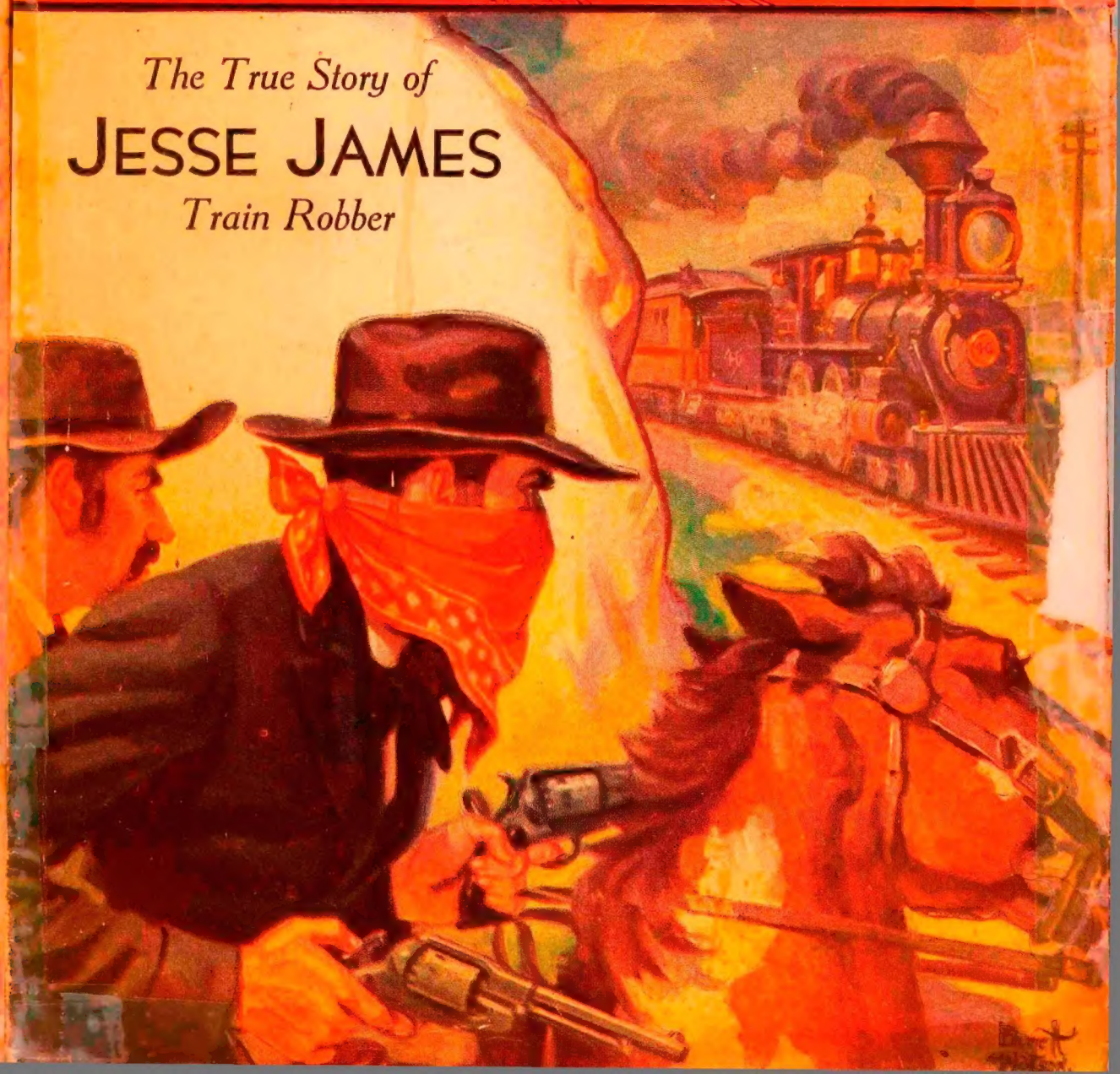
# RAILROAD STORIES

15¢

*The True Story of*

## JESSE JAMES

*Train Robber*



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# RAILROAD STORIES

$1.50 a Year

SEPTEMBER, 1932

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# HELL FOR DINNER

*By Don Waters*

Boomer Fireman and Machinist; Author of "A Stack of Red," "Branch Line Buzzard," etc.

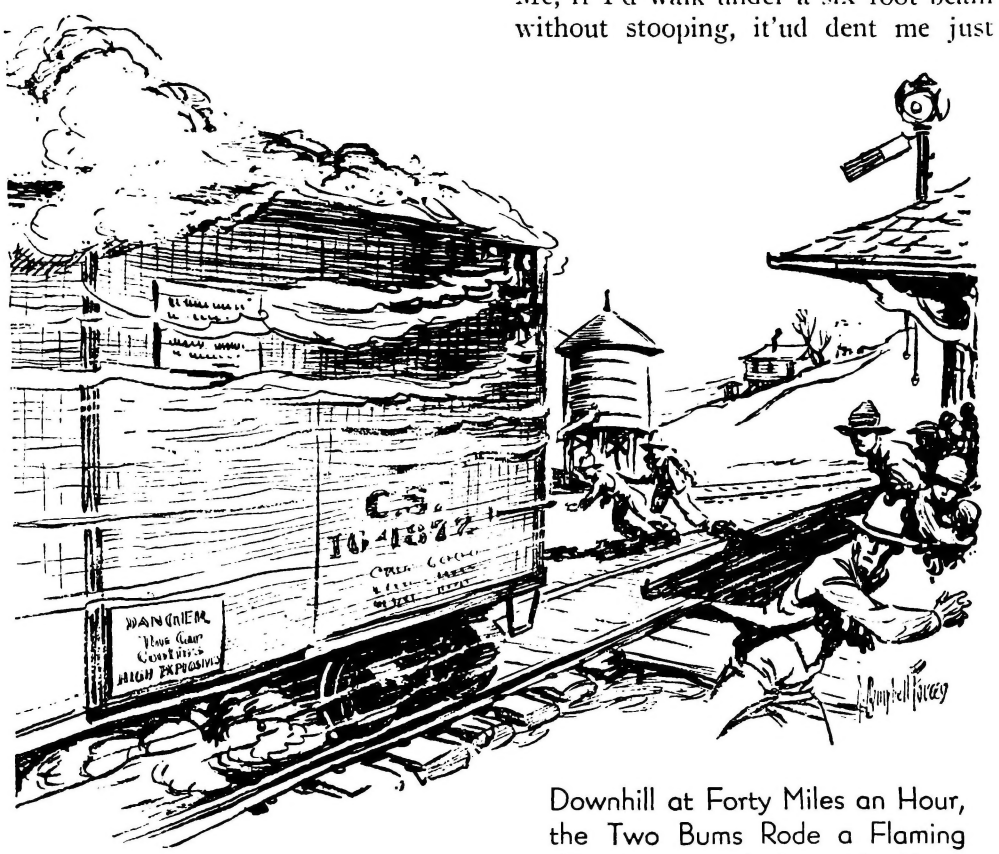
WE was broke, and hungry, and mad, too. Both of us. Me? I'm "The Georgia Rambler," a boomer nut-splitter. My partner is "Tidewater Clam." Leastwise, that's our moni-'ers.

We'd spent our last two bits fer a race o' sandwiches—hamburger with onions, and George give 'em a dab o' mustard. That was just before we mounted the front end blinds of a Cotton State train.

After being up on a wooden-axle branch line splitting nuts and chipping brasses fer a month, we'd come down to the terminal, blew our roll and was now easing out. I ain't spending any money no time to sit on the cushions and watch the scenery go by. There's other ways of going from hither to yon. And Tidewater Clam, he's got the same sort o' opinion on them subjects.

So we was riding without tickets

when we first ran foul o' a redheaded, flatfooted special agent with hands like a cupple o' California hams and a disposition that was soured when he was born. He didn't want us to ride the train, 'cepting we paid. When a boomer nut-splitter gits down to where eating is the big subject, he ain't gonna waste time on foolishness like considering tickets.




Downhill at Forty Miles an Hour, the Two Bums Rode a Flaming Chariot Loaded with High Explosives!

Well, anyway, we was taking the Cotton State special out, riding the blinds. We made it nice fer about twenty miles like I said, till we stopped for water. Then Reds eases up to us, asks what we're riding on. We shows him our cards. That guy acted like he didn't know what a Brotherhood card was.

"You can either step into the ticket office an' pay some hard cash," he says, "or git off the train an' hike to your destination."

We got off. He never tried any rough stuff with us. Tidewater is one of these square-shouldered guys who can move like a rattlesnake striking. Me, if I'd walk under a six foot beam without stooping, it'ud dent me just over my ear. No, Reds didn't git rough a tall, but he gives us to unders'and plain and fancy, that we couldn't ride that train 'less we rode regular.

We unloaded off the blind, walked up ahead, and when she started again, we mounted her once more. Soon was riding right on front where the scenery flows free and unobstructed toward us.

The headlight beam starts out a narrow shaft, spreads fanways like a wedge into the darkness along the right-of-way.

Say, you ever rode the front end on a fast train at night? It's a swell feeling. To see the steel rails—a cupple o' slivers o' polished metal dancing and jumping in the headlight beam—to see the telegraph poles—a long stretch o' 'em, closer and closer together as they get dimmer way out in front—to see 'em come marching up one by one, stand still for a minute, and then disappear into the darkness behind—say, it's great!

You can hear the steam flapping against the pistons, hear the *click* and *check* as the slack takes up in the crossheads and on the pins. The *whoo! whoo! who-hoo!* of the whistle sounds mournful and far off.

The spinning truck wheels underneath rap the rail ends, clicking like telegraph sounders. On both sides like you're down in a canyon, sharp, distinct where the light cuts the woods and fields along the right-of-way, the scenery slips back. Brother, if you've never rode the front of the smoky end, you've missed something.

And we misses something, too. The hem of my coat must 'a' ripped when I nailed the front step and flopped up on the beam. When I reached in fer a sandwich, I stuck my hand clear down to where a tail would 'a' bin if I'd 'a' had one, but all I feels is a slit. They was all gone!

That sure is a woebegone feeling, to reach fer your dinner, and grab a handful o' empty air. I cusses that redheaded pest till I runs out of breath. Tidewater joins in on the chorus, and we both are pretty sore about how things is gone.

Well, anyway, we makes another stop about thirty miles from where we had our first interview with Reds. We never figured he'd come poking around the front end to see us. But he did.

"Get the hell offa there!" he remarks, kinda nasty this time.

He makes a motion like as if he's gonna pull a gun, when Tidewater pipes him down by saying there's no gun play called for. My partner musta bin thinking o' our lost feed when he tells the special agent:

"Go on back on the cushions, an' git your hay. You done enough to us fer one night. We're just a cupple o' honest but poor workin' men who've decided to ride this train. That's our job for the present."

Tidewater also informs Reds that it's his job to keep us offen it if he kin. The special agent takes the bet and we walks away from him with the words ringing in our ears: "This is as far as you bozos ride this train tonight, or I'm a—"

Well, we'll say "tinker's dam," fer some ladies might see this, but in my opinion Reds was just what he says he was.

## II

She hauled out, clipping it up pretty fast. Reds stayed off to one side, waiting till the baggage car comes abreast o' him before he nails her.

We seed him when he makes the grab. We was right above the door on the deck, looking down. It ain't so bad, riding the tops if you get close enough to the head end where the cinders don't get you. But a cupple o' cars back, then you'll sure get a hot shower. There's plenty of hand holds up there.

It's fair riding till you go through a tunnel, which we did in about fifteen minutes. My head like to bust

wide open. My lungs felt like someone was pouring 'em full of hot water.

When we came through on the other side, and I got one whiff of fresh air, believe me, it sure tasted good. They closed the ventilators before we come to the tunnel. The one besides me poked open. I could look in there and see Reds sitting on a trunk, enjoying hisself telling the baggage smasher how he ditched a cupple o' bums.

What makes it worse is when the baggage smasher gets down his lunch kit, pours hisself out a cup o' Java, and proceeds to feed up. And us up there, eying him through the ventilators, with nuthing but the memory of dinner the day before to keep our backbones from wearing holes in our stomachs. Tidewater groans real feelingly at this sight.

Next stop we makes was in a lighted station. We could see all the activities going on when the mail and express was being transferred, passengers unloading and getting on to the train. Nobody even notices us up there till just as the conductor swings his lantern and yells "All aboard!" a freckled-face kid spots us and pipes out:

"Ohooo! Lookit up there!"

A hundred heads turn our way, all eyes follow the kid's pointed finger. I'm sure disgusted. We flopped to the back end o' the top, slipped down between the vestibules, and the train waited. Reds, I reckon, is looking hard fer us during the wait.

Lucky there was another passenger making up on the opposite track. Tidewater and I mixes in with the crowd going aboard, slides up into the smoker, takes a seat.

Directly the special starts moving. I follows Tidewater out. We stand alongside casually behind a post, and as the back end passes, he tips me the nod. We grabs the brass railing on the observation coach, flops over it, sit down out of sight of the passengers inside.

Well, we'd rode this train from most every angle but one. We hadn't been underneath it yet, and that's a spot I don't fancy. However, she'd taken on coal a while back, so we figured, Tidewater an' I, that the tank lid was still vacant, and the coal high enough to shield us from the hoghead and tallowpot's sight.

We rode that to the next stop. I was gettin' tired myself. Beside, it was starting to turn gray over in the east, and we knew daylight would soon be on us.

Mebbe Reds wasn't surprised at the next stop. He was up in the cab, chewing the rag with the hoghead. Just as the train slows down, Tidewater and I raises up, doffs our caps to him real polite, and bids him a fond adieu.

Say, he liked to a throwed a fit, figuring he'd left us far behind. The language he used was appalling.

We ambles along the track to a patch o' woods, washes up in a little creek, and as the sun is rising, we stretches out on the pine needles to get some hay.

## III

We was both fagged out, and it musta bin ten o'clock in the morning before I come to. I looks over at Tidewater, sleeping peacefully, and recalls the whole thing. We sure was on the bum, broke and hungry.

A half hour later we was beating it down the tracks with our eye peeled in case any stray hens should be in the neighborhood and try to bite us. But, however, we meets nothing 'cepting a

section laborer who's trackwalking with his spike maul and wrench over his shoulder.

"You're on the way to a burg called Biglow," says he. "There's a freight due along soon; it has a meet with a passenger right below."

So we figures to ride whichever rattler takes the wait. Not that we cares which way we head. East or west, don't matter. We'd git to some roundhouse, hit up the shop steward fer a pie card, and our immediate pressing troubles would be appeased.

We was just boomers anyway. One place is as jake as another to us. We was figgering something 'ud turn up. And it does.

We was hoofing through a cut when it all started. A train length ahead lay the passing track. Opposite the siding in the cut we sees a branch line leading off the main. A new branch, the fills were still raw, the crossties bright. It musta just have been put in only a month or so. A mile further up the hill, a lot of construction work was going on.

I just takes it all in, when Tidewater stops, points, says in that slow drawl o' his'n:

"Georgia, look at them cars!"

I looks. There was three or four box cars standing on the siding. The head one nearest to the main line furtherest from us, was smoking. A bunch o' weeds beside it was a burning furious. The freight that passed us fifteen or twenty minutes ago must a set 'em off. A red streak o' fire was dancing across the end of the car. The corner was ablaze.

We starts on the run toward it, and both stops sudden. The hair on the back of my neck riz. Cold chisels played up and down my spine.

Fer a second or two I stands petrified. Tacked on the side of the car was a square card with a red circle centering it. It didn't take no Sherlock Holmes to deduct what that meant. The construction job above was blasting. Even as we stands there, we hears a dull *boom!* from up that way. *This car was loaded with high explosives!*

I'm a-trying to figger our best move when we hears another sound. *Whoo! whoo! who-hoo!* not far off, a crossing blow floats on to my ears. Then Tidewater Clam speaks. Nonchalant as though he is sorta thinking out loud, he says:

"This here thing is just as liable as not to crack loose about the time that passenger goes into the hole fer her wait, Georgia. We better move her."

I looks back, figgering on dashing up the hill to flag the oncoming train. I soon see that's a forlorn hope. We're in a cut on a curve. By the time I can get very far through, the passenger will be right on us. Before I explain everything to the hoghead and he backs up the hill out of danger, it 'ull probably be too late.

Tidewater's got the best idea. He starts toward the car. I follows.

We knocked out a chunk o' wood that chocked one of the wheels. I jerks the cut lever. Tidewater picks up a club, heels it over the rail and pries on the wheel tread. I heaves with my shoulder against the end sill and pushes hard.

It moves inch by inch. I'm doing a lot of figgering as I strains my insides pushing. Tidewater's gonna shove out of the siding which is down hill, split the switch, roll down the main line past the meeting track, set the brakes and unload. If and when this thing erupts, it'ull be ahead of the passenger and we'ull have plenty time to flag the freight.

It's rolling pert now when it jolts hard, splitting the switch. Tidewater mounts the side ladder, me after him. He turns when he gits on top, yells:

"Unload, Georgia! This is my funeral."

"Nuthin' doin'!" I yells back.

We'd stuck together, him and me, through a lot. I wasn't going to ditch him now. He tries to reason with me.

"Get off, Georgia!" he pleads. "Any minute this is liable to go, an' no use o' us both wakin' up in hell fer dinner."

But I'm sticking. Hell for dinner, we was catching it right then. We was beginning to pick up speed on the down grade.

Wind was fanning the flames. A cloud of black smoke, thick with the smell o' rich pine, makes me gasp when I catch my breath. I gits a whiff of scorched paint, sees a red wisp of flame curl over the front end, catch on the roof.

I looks back. The passenger is heading into the siding above. I nudges Tidewater, points. He nods, fists the brake wheel. His jaw drops down, his eyes get as big as two saucers.

The brake wheel spins around like the button on a tool shanty door. The brake chain on the pull rods musta bin disconnected. Tidewater straightens up. He's game, all right.

He gets that half grin on his face that I sees so often when he's in a tight place — a half grin, a devil-may-care, to-hell-with-everything sorta look—an' he says:

"Georgia, our flamin' chariot seems to be bad order. This ball o' fire needs fixin'."

His look changes as he glances ahead. We was sweeping around a curve, lickety cut. The flanges was squealing, the wheels going *rat-a-tat* over the rail joints like beating a kettle-drum. Ahead I sees the station, the burg that was Biglow, the trackwalker tells us about.

Down the hill *clickety-clack!* at forty miles an hour we swept along, every minute getting nearer, every one of those clicks meaning a rail joint closer to the depot.

## IV

In front o' the depot I see 'em, forty or fifty people congregated to watch the passenger stop. My hair that had settled, riz again. Fer I glimpse something else.

The down grade we're on flattens out, the rails level off for a few hundred yards in front of the depot, then start up grade. We're traveling pert, but it don't take no deep thinking to see how we'll slow down, stop on the hill beyond, coast back, and mebbe come to rest right in front of the station.

By the way the fire is popping up on the front of this car, we don't need no second sight to know it won't be long now before she raps loose. And when she does—

I'm looking for a soft place to flop into, getting set to do a bird act, when Tidewater shouts, pointing ahead:

"Unload, Georgia! Set it there!"

I sees it, a siding just ahead of the depot, leading off to a sawmill a half mile below. I thinks Tidewater is following when I jumped to the station platform, but he stuck on the car. I busted through the crowd, hollering:

"Gimme a switch key!"

The operator an' me unlocks the switch, throws it.

Up the hill Tidewater is riding his flaring chariot to a stop. A big cloud o' sooty black smoke is trailing behind him, long streaks o' red flame sweep-

ing back. The car slows down on the hill, stops, begins to roll backward. I wonders why Tidewater don't unload. Every second is like an hour to me now.

A yell from the depot, pointing of fingers up the hill draws my attention. Coming down is a engine, one coach behind it. All boxed in on the front end it was, varnished wood and plate glass. Officials on an inspection trip, running extra.

Tidewater sees 'em too, waves his arms in a washout, meaning a stop signal. *Waa! waa!* bleats the whistle like a frightened sheep. I sees the wheels lock as the hoghead wipes the gage and gives her the big hole.

She chatters and cathops over the steel. A half dozen of the brass hats pile over each other, getting off. Real undignified, some o' those old coots. Legs a-straddle, arms waving windmill fashion, they come out and sail through the air like flying squirrels. They land, roll over, get up, brush themselves off, and watch goggle-eyed, what's happening.

Down the switch lead, Tidewater rides his streak o' fire, down to where the low sheds and pile o' logs of a sawmill wait at the end. The whine as the big saw bites into wet wood shrieks on the air.

I can't stand still, I'm so excited. I see a bunch of men there; they'll all go up if that car takes the dead end of the siding at the rate she's traveling!

Everything gets still and quiet, calm like. I seem to be watching a picture in a movie, the burning car rolling down on the sawmill, the streaks o' fire sweeping back on it, the billowing smoke.

I wonders why Tidewater don't unload. What's wrong with him? He's always bin a game guy but no fool. Behind me, I hear a long drawn out, "Ah!"

Tidewater's going ahead over the top. I catches a sight of him through the smoke, going down the front side ladder. He's still got his club in his hand. The wind sweeps the smoke back. One foot on the journal box, the other swinging free, he reaches out.

Clear and distinct, like a picture, I sees Tidewater reach ahead, hold his club in front of the spinning wheel. He dropped it across the steel.

Then so quick you could hardly foller with your eye, he flung hisself out over the fill, seemed to turn a flip-flop in the air. The car jolted. It bumped over the crossties for a few hard, solid thumps.

Then a crash! The earth and sky split wide open, a sharp whiplash o' sound. A second later, a dull bellowing roar like a near-by crash of thunder.

A blue green glare leaped from the place. A devil's shower o' splintered wood and ruptured metal, o' earth and rock ballast flew up in a jumbled swirling shower. The car disintegrated. A gap appeared in the fill. Stones and sticks pattered down like rain.

The windows in the station behind us caved in with a screaming tinkle o' splintered glass. From all the far hills came back the rolling echo like the distant drum beat o' summer thunder.

## V

I WAS fanning it fast down the track to where I last see Tidewater. The brass hats, the inspection outfit, even the whole blooming railroad—I wouldn't 'a' give a bent pin for 'em then.

How any guy could 'a' bin as close to that blast and escape it didn't seem

right. But Tidewater had done it. He'd picked the right place to ditch the car on a little fill not over five feet high. The car had gone over one side, he'd taken the other. He had the embankment between him and that chariot when it bust loose.

Finally I got there. Tidewater Clam was looking fer his cap. 'Cepting that I had to holler at him a bit on account o' him being slightly deef, it hadn't fazed him at all. When I asks my pal how he was, he grins and says:

"Georgia, I'm still hungry. This here episode hasn't dampened my appetite a bit."

So we goes back to where we meets the officials, the road supervisor, the general superintendent, the division superintendent, and two or three other brass hats o' minor degree. There's a lot o' back-patting an' hand-shaking, and after that's all settled, they invites us up to the car behind the inspection engine for to wash up. I guess we needed it.

Say, that was tough being in there and smelling dinner cooking, me so hungry I could nibble on the bones o' King Tut and find plenty o' nourishment.

Yeh, we got a cigar apiece. It didn't help none when a fat old duck hands me one, and says:

"Have an after-dinner smoke?"

I had a notion to tell him then it was after dinner, supper and breakfast the day before, as far as I was concerned.

Then we sits down and relates the story to 'em, sits in leather-cushioned chairs, and leans back, smoking our seegars, and out o' the corner of our eye watching a fat darky dragging food from the galley on to the table. Say, that hurt worse than the ride we'd just took.

Believe me, brothers, when someone says, "Luncheon is se've," I riz up like that seat had drawbar springs on it suddenly uncoiled.

We sets down to that table and we et. To cap it all, while we was eating, who should we see looking up at us but our old friend the night before, the special agent, Reds. He must have unloaded offen a passenger that just went by, and heard the news. Or mebbe he'd come to investigate the occurrence.

I sees him standing on the ground below, goggle-eyed as a pike, gazing through the window at us like as if he's seeing something, and calling hisself a liar for believing what he sees.

I'm busy polishing off a chicken leg. I give it an extra fillup, jerks my thumb at him, and whispers to Tidewater:

"Do you see what I see?"

He nods without speaking, on account o' a little difficulty he's having right then trying to swallow a half o' a baked potato at one gulp. We finally finishes, goes out on the back platform to enjoy the scenery.

Reds don't seem able to keep away. He passes alongside. We both gaze disdainfully at him like he's some funny-looking worm turned up under our feet. Out o' the corner of his mouth, he growls:

"Well, I see you two guys are havin' a hell of a time."

Tidewater gazes at his cigar, flicks the ash off delicate like with his finger, looks down at this bump in the path o' progress, this wart on the face of the earth, and says to me casual like:

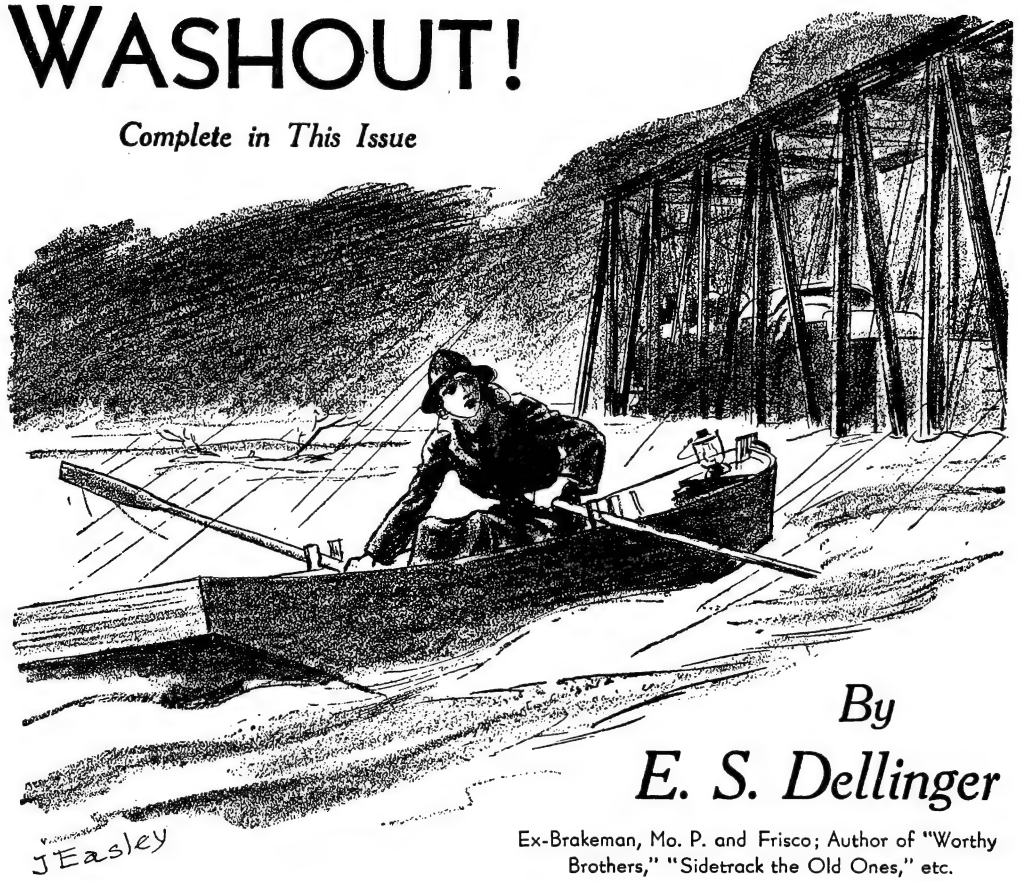
"Georgia, are you acquainted with this person?"

Reds snarls: "To hell with you both!"

And we chorus back at him: "Yeh! To hell with you too! To hell in time for dinner!"

# WASHOUT!

***Complete in This Issue***




## By E. S. Dellinger

Ex-Brakeman, Mo. P. and Frisco; Author of "Worthy Brothers," "Sidetrack the Old Ones," etc.

IT was a morning in June in the late nineties. A hot sun beat mercilessly down upon the cindered tracks of the M. A. & G., stretching through the sweltering village of Lynn Creek, in the Ozark Mountains.

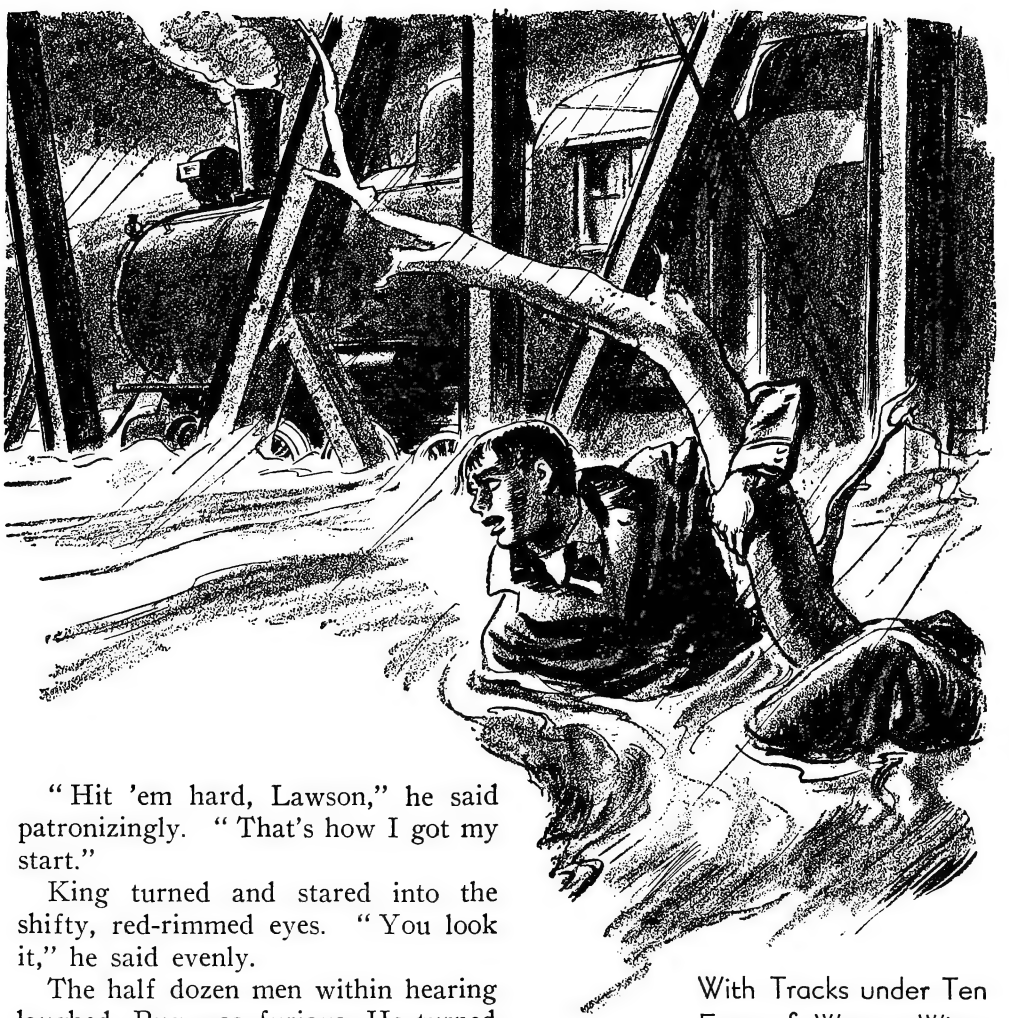
Strung out along this track, Mike Malone's extra gang, an army forty strong, toiled like ants. Sweating, swearing, singing, they lifted warped rails from rotten ties, tore those ties from their burrows, replaced them with new ones, and spiked down gray steel fresh from the foundry.

Between the rails stood King Lawson, broganed feet outspread, lithe body swaying lightly, keeping time to the rhythmic strokes of his spike maul. The spike went home, King rested a second.

"So this is what they call being a gandy dancer," he muttered. "Something tells me I'm not gonna stay here very long."

His glance swept down the finished track to the eight boarding cars from which coal smoke climbed lazily into the burnished sky. Pug Horan, timekeeper of the gang, emerged from one of them and came slouching toward him.

Being the trainmaster's nephew on the Red Rock Sub, Pug despised laborers in general, particularly "Tie-Chopper King," who had come down from the glade a week ago to work on the gang.



With Tracks under Ten Feet of Water, Wires Down and Bridges Tottering, Old Man River Had the Division Tied Up Tighter Than a Hangman's Noose

"Hit 'em hard, Lawson," he said patronizingly. "That's how I got my start."

King turned and stared into the shifty, red-rimmed eyes. "You look it," he said evenly.

The half dozen men within hearing laughed. Pug was furious. He turned abruptly and strode over to a cut of cars standing on the mill track north of the main.

Two rail-lengths away, old Pat Hennessey inserted a spike-puller under a head and began pressing down on the handle. Near by, Foreman Malone crushed a Manila sheet in his right hand and looked at a big silver watch lying in the horny palm of his left.

"Hold it, Pat!" he called out. "We gotta close up for Number Five. We don't want to lay out that silk hat special this mornin'."

Away to the east sounded the foghorn voice of one of the new Atlantics, racing westward with the "Texas Flier."

Soon the fast passenger train ground to a stop at the station a hundred yards away. Then the bell clanged and the whistle sounded four quick blasts, calling for a signal from the gang.

Mike lifted his right hand. The

Texas Flier answered. With steam hissing from cylinder cocks, the 712 came crawling up the track under the skillful guidance of Bob Lathrop.

One by one the gandy dancers moved to a safe distance on the north side of the track.

In the cab of 712, the veteran engineer closed his cylinder cocks just before he passed them. Grinning from ear to ear, he waved a friendly greeting.

He could not have seen Pug Horan, like the fool kid he was, dart out from between two box cars up by the mill, slip a copper cent on the rail to be flattened, and glide back out of sight. As the 712 came even with the mill, Lathrop opened his blow-off cock to shoot collected dirt and sediment from his boiler.

The old engineer did not know, of course, that Pug was in the way. No one knew it.

Consequently, when the young timekeeper dropped down upon his haunches to watch the engine flatten the penny, he came squarely within range of the stream of mud and dirty water which Bob Lathrop released from the blowoff.

A scalding stream caught him on the face. It plastered his cheek from chin to temple with hot mud and hurled him back between the rails, whence he arose, spitting, cursing, yelling.

He struck out blindly for the boarding cars. The men fell back at his approach, all except Mike Malone. Mike grabbed him by the sleeve.

"Whatsa matter with you, Pug? What happened?"

Pug was howling with pain. He could scarcely talk. "It's — it's Lathrop, the ole devil! Tried to scald my eyes out with his blow-off. I'll git even, damn 'im! I'll—I'll cave in his skull with a track wrench the next time he comes through here."

## II

Two weeks passed. Pug's wound healed. The timekeeper was no favorite with the men, who razzed him unmercifully. They told each other in his presence how Pug had tried to play the part of "Peeping Tom" under the 712 and how old Bob Lathrop, being a jealous soul, had filled his prying eyes with mud and steam.

Pug became increasingly sullen. He reached the point where he would scarcely speak to a man on the job.

Meanwhile, Malone's gang moved from Lynn Creek to a point two miles west. Here the cars were run out on a short spur track into the dense woods; and the crew began laying steel on a three-mile spur leading to a gravel pit. When they left Lynn Creek, Larry Granger was assigned to the crew as operator to keep Malone in touch with the office and with train movements.

Larry was a handsome chap of twenty, with curly blond hair and lazy blue eyes. He was never known to take anything seriously, especially if it required exertion. He and King soon became firm friends, and within a few days were making the nightly trip together to Lynn Creek after work, returning on a freight some time during the evening.

Then came a momentous Saturday night. Velvet blackness lined the Ozark heavens. Under lowering clouds the eight boarding cars of Mike Malone's gang stood invisible in their spur west of Lynn Creek. The only sounds which broke the midnight stillness were the weird cries in the trees and the heavy breathing of tired sleepers in the bunks.

In one of those bunks old straw rustled. Pug Horan's bare foot touched the sanded floor, his huge hand sought rough board railing, and he moved stealthily toward the open door.

In another bunk a sleeper stirred, muttered a curse upon pestering cooties. With uplifted foot, the prowler paused. The sleeper coughed, turned in his bunk and slept again.

For a long minute Pug waited. Then cautiously he moved toward the door, eased himself down the steps and crouched upon the ballast.

In the northwest, pink lightning etched the western horizon. While it hung quivering in the blackness, Pug cowered close to the crude step, jerking his head from side to side. A wave of fear had swept his speckled face with its crown of sandy bristles. Then, slowly, when no living thing stirred against the fringe of light, the startled look was replaced by a leer of greedy triumph.

"Damned ole skunk!" he whispered as he slipped brogan shoes on sockless feet. "Scald *me* with his blow-off, will he? I'll—"

The shoes were on. He eased himself from spur track to main line and slunk away toward the green switch-light.

## III

Lounging on the grass at the base of a tie pile a hundred yards to the west, King Lawson and Larry Granger watched the infrequent flare of the rising storm.

As usual, they had gone down to Lynn Creek after work. They had loafed for two hours in the telegraph office. They had watched Bill Grannihan, "Greased-Lightnin'-when-I'm-sober," as he expressed it, send and receive at a rate hard to believe.

At 11.30 they had ridden a through freight back to the switch, had jumped off in the cut at the top of the grade, and, since it was hot and stuffy in the vermin-infested cars, had sat down here to chat awhile before going inside to bed.

"I'm tellin' yuh, kid," Larry was saying in his soft drawling voice, "if yuh ever expect to get anywhere in the railroad game, yuh got to get off this pick-handle stuff an' get a lazy man's job."

"What do you mean, lazy man's job?" queried the gandy dancer.

"Yuh know what I mean. Job where a man uses his brain an' lets the other boys use their brawn."

"Telegraphing, for instance?"

"Yeah. That's one of 'em."

The two boys were silent for a time. Then King spoke again.

"I never figgered on staying with this job always, Larry. It was the way out of the woods for me. I aim to go try firing this fall if I can get on."

"Firin'?" scoffed the operator. "That's work."

"Sure it's work, but you see, my dad was a hoghead."

"Hoghead? Not wild Bill Lawson!"

"Yeah. Wild Bill Lawson," said King, whose father had died at the throttle of the Texas Flier in the flood of the Little Choctaw eight years before.

Larry leaned back against the ties. "I've heard a lot about Lawson. Some hogger, from all accounts. But now if I was you—"

King was staring down the tracks toward the green switch light. Suddenly he stiffened, and with a warning "Sh-sh-sh!" laid his right hand upon Larry's knee.

Larry left his sentence unfinished. "What is it?" he whispered, sitting bolt upright.

"Somebody coming up the track over there, I think."

Both boys stared straight toward the orb of green. Plainly a body was moving between them and it.

They remained motionless. The prowler came unhurriedly up the track. Only as a dim shadow could they see him against the glow. Twice he stopped for several seconds. Then treading cautiously, scarcely moving a gravel, he passed by within thirty feet of them and sank into the blackness of the west. The sound of his footsteps died away in the night.

"Now who the devil d'yuh suppose that was, kid?" queried Larry.

"I dunno. One of the men, maybe."

"Whoever he was, he was sure pussy-footin' it up the line."

"I'll say so."

Two minutes after he had passed them, the ruffle of lightning shook once more above the trees. In its trembling gleam they could see the track stretching away toward the cut at the top of the slight grade. Somewhere out there between glistening rails, the prowler whirled and peered back along the track.

While the light hung quivering in the western sky, the two railroaders cowered against their tie pile. In its dull glow they could see the whole landscape as on a screen.

Where the rails curve through the cut, the prowler stood like a statue. His body was heavy, tall and stooped. The head was bare. A red shirt was open at the throat, the sleeves rolled to the elbows.

The right hand was lifted, shielding the eyes as he peered behind him for sign of shadow. But, apparently, he did not see them. For before the light had gone, he turned and hurried on through the cut.

"That's Pug Horan," whispered King.

"Yeah, I see," said the operator. "Wonder what he's got on for tonight?"

"Aw, no telling. Midnight date with some dame out there in the woods maybe."

Larry peered into the darkness. "I reckon it wouldn't be that girl of Greased Lightnin' Grannihan's, would it?"

"Millie Grannihan? Not by a damn sight!" snapped King indignantly.

"Well, you needn't get huffy about it. I've seen her walkin' up to the cars with him three or four times since I bin on the job."

"Listen to me, buddy," King persisted. "Millie Grannihan ain't that kind of girl. I've known her ever since she was knee high to a duck. Her dad's a regular booze hound, but she wouldn't wipe her feet on a guy like Pug Horan."

King said no more. In silence the two boys left the tie pile, walked out to the track and started down toward the cars. When they were almost even with the switch, King stopped abruptly.

"You know, Larry, I believe we ought to follow that bird and see what he's up to," he suggested.

"Who? Pug?" asked the operator.

"Yeah, Pug. I've a notion he's not going west tonight for any good."

"Sure he's not. But I can't see as that's any of our business."

"Maybe it is." The gandy dancer was serious. "You know Number Six is due here at 2.10."

"Well, he can't steal the train, can he?"

"No," said King, "but—"

"But what?"

"Lathrop's coming down on Six tonight."

"I don't think Bob'll stop for a date with Pug," drawled Larry.

"He might," King responded. "You've noticed the scar on Pug's face?"

"Sure."

"Did you hear how he got it?"

"Not exactly. I heard some of the fellows guyin' him about old Bob an' the 712."

Briefly, while the lightning flared in the heavens, and the roll of distant thunder whispered to them, King told Larry how Lathrop had accidentally scalded Pug that morning at Lynn Creek, and mentioned the threats which Pug had made.

"Yuh think Pug's out tonight to get revenge?" Larry asked curiously.

"He might be," returned King. "You never can tell.

The operator shook his head. "I don't think so. Pug's ornery, but I don't believe he'd deliberately commit murder."

"I'm not too sure. They say there's a streak of insanity in the Horan family."

For some time the argument continued. Finally King turned toward the west.

"Do as you please, Larry," he said doggedly. "I'm gonna see where that boy goes tonight."

"Go to it, old top," drawled his companion with a sleepy yawn. "If yuh'd rather spend the rest of the night playin' nursemaid to Pug Horan 'stead of sleepin' with the cooties, run right along. See yuh in the mornin'."

Larry shuffled toward the boarding cars. King turned his back upon them and strode away, following the timekeeper into the teeth of the rising storm.

## IV

KING soon entered the cut at the top of the grade where he had last seen Pug Horan. Looking back, he saw the green switchlight gleaming like a lone tiger eye.

He proceeded through the cut. The switchlight faded from sight behind limestone walls. Before taking to the open track beyond, the gandy dancer slipped to one side, crouched against the rugged stone waiting for the lightning.

While he waited, the foghorn whistle of one of the new Atlantics came trembling through the night. It was the "Arkansas Traveler," headed west.

King remained in the cut. The Traveler whistled for Lynn Creek. He heard the station blast, four sharp raps of the crossing whistle. Presently, at fifty-five miles an hour, the headlight came plowing over the landscape, centered on the track before him, and with crash of exhaust and roar of spinning wheels, plunged away toward the Dog Creek Bridge.

The instant it had gone, King left his niche in the wall and stood beside the track peering toward the bridge. As the engine raced on, he saw a figure glide from the farther end and wait upon the embankment.

Grimly he struck out along the trail. The fact that Pug, though now more than a mile from the cars, still followed the tracks of the M. A. & G., strengthened his first suspicion. He was convinced that no appointment with a foolish maiden inspired this midnight prowling.

After crossing Dog Creek Bridge, King determined to follow with great-

er caution. He slipped off the track itself and took to the footpath through the weeds beside it.

Except for the flare of lightning, the wooded bottoms were in total darkness. Great trees towered on either side, visible when the lightning flared. In the grass to right and left, crickets chirped, tree toads called their guttural notes; and somewhere a hoot owl wailed out his querulous, *"Who—whoo—who—ah!"*

But Wild Bill Lawson's kid was not afraid of night or rising storm. Seldom a Saturday evening had passed since he was twelve that he had not traversed those seven miles between Lynn Creek and Lawson Glade twice, alone. So the youth was sure of his surroundings as he pressed onward.

For three miles Pug led the way up the darkened bottoms. Out of the northwest the blacker storm cloud crept like a moving wall up the sky.

King's eyes were used to the darkness. Ahead of him, when the lightning flared, he watched Pug Horan, moving always before him, and gaged his own pace so as to keep far enough behind to avoid detection.

Five miles west of Lynn Creek was Griffeth's old water mill. Once it had ground grain for the neighborhood, and had shipped fifty cars a year out over the M. A. & G. Now it was abandoned. Only the bats lived in the ruined attic. But the spur where cars had been loaded still stood with its switch at the western end.

Early in the week, before beginning the gravel pit job, the gang had done some work on a stretch of track east of Griffeth's mill. On Tuesday, King remembered, they had eaten lunch under a clump of black walnut trees south of the tracks.

Approaching this point, the youth heard a rustle of leaves and grass to his left. He dropped abruptly to his haunches.

The r u s t l e continued. Lawson recognized it. A huge snake was gliding toward the right-of-way fence.

King started to his feet; but at that moment the lightning flared again. Scarcely breathing, he tensed where he stood. He could see the track almost to the mill, and Pug Horan was not on it.

For many seconds he crouched waiting. Somewhere ahead, flint rang on steel. Footsteps sounded in the grass. They moved toward the tracks.

King watched until the lightning flared again. This time Pug had regained the embankment and was moving toward the mill, a track wrench on his shoulder.

Until the prowler was halfway to the mill, King remained motionless. A hundred feet away the track entered a cut in the limestone bluff. Passing through that cut, there would be no concealment except the jutting sides of the solid limestone wall. Beyond the cut were piles of ties, lining the right-of-way on the south side to a point beyond the mill spur.

When Pug had almost reached the switch at the old mill spur, King crept along the track toward him, entering the rock cut.

Lightning flashes were coming now at short intervals. Thunder rolled from hill to hill. Between bolts King edged his way forward. When the world was light he shrank against the cliff.

The distance between them rapidly narrowed. Pug was now near the switch. He stood stock still for full two minutes, then hurried on.

The timekeeper seemed strangely uneasy. Beyond the mill he halted

King Jerked the Switch Lever Back to Normal Position as Pug Lunged toward Him, Raising the Track Wrench

again. No cars were in the spur tonight.

King crept forward from tie pile to tie pile. The green light jumped and glimmered. *Pug Horan was tampering with the switch!* It was clear now that he intended to wreck the Texas Flier!

The switchlight changed from green to red. Evidently Pug had broken the lock and set it for the mill spur.

That would be a nasty wreck. The spur was short, rail was light. The engine would strike the switch at sixty miles an hour. It would tear up the switch, turn turtle, and drag its passenger cars into the river. The water under that switch was thirty feet deep. Pug must be a maniac, even though he was the trainmaster's nephew!

## V

SUDDENLY King smiled. That light would be red. The track swung around in an arc from the southwest. Hogger Lathrop would see the red light in time to stop before he plowed into the open switch. Didn't Pug Horan have sense enough to figure that out? Maybe not, with a touch of weakmindedness in his makeup.

King, still in concealment, glanced at his watch. No. 6 was due in twelve minutes.

But Pug was in no hurry to leave the switch. He removed the light from the stand, climbed upon the block and worked with it for several seconds. Obviously he was trying to turn the light green on the staff. But switchlight sockets are made foolproof. When he turned the light around, the socket would not fit.

King edged nearer. He was now less than a dozen feet from Pug, flat on the ground, trying to figure a way to forestall the timekeeper's deviltry.

Pug replaced the light upon its rectangular upright. Then he twisted it with powerful jerks of the track wrench. A lighter man could have twisted all night on that heavy iron without budging it, but Pug Horan was as stout as a bull. The light changed slowly from red to green.

Evidently he was twisting the staff so as to show Lathrop a green light instead of a red one. The switch was set for the spur, but old Bob would not know it until too late!

King crouched behind the tie pile waiting. If he sprang out and tried to overpower the timekeeper, he would be at a great disadvantage. Pug was fully fifty pounds heavier than he, and had a track wrench, one blow from which would fell an ox. King had only his bare hands.

The wrecker chuckled insanely. "Damned ole skunk! Scald *me* with his blow-off, will he?"

A brilliant flare of light streaked the sky. King arose to his full height, tensed ready for a spring.

"Stay where you are, Pug Horan!" he commanded. "One move and you're going down into that river, head first!"

Fear and surprise distorted Pug's face. He wanted to reach for the track wrench, but something in King's voice made him pause. Away to the west sounded the foghorn whistle of the 712!

"Throw that switch back for the main, Pug," ordered King tensely, "and be damn quick about it!"

"You go to hell!" hissed Pug. He was shaking until he could scarcely stand. At one sweep he could grab the track wrench and strike to kill.

Thunder shook the earth. As it died away, another roar replaced it. No. 6 was coming nearer, nearer!

The whistle of the 712 sounded one long blast. Seconds only remained in which to act. Ten of them clicked away—fifteen—twenty.

No. 6 whistled for a crossing. Her headlight swung around the curve. King could see it glimmering among the trees beyond the river. If only the switchlight were red, Lathrop could see it now.

Pug had been standing paralyzed with fear. Suddenly he came into life. His hands swept toward the track wrench. He came up with it lifted.

But in the instant he moved, King Lawson jerked the switch lever back to its normal position. The light atop the twisted staff flashed from green to red.

Pug was lunging toward him. The track wrench was flying straight at his head!

King ducked to the right. The missile crashed against his left arm; it went limp, paralyzed by the glancing blow.

The gandy dancer staggered. For a fraction of a second his world turned black. Dimly he heard old Bob Lathrop whistle once, twice. As in a dream he heard the exhaust cease. Then he hurled himself upon the time-

keeper before the latter could recover his weapon. With his good right hand, King dealt one stunning blow.

Pug wavered. The track wrench went spinning into the side ditch. King struck again. Pug reeled and fell between the rails.

No. 6 was plunging down the track, fire sloughing from every wheel. The whistle was sounding short, staccato blasts.

From his point of safety in a ditch, King saw Pug Horan groping blindly, trying to get off the track. With a bound he was beside the youth he had just felled. The train was almost upon them.

King wrapped his right hand in the open collar of Pug's red flannel shirt, and half crawling, dragged his opponent out from under the pilot wheels of the 712 as it thundered by, pop valve spouting white. The train came to a stop with its middle over the mill spur switch.

Then the threatened storm broke. Wind beat walnut trees down until their limbs swept the earth. Rain dashed into King's face. It wet him through and through. Pug Horan was groaning in the pain of returning consciousness.

Presently old Bob Lathrop, torch flaring through the rain, came stumbling back from the engine. The conductor and the trainmaster, who was riding tonight, met him three car lengths ahead of where King crouched down, nursing his injured arm. The three of them were talking excitedly.

"I tell yuh that switch was wide open," averred the hogger.

"You're nuts," raved the trainmaster. "You're crazy and color blind. If that switch had been open, you'd have been over in that mill pond with the train on top of you."

"She's red, Horan. She's red right now," yelled Lathrop.

The conductor swung up the platform of a standing car and peered back on the opposite side of the train. "Bob's right," he yelled as he hit the ground. "That light's red as the queen of hearts."

"You're damn right she's red," bellowed Lathrop. "And more'n that, there was two babies scrapping right under my pilot wheels when I run by."

Still talking, arguing, speculating, they came back to King. The trainmaster looked at his injured nephew, dropped down in the wet grass beside him, looked from Pug to King.

"What's been going on around here, young feller?" he grated suspiciously.

Briefly King told the story. The porter joined the group. They took Pug and King into a Pullman. They returned to the switch and found the track wrench in the ditch.

Old Pug, the trainmaster, came back raving. He swore he'd split his worthless nephew's hide and salt the cracks in it. But despite the bluster, King could plainly see he had made two dangerous enemies on the M. A. & G.

## VI

NEITHER King nor Pug was seriously injured. The next morning, Superintendent Wall and Trainmaster Horan called them into the office together. Wall asked a few questions. Pug whimpered like a whipped cur, denied everything, and was turned over to his uncle to be dealt with.

"It's a case for criminal prosecution," the super said sternly. Then he talked to King after the trainmaster and his nephew had left the office.

"You know, son," he began, "I like the way you handled that situation down at Griffeth's mill last night."

"Thank you, Mr. Wall," was the rejoinder. "I had a hunch there was something going on that needed to be looked after."

"That's the key to success in railroading, boy," said the official. "Have a hunch based on reason and follow it. If you stay with the job, I think I see a good future for you."

"I figure on staying, all right," said King.

The super beamed. "I suppose you'll be wanting to leave your extra gang job one of these days?"

"Yes, I think so."

"When you get ready to quit, let me know. I'm going to help you into anything in my line that you are capable of handling and promote you just as fast as you show us you are able to make good."

"Thank you, Mr. Wall," King said again.

They both watched a freight pull into the rain-swept yards of Red Rock.

"What branch of the service do you think of going into?" Wall inquired.

"I don't know," young Lawson replied. "Thought I'd try a job firing this fall."

"Firing?" The super shook his head. "Want to be a hoghead like your dad, eh?"

King nodded. "Maybe."

"Better take time to think before you make the move," he advised. "Don't jump too soon."

The two men shook hands. King, though he was not yet able to drive spikes, caught the first train out for Lynn Creek. Pug did not go back to work, and Mike Malone gave the timekeeper's job to King.

This change in employment threw him and Larry Granger a great deal together. Larry, though he himself was a listless sort of chap with no particular ambition other than to get by with the least possible exertion, urged King to take up telegraphy.

On Tuesday night he and Larry went down to Lynn Creek. Greased Lightnin' Grannihan was on duty as night operator.

Now Greased Lightin' had married Lathrop's only daughter. At that time he had been chief dispatcher in Red Rock. Grief over the loss of his wife had sent him boozing, and liquor had cost him his job. For two years he had been out entirely, but had finally been given the night trick at Lynn Creek, a few days before King began work on the extra gang.

Millie was in the office with him that night. Larry introduced King to her. "This is the fellow who threw the switch up at Griffeth's mill the other night, and kept your grandad from goin' into the pond with Number Six."

Millie's blue eyes sparkled. She laid her firm hand in King's calloused one.

"I'm surely glad to meet you, Mr. Lawson," she said evenly. "You will never know how much we owe to you."

The conversation finally turned to Superintendent Wall's suggestion about King's future.

"I tell him the best line is telegraphy," argued Larry.

"Absolutely," agreed the ex-dispatcher. "There's no limit to how far a fellow with ambition can go from the telegraph key."

They discussed the matter thoroughly, and by the time King left Lynn Creek that night, he had made arrangements to set up a student outfit in the cars and let Larry teach him the work.

All through the summer and early fall, he studied diligently. He mastered the code and key. He learned

numeral wire signals, abbreviations, train order forms, report and office routine. Finally, in November, he went on the board as relief man working out of Red Rock.

While he was learning, he and Larry Granger and Millie Grannihan were thrown often together. She had long ago learned Morse, and come to handle the key with as much precision as her father. In fact, she took his place in the office whenever he went out on a spree.

The following spring King took the night trick Belle Isle in the bottoms of the Little Choctaw. Millie went on the board, too, and was assigned to the night trick at Maysville, nine miles west of Belle Isle, while Larry Granger was given the daylight job at Summit, twelve miles west of Maysville.

In some manner Pug Horan not only escaped criminal prosecution, but was even put on the road firing. His uncle must have pulled a lot of wires to get him off so easily.

Fortunately for him, Pug was able to invent a convincing explanation of the " accident " that had happened. Besides, there was a sudden rush of business and a shortage of man power, so the ex-timekeeper was given a scoop and told to get to work. Discipline in the nineties was far from strict for employees of the M. A. & G.

For many months affairs moved smoothly for all of them. Larry, being on the daylight job at Summit, often rode down to Maysville to spend an evening with Millie. King, being on the night trick, visited with her over the wire, and occasionally went up to see her during off hours. On these visits they rowed on the river, sometimes for hours at a stretch.

Fortunately, as it later proved, instead of riding the caboose of the through freight, on these trips, King usually rode the cab; and in so doing he learned to handle both scoop and throttle with an expertness far beyond that of the usual novice.

## VII

In May of his third year as night operator at Belle Isle, the second great crisis of King Lawson's railroad life swept down in the flood of the Little Choctaw.

For a week clouds crept in from the east, pouring their flood over hill and valley. On Thursday the Little Choctaw left its banks. This condition, however, caused little alarm. It was an annual occurrence. During May and June, ever since the building of the road, railroad officials had been accustomed to fighting the spring rise.

Two miles above Belle Isle was the Narrows, a backbone of land separating the Little Choctaw from Sand Creek. Four times within thirty years both Choctaw Bridge and roadbed—except for a stretch a mile in length with Belle Isle at its crest—had been swept away, leaving a gigantic job of reconstruction. Finally tiring of this big expense and menace to their system, officials had raised the roadbed five feet, and at a cost of a cool million, had built a new bridge, tying into the Narrows at a point above any recorded flood stage of the river.

As a double measure of protection, both to bridge and trackage, they had carried their new track along the Belle Isle Ridge on alternate stretches of fill and trestle. Ample room was left beneath the track for the passage of flood waters so that their track might stand unharmed, as their engineers had phrased it, " till hell froze over."

All through that Thursday night, the stream kept rising, creeping ever

nearer to the tracks of the M. A. & G. In their offices in Red Rock, the "brass hats" (railroad officials) calmly smoked good cigars and patted each other on the back, gloating in their victory over Old Man River.

They told one another that never again would the floods of the Little Choctaw rout them from beds at midnight to rush away to Belle Isle and drive men through mud and slime in an effort to save their threatened trackage.

All day Friday the rise continued. Every time King Lawson awoke during the daylight hours, it was to listen to the ominous threat of the Little Choctaw on its rampage. Shortly after noon he arose, flung up his blind and stared out through the falling rain. It was a dismal sight.

Clouds hung low over round-topped hills, hills on whose sides the light green of full-leaved oaks alternated with the darker green of pine and cedar. In the winding trough between these hills, long stretches of murky waters bore huge islands of drift down to pour into the muddy Missouri.

King shuddered, longed for sight of the hidden sun, and returned to his bed to sleep.

The village of Belle Isle was divided into two parts. On the ridge in the valley itself, clustering near the tracks were a dozen houses occupied by the Negro section men and their families. Across the old channel to the south was the town itself—two stores, a rooming-house and perhaps fifty dwellings.

The two sections were connected by an ancient wooden bridge swung high above the abandoned river bed. When King came to work that night at 8.00, he noticed with a feeling of uneasiness that the water was lapping at the piers two feet below the planks of this bridge.

And when he reported for duty, he was not surprised to receive instructions from the dispatcher to check the river gage hourly and report any noticeable rise. He thought he detected in the chatter of the key a vague uneasiness creeping into the official heart in Red Rock.

This restlessness among the brass hats became more apparent as the night wore through. Word came in from the head of the Little Choctaw a hundred miles to the west, from the head of Sand Creek forty miles to the north, telling of continued rainfall, with no sign of let up.

Hourly King made his reports to Red Rock. They looked on the sheet like Wall Street figures on a bull market: 18.1 — 18.3 — 18.4—18.5—18.7 —and so on during the night.

At 12.50 the Texan eastbound came into Belle Isle and stopped. King was standing under the eaves when old Bob Lathrop clambered down from the gangway.

"Nice little shower we're havin', kid," he greeted.

"Yeah. Looks like we needed another Noah."

The hoghead laughed mirthlessly and led the way into the office.

"Gimme a message blank, Lawson," he growled. "I got some news for the brass hats." Hastily he scratched the following:

To Supt. WALL, Red Rock
10 feet water over rails Mp. 123. Five or more rails covered
BOB LATHROP

King whistled softly when he read the message. Lathrop hurried back to his engine and dragged the Texan on toward Latour. King sent the telegram, and immediately the wires began

to buzz as the dispatcher got in touch with Roadmaster Malone in Latour.

A few minutes after the Texan had gone, the Negro trackwalker from the bridge hurried by. Without stopping at the office he ran across to the section house to rout out his boss. Five minutes later Foreman Wilson was in the office, sending this message:

To Roadmaster MALONE, Latour
Choctaw bridge threatened. Bank undercutting east end

The foreman rounded up his crew, who dragged the hand car from its shed and pumped their way to the scene of threatened disaster. King put the message through. A few minutes later he heard a work train ordered out of Latour with a thousand tons of rock for rip-rap—filler material.

## VIII

SHORTLY after daylight the work train, carrying Mike Malone, now roadmaster on the Red Rock Sub, pulled slowly into Belle Isle. Mike strode into the office.

"What's the news from the bridge, Lawson?" he inquired.

"Not a thing since Wilson went up there at 2.00," King replied.

"Well, listen, boy. They need about six roadmasters on this job tonight. There's trouble at Lynn Creek, an' Dog Creek, an' every other damn creek on the system. If you get any news for me, shoot it pronto."

Mike, his yellow slicker flapping about his heels, hurried out. The train crew set their train, all except the derrick, the supply cars, and one car of rocks, in the passing track, and puffed away toward the bridge.

At brief intervals from that time until 8.00 they returned to Belle Isle, bringing down empty coal cars, setting them in the house track, and grabbing loaded ones from the passing track to take up to the bridge.

Just before 8.00 a westbound freight came into Belle Isle. A flagman stopped it and instructed the engineer to whistle in the work train. Within a few minutes the latter backed into the siding to let the freight go by.

King, who had now been relieved by Squeers, the day man, put on his slicker and rode with Mike Malone to the bridge to watch the work of dumping stone into the stream. On the way up, he and Malone stood together on the rear platform of the caboose.

"You don't think the bridge will go out, do you, Mike?" King asked.

Mike stood with feet outspread, puffing at the old cob pipe, while a hundred sodden joints squashed back into the drizzle.

"I donno, King. Everybody thought we had a bridge the Little Choctaw would never swallow, but b'lieve me, she's sure openin' her mouth side."

King asked no more questions. He watched the receding rails, the greedy lap of the back water crawling ever toward them. Soon the caboose left the solid embankment and floated out upon the long trestle spanning the slough below the bridge.

Here a current seemed to have set in, cutting across the tracks from the south side of the valley. Water broke sluggishly against the ties, deposited its load of drift, and swirled out from beneath on the downward side.

A hundred feet farther on the ties were hidden, and soon even the rails disappeared. The train crept down to the lowest point on this trestle. Here, less than a hundred feet from the bridge, the dangling air hose almost skimmed the top of the water.

A lone Negro section hand stood in water halfway to his knees, watching

the floating pieces of drift and shoving them either under or over the tracks to prevent their forming dams in the sluggish current.

Malone stared gloomily over the scene. "I reckon when this is over they'll take some advice an' raise this trestle level with the bridge," he muttered.

"Let's hope so," said King.

He listened to the deepening exhaust of 813 climbing the slight grade leading to the Choctaw Bridge. Mike went inside and spoke to the conductor. The train stopped with the derrick over the east pier.

King followed Mike out to watch the unloading. Here, where water tore at steel girders, boiled up over wooden ties and shied across hidden rails, he stood looking on.

In the car burly Negroes, toiling in ominous silence, rolled huge stones into the "tub" or crate. The derrick lifted the tub from the car floor. The boom swung far out over the stream, deposited the stones in the current and swung back for more. Load after load it carried out, dumping ever in an arc close to the foot of the pier to check the current in its destructive onrush.

From watching the men, King turned to view the swirl of the current. Down swept the river from beyond the Narrows. To the south of the bridge the current parted. One branch of it swung left under the structure. The other idled down alongside the southern bluffs, whence it mixed with the backwater, spreading out over the bottoms.

Part of it crossed beneath the trestles, the rest following the south bank until it had passed the Belle Isle station.

It was a dreary, fearsome sight. Leaden clouds hung low against timbered bluffs. The Little Choctaw burst from the throat of the Narrows, broke against the south bluffs, and spread from hill to hill.

Logs, barges of drift and brush borne by the current, shifted in and out among shining trunks of white sycamores. This morning the fury of the flood seemed invincible. On the whole landscape, the Choctaw Bridge was the only object which offered firm resistance, and even that seemed weakening.

King turned to watch once more the swirl and eddy of the current, the splash of rocks falling in protecting arc about the bridge piers. Malone came to stand beside him, staring out over the surface, ruffled now with falling rain.

King searched his grimy face. "Isn't it dangerous business dumping so much rip-rap into that current, Mike?"

Mike took two puffs at his cob pipe. "Yep. Jist like anything else you do around a damn railroad. We're takin' a long chance."

"Looks to me like every load you put in there plugs the channel," said King, "and puts pressure somewhere else."

"It does, but on the other hand, if we don't protect that pier she's goin' out, an' then down goes a million dollars into the guzzle of the Little Choctaw."

Mike threw out his hands in despairing gesture. The engineer of the work train whistled three short blasts, the signal to back up to Belle Isle. King climbed the rear platform. Mike and the section foreman, leaving a big black in charge at the bridge, returned with the train to the siding.

The order board at Belle Isle was out for the work extra when it cleared. King went with Mike and the section

They Tried to Quit the Job, and It Took a Little Persuasiveness with a Pick Handle to Get Them Back Again

foreman to the office. There was a lengthy message from the superintendent in Red Rock. Mike read it through, handed it to the foreman and stood chewing his mustache.

To M. Malone, rdmstr, Belle Isle
Fill MP 166-25 washing. Sending ten cars rock ballast east, exa 561. Rainfall increasing upper Choctaw. Further rise probable Belle Isle by midnight. Meet me Lynn Creek 12.20 if possible

"Might get interestin' before mornin', pard," he remarked to the foreman. "If yuh live till Sunday, yuh'll see a real flood on the Little Choctaw."

The trackmen exchanged glances. King stepped over to the file and read the carbon copy of the message. He whistled, but said nothing.

Malone dictated a reply to the superintendent, also a message to the dis-

patcher, requesting more ballast from Latour for Belle Isle. Then he left for Lynn Creek.

## IX

At 10.30 that morning, King crossed the rickety bridge once more and went up the hill to his boarding place in South Belle Isle. He noticed that now the water was less than six inches from the flooring of the bridge.

Down toward the northeast the whole valley was now submerged. Shrubbery, stumps, underbrush, high knolls were covered. Except for the mile-long stretch with the Belle Isle station at its crest, the tracks of the M. A. & G. were under water. Every train was preceded by a pilot engine, running a short distance ahead of it, feeling out the track for sign of weakening.

Scanning the valley, King saw a smear of black smoke lying low over the tree tops. Soon the pilot engine, running ahead of No. 5, came creeping toward Belle Isle, making a bare five miles an hour.

He watched the Texan westbound with old Bob Lathrop at its throttle emerge from the water and puff by the station. Before this day was done, either by washing away of the track or by the deepening of water above it, the M. A. & G. might be blocked to all traffic.

When he returned to the office that evening, the water was eight inches deep over the north end of the old wagon bridge. An ominous tremor was running through the rickety structure. The onslaught of the rising flood rocked it to the very foundations.

Wading across the intervening stretch, King noticed that the water had climbed level with the centers of the crossties, and now coursed down the side ditches along the railway grade. He thought of the bridge at the Narrows. By now the water would be many inches deep over its floor, and the lowest portion of the track would be submerged almost level with the firebox of the locomotive.

"Kinda glad I'm not a hogger now," he muttered.

Entering the office, he found Harry Squeers, the day man, pacing the floor.

"I'm thankful I'm not in your shoes for tonight, kid," breezed the old operator. "This is gonna be a red letter date in your railroad career, unless I miss my guess."

King laughed. "What's wrong now, Mr. Squeers?"

"You'd better ask what ain't wrong. It'd be easier to answer."

Squeers took down his message file and thumbed through the batch of work he had done during his twelve-hour shift. While he picked out messages for King to read, he kept up a constant chatter.

"Quarter of a mile of track washed out this morning at Lynn Creek. Number Eight with all the division brass hats on board sewed up there."

"Didn't Mike Malone get back here to the bridge this evening?" King inquired.

"Naw. Ain't been a train come east since noon today."

King whistled. A troubled look came into his eyes. He knew Mike Malone's presence was needed at the Choctaw Bridge. No one could take his place there. He wondered how Wilson, never too reliable, was managing. Squeers was talking.

"When the brass hats saw they was hung up at Lynn Creek, they ordered old Bob Lathrop to set out his train at Slater and come after 'em with one coach. Bob hit a hole at Summit, run-

nin' like a bat out of a hot brush pile, turned the ole 712 over and tore up a hundred yards of track. Wrecker just went through here, goin' there to clean up the smash."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Naw. But they've sure got this pike tied up. Yards blocked at Latour. Yards blocked in Red Rock. Fifteen miles of track under water. Quarter of a mile washed out around Lynn Creek. Wreck at Summit. Thirty miles between Lynn Creek and Summit they can't run an engine over under twenty hours. Sweet cookie! This Red Rock Sub's hit with a stroke of paralysis, and you're the midnight nurse."

Squeers donned rubber boots and slicker. At the door he called back, half in jest, half in earnest:

"Say, railroader, if the bridge between here and town goes out, and the Belle Isle depot turns into a houseboat, jist gimme a highball. I'll charter a ferry and come after you."

"Okay, Squeers!" King yelled back.

Squeers struck out toward town. King stood under the eaves until his elder brother of the key had crossed the shallow water and reached the wagon bridge. Then, as darkness closed down upon the retreating figure, King returned to his desk.

## X

AFTER Squeers had gone, King, listening to the dismal roar of the river, was glad that few trains would use the rails tonight. The only ones between Latour and the wreck at Summit were two extra freights at Maysville.

The eastward one, Extra 931, was expected to proceed through Belle Isle to Latour as soon as the wrecker had passed Maysville on its way to Summit. The westward one, Extra 903, was tied up at Maysville waiting for the line to be cleared at Summit.

He cleaned the office and seated himself at the table. The instruments kept up an incessant chatter. At 8.15 Millie Grannihan OS'd* the wrecker through Maysville. Shortly afterward, Greased Lightnin' reported water rising in the depot at Lynn Creek.

At 8.30 the dispatcher put out three orders to the extra at Maysville and its pilot engine. The first gave extra 931 right over all westbound, Maysville to Latour. The second instructed Engine 504 to run ahead of extra 931, Maysville to Cedar Bluff, observing due caution. The third was a slow order, to both trains, instructing them not to exceed five miles per hour, milepost 128-15, to 120-35.

Without an error, Millie repeated them. Her touch was as cool as if nothing were wrong on the entire system. It made King feel a trifle ashamed of the shadow of uneasiness which for three days had been creeping into his soul.

Then he fell to musing over Millie Grannihan. None other could ever fill the place she held in his innermost soul, but he knew that Larry Granger also loved her and had known the girl for a longer time. Well, he would give Larry a run for his money. Maybe it was disloyal of him to think about love in connection with his best friend's sweetheart.

At 8.40 Millie OS'd the extras 504 and 931 east out of Maysville. The wires grew silent. The sullen river roared. King felt a strange loneliness creeping over him.

Presently his sounder ticked out "BI—BI—BI," calling him. He knew

* *O S means reporting the arriving and departing time of a train at any station by telegraph.*

at once it was Millie. He had learned her touch until he could distinguish it as one recognizes another's voice. King answered.

"Have any water down your way?" she queried.

King almost imagined he could hear her laugh as the message came in.

"Enough to float the Pacific fleet," he flashed back. "You?"

"Three feet deep in the warehouse."

King gasped with surprise. Three feet deep in the warehouse at Maysville meant that the river was rising rapidly.

"Another foot here will put it over my floor," he informed her.

Everyone knew that water had never been known to rise in the Belle Isle station. She started another message, but the dispatcher cut in with his signal to clear the line, and in the same instant the dispatcher's wire began humming his signal.

King answered. The dispatcher instructed him to report the two extras as soon as they showed. He then called Millie and told her to check the gage at quarter-hour intervals, and report any rise.

While the minutes crept by, King remained at his window. At 9.55 he glimpsed a headlight showing through the trees, and reported to the dispatcher.

"Let 'em go," came back the reply.

King dropped his order board, donned his slicker and went out to stand under the eaves. Soon the 605 drifted down past the west switch. Her headlight cast flickering shadows through the darkness. On either side water licked the track greedily. In places the ties were now buried, even at the crest of the ridge. Only the rails were showing.

White classifications signals gleaming, the 504 clanked by, running five hundred feet ahead of the 931.

Wilson, the section foreman, swung down from the engine steps as she passed, and stood for a moment beside the operator on the station platform.

"You quitting for tonight, Wilson?" queried King.

"Nope, not me. Them black boys uh mine's gittin' soreheaded. They're threatenin' to beat it if the river rises much more. Fact is, they tried to quit the job, an' it took a little persuasiveness with a pick handle to get 'em back again—that an' some grub an' a drop to drink."

King laughed. "Aren't you afraid they'll walk out on you while you're gone?"

"Brother, they might swim out—they can't walk," the section boss responded. "They'll be there when I get back."

"How're you going back?" King wanted to know.

"Oh, Red'll take me on the 504," said Wilson, "when he comes in from Cedar Bluff."

"Much drift lodging against the bridge, now?"

"Yeah. Some. An' brother, there ain't gonna be no bridge there fer drift to lodge against if that river rises another foot. She rocks now like she was in the middle of an earthquake."

The foreman crossed the track ahead of extra 931 and disappeared in the direction of South Belle Isle. King remained upon the platform. The men in the cab of the 931 yelled down at him.

Twenty-one cars and the caboose groaned by. Two trainmen were on the cars and a third on platform. They lifted lanterns in salute.

King returned their greeting, and like a marooned sailor, watching his

ship depart, gazed after those red tail lights drifting away toward Cedar Bluff.

## XI

Until long after it had gone, the operator stood under the eaves watching. The crimson markers cast their glow over the sullen waters. To right and left, like splotches of blood, they showed upon its rippling surface. He watched the two orbs grow together, and finally returned inside.

"What a night!" he grunted.

At 10.20 he OS'd the extras by. Before finishing his report, he heard the foghorn whistle of the 504 burst out in one long-drawn, frantic blast. He listened breathlessly. The shrill scream of the 931 answering with two shorts drifted back to him.

King grabbed his lantern and ran out to the platform. Hand upon the knob, he stopped. Millie's touch was once more upon the whispering wire. Frantically she was calling "DS—DS—DS—"

A Huge Saw Log Drifted across the Path as King Backed His Engine toward the Bridge

The dispatcher answered. King heard her message. She reported a four-inch rise in the Little Choctaw in the last thirty minutes. Dispatcher told her to stand by and check at close intervals. King closed the door and listened.

Soon the 931 whistled a "back up" signal. King remained on the platform. Presently the crimson lights came creeping toward him; and as the extra backed into the passing track, he could see that the 504 was now coupled ahead of the 931.

When the caboose passed the station, the conductor dropped off and came splashing across the tracks to the office.

"What's up, Bailey?" King asked.

"Track's washing out down there by the mileboard. Old 504 damn near turned turtle in the river. Sure was a good thing we had a pilot engine running ahead of us this trip."

"That means you fellows will all tie up here till the flood goes down, huh?" reckoned King.

"Looks like it, kid. Better break the news to the detainer."

King called the dispatcher and reported the facts as given by Bailey.

The conductor sat on a table, swinging his right leg. "Ask that guy if he's going to release us."

King put the message through. Back came the instruction: "Tell Bailey to hang around awhile."

Bailey swore viciously. "Don't see what the hell he wants us to hang around for. Been on duty since two o'clock this morning. Ain't had a bite to eat since four this evening, can't get out of this hick burg for a week, and still he wants us to hang around awhile."

King did not tell Bailey what he himself suspected, that the Red Rock office might be figuring on using some tonnage at the bridge. Bailey lighted a pipe and stared gloomily over the water.

"Ask that slave driver if his serfs can go over to town and get lunch, kid," he said.

King put the request through. Red Rock waited a long while before answering. Finally:

"Tell Bailey to go eat, and be back in office by 11.30."

By this time the engineer and brakeman had come in, together with the crew of the 504. The rear brakeman met them at the door; and the eight men, joking and grumbling, waded the sluggish water, now more than a foot deep, to the bridge, and crossed to South Belle Isle, leaving King once more alone in the office.

## XII

For the first time since the beginning of the rainy season, an electric storm was sweeping down the valley. In the northwest, lightning flamed in the inky sky. Crashes of thunder drowned the river's angry roar.

Millie called once more to report a two-inch rise at Maysville. King paced the floor of his office. Before many minutes had passed the rise reported at Maysville would reach Belle Isle. Four inches! *Two inches more!* Within the hour, the water would be ankle deep in his office.

He removed the battery jars from their cabinet and placed them atop the table. Then he set the record file beside them, and having removed from the flood's reach every article which the water would damage, sat down to await the men's return.

From the bay window he could see to east and west as flash after flash lighted up the scene bright as noon day. Not a breath of air was stirring. Smoke from the two locomotives climbed lazily into the murky dripping sky. Water swished against the brick foundation of the depot and lapped at the boards beneath his feet.

At 11.15 Millie reported another rise of three inches in the quarter hour.

Almost before she had quit sending, the dispatcher began calling "BL." King answered.

"Bailey returned from lunch, yet?" inquired Red Rock.

"No," King flashed back.

The wire was silent again. The operator glanced down at his feet. Water was trickling between the boards and spreading out upon the floor. He listened. The roar seemed augmented. Evidently the rise reported from Maysville was affecting the flood at Belle Isle.

Lightning flashed once more, and in its gleam, King looking out over the scene, observed that not a rail shone through the rippling surface!

He placed his hand upon the key to report to the dispatcher, but before he could close his fingers the sounder ticked out once more "BL—BL."

"Has Bailey come?" queried the dispatcher anxiously.

"No," was the response.

"Go get him and both his engineers," instructed the office. "Quick!"

King grabbed boots and slicker. He scrambled into them and headed for the door. As he opened it he heard a rending, crashing noise.

He lifted his lantern and stared through the darkness toward South Belle Isle. In its feeble ray he could see nothing; but at that moment the sky burst into flame. He blinked, opened his eyes, and whirled back into the office.

The bridge connecting the depot with South Belle Isle had gone down with the flood! King was left alone now in the station, with water rising rapidly. Without removing his slicker, he dropped into his chair and began calling, "DS—DS—"

Red Rock answered.

"Bridge to town gone out. Crews all over there. Can't get across. Anything I can do to help?"

Again Red Rock was silent. Finally the sounder clicked a reply: "Can you run an engine?"

King was aware that every official in Red Rock knew he could run an engine. He flashed back an affirmative.

"Listen. Twelve-inch rise expected at Belle Isle shortly after midnight. Want 504 and 931 run out to Choctaw Bridge, placed there and blocked. Can you do it?"

King hesitated. He remembered that his father had died twelve years ago in the flood of the Little Choctaw.

The water was now two inches deep on his floor. Outside the roar of the river was threatening, ominous. Peering through the lightning glare, King saw the two engines standing a hundred yards below the station. They appeared to be floating on the surface.

He pictured the two miles of drowned track over which he must drive them if he took them to their destination. He recalled the sag, where the engine, riding the trestle, would sink deeper and deeper until water all but filled the firebox. Before he could cross that sag, the water might be so deep the fires would be extinguished.

Even if he should reach the bridge, then in order to return to Belle Isle he must wade through two miles of water, sometimes to his armpits or above.

King started. It was almost as if his father were at his elbow, as if his father's voice were speaking to him from out some far infinity, warning him to beware.

The sounder ticked again. The touch was impatient. "Well?"

With an effort, King steadied the hand he placed upon the key. His answer was: "Will try!"

"Luck to you!" chattered the dispatcher.

King straightened up and stared about him at the familiar office. He might never see it again. He hesitated whether to call Millie Grannihan before he left.

Then his jaw squared. Youthfulness left him. In that moment he became a man cold as steel. Resolutely he seized a lantern, strode through the rising water to his door, opened it and stepped forth into the swirling flood.

As he passed the window he heard the instrument talking eagerly, anxiously. He listened. It was his call. By the touch of the key he knew it was Millie Grannihan. For an instant only he hesitated. In that instant he realized there was not a moment to lose. With tightening throat, he whirled from the window and splashed away toward the two panting engines.

## XIII

As he ran he debated whether to take the locomotives separately or coupled. Even before he reached the cab of the 931, having decided that to attempt the former plan would mean that only one could be gotten there in time to be of service, he chose the latter plan.

Leaping up the steps of the heavy freight hog, he glanced at the steam gage. The needle pointed to 140. He turned on the blower, opened the door and tossed in five scoops of coal.

Swinging back to the ground, he ran to the tank, jerked over the angle-cock, pulled the pin, and leaped back to his post. Slowly he eased steam into the cylinders and moved toward the open switch, the 931 shoving the 504 ahead of her.

When his tank wheels cleared the switch point, he stopped, swung down into the water and waded back to set the switch for the main. The water here was almost to his knees. It was moving much more swiftly than he had expected.

King could feel the ballast shift beneath his feet like loosened sand. He did not waste a second in setting the switch for the main. With quickened breath he returned to the cab and went clanking up the main.

The office light with the red signal of the semaphore above cast its glow over the rippling surface. King widened the throttle. Fifty yards beyond he shoved up his throttle, sat for a moment hesitating.

With a muttered, "I might need it," he headed down even with the office, splashed across the platform to the woodshed, and gathered an armload of pitch pine from his kindling pile. This he piled on the fireman's platform and tossed two more loads with it. Then he returned to the engineer's seat and struck out for the bridge.

Pulling away from the office, he glanced at his watch: 11.25. He peered across toward Belle Isle and saw in the light of flaring torches the two engine crews huddled at the water's edge. The operator smiled at thought of their astonishment in seeing their engines backing away toward the Choctaw. In playful mood he pulled the whistle, sending two short blasts through the muggy air.

But in an instant all levity was gone. His face grew anxious. The real hazard of the undertaking dawned upon him. King had not realized until now that he must clank back over that drowned track without a guiding light!

The engine was headed east. He was backing westward. The headlight only intensified the darkness into which he was driving. What dangers lurked be-

tween him and the bridge, he would never know, until, in the blanket of blackness, he had plunged into them.

At eight miles an hour he chugged toward the west switch. Its twitching eye of green cast its glimmer on the muddy water which arose now almost to the iron lever on it. He passed the switch and backed into the ever deepening flood toward the low trestle east of Choctaw Bridge.

The slowly swinging side-rods slapped the surface, sank from sight, came up dripping. They flung muddy water over hot, sizzling metal, splashed down and disappeared once more.

Watching backward when lightning flared, King saw the water creeping up and up the tender wheels. Those wheels became moving semicircles of rusty iron. Higher and higher climbed the water.

On and on moved the 931, and 504 trailing from her pilot coupler. The last lights of Belle Isle blinked out around the curve. Rain poured. Hail pelted viciously upon the cab roof.

King did not dare close the window. He thrust his head out into the storm and peered ever toward the west. The water climbed into the ashpan. It blubbered in the hot coals and metal, with clouds of sulphurous steam.

Suppose the water should rise into the firebox, put out the fire and left him there in water up to his neck without power to drive the engines out?

He knew the head of steam he carried would take them for a short distance. Would it send them up the grade to Choctaw Bridge? Higher and higher climbed the water as King drove steadily westward. The tank wheels were now completely hidden. He thought he must be approaching the trestle, and slowed to four miles an hour.

He approached the trestle. In a flash of light he marked the tall sycamore just outside the right-of-way. His eves swept back. The tank was swaying right like a ship before the storm.

King's heart leaped into his throat. The drivers of the 931 took the weakened structure. It was as if both ties and ballast had been swept from beneath, and only the steel rails hung for support.

Farther, farther leaned the 931. King sprang to his feet, went plunging across the deck, stumbled over the pine knots and fell headlong into them. Surely the locomotive was going down. While it hung in balance, he remembered that Millie Grannihan had been calling but he had not answered.

He stumbled to his feet on the fireman's platform. Shoved back the window. Clutched the sill, ready to leap into the swirling water. Then the 931 slowly righted itself and went plowing through the ever deepening water.

Lightning flared intermittently. In its glare King observed, scarcely ten feet from his coupler, a huge saw log bearing straight across his path! He shoved up the throttle and twisted the brake valve on the big hole.

The old 931 stood still and quivered. To the west the log crept slowly by, and disappeared below the track.

That danger gone, the operator stood irresolute. Blinding darkness settled down once more. From behind its tightened veil he glimpsed the shapes of other logs, huge rafts of them, swinging down with the current to block his passage or to catch his drivers and send him toppling into the flood.

The river was still rising rapidly. King Lawson had not yet passed the center of the trestle. He measured the

height of the water on his drivers, and reckoned that another six inches would put water into his firebox, would drown his fire.

It was not too late to return to Belle Isle. But he was no quitter. He dropped into his seat, released the brakes, hooked his reverse two notches backward, widened the throttle and clanked toward the bridge.

Twenty feet—thirty feet—down the six-tenth per cent grade. The round black barrels of his cylinders were now buried. Only the rims of the sixty-three-inch driving wheels were above the surface.

The sputter of water on hot metal grew louder. Great white clouds burst from the firebox as water climbed into red hot grates. The sputter changed to a roar. Denser grew the steam cloud.

King could see nothing. He widened the throttle a notch, two notches. The engine moved faster. The roar became deafening. The cab became a steaming, bubbling cauldron. It was as if the waters of heaven had poured their flood upon the fires of hell.

Farther out into the pouring night King thrust his head, seeking air. From side to side the engine swayed. He recalled the childish memory of his father's face. Again a voice seemed calling him. He clutched the cab window sill, waiting, waiting for the end.

Gradually the roar subsided. Now he was climbing from the low trestle. Soon the cab cleared somewhat of its steam, but he knew that his fire was gone!

## XIV

Anxiously he watched the gage. An instant before King struck deep water the needle had hung against the peg. The pop valve had been spouting. When next he saw it the hand had backed around to 160.

He knew that even though his fire was gone, the head of steam would drive him a considerable distance, for, as the pressure dropped, the boiling point of the water fell, and more steam was constantly forming. Just how far it would take him, the operator did not know. It might take him to the bridge. It might fail at the halfway mark.

He peered back into the night. The Negro gang should be there with flaming torches. No torches were in sight. He wondered if, the boss gone, they had deserted their post. He cursed Wilson for his faithlessness.

By now the débris should be piling against the bridge. Already the structure might be down. Even now he might be too late, and there was no return.

Again the lightning flared. The bridge was still there, less than a hundred feet away. Not a man was on it. King jerked his eye back to the steam gage; 105 now, and the exhaust a watery *whoosh—whoosh—whoosh.*

Like a rider urging his horse to greater effort, he leaned forward. Weaker, weaker grew the exhaust. The tank was on the first span. The cab came even with the eastern end. Steam blew lazily through the firebox, but the wheels turned no more.

King leaped to the deck and jerked open the firebox door. Within was a cavern of blackness. No fire at all! He lighted the torch, sorted out slivers of pitch, held the torch to them until they blazed, and tossed them blazing into the firebox.

Quickly he heaved in other chunks until his supply was exhausted. Steam still registered on the gage. He turned on the blower and began heaving in coal.

Minutes passed. The water climbed higher and higher. It rocked the bridge to its foundation. With each new surge King wondered whether it would hold until he had gotten the engines to position. He moved restlessly from seat to gangway and back again.

Fire roared through the flues. He fed more coal into the firebox. Pitchy, sulphurous smoke climbed skyward, only to be beaten down by the pouring rain.

On the gage the needle climbed back from forty to fifty, sixty, seventy. He dropped the reverse in the corner and widened his throttle. The engine did not move.

Almost imperceptibly the needle kept creeping around. King tried the throttle once more. At last the drivers moved. The engine crawled away, dragging the 504.

When his locomotive was over the east pier, the operator stopped, climbed out through his cab window, climbed over the tender and into the cab. Here he found a heavy chain and a packing hook. Holding to them, he slid down the engine steps into the water. It was chest deep.

He waded through it, feeling his way along the engine until he came to the front driver. Here he fastened the end link of the chain into the hook, fumbled until he located the rail, placed the chain under the driver and shoved a dozen links through to hold it. Then he returned to the cab.

Here he found a coal pick, knocked the handle from it, and, using it as a club, tied down the tank brake. Going back to the 931, he got the slack, returned to the pilot and pulled the pin.

Then he backed No. 931 over the bridge, and stopped it over the center pier. Setting the tank brake, he let himself down into the water with another chain, blocked the wheels of the 931 as he had done those of the 504 to keep it in position.

Until now, King's mind had been filled with plans for carrying out the task. He had not thought seriously of how he would get back to Belle Isle after the engines were placed. He now saw that this was a serious problem. If he attempted to return to Belle Isle, he would have to cross the trestle where water was up to his chin. By now the trestle might even be washed away.

He next considered the possibility of crossing to the Narrows and getting into St. John's, a blind siding two miles above. That seemed the better plan, under the circumstances.

Lawson knew he would have to swim a short distance in order to make it, but he decided this course would be better than remaining all night on the engine, with the constant menace of the bridge going out beneath its wheels.

Leaving the headlight of the 931 burning, he let himself down once more into the water, and sticking close to the bridge railing, waded toward the west end of the structure.

Struggling along, he found an area of the bridge in which there seemed to be little direct current. It was more like a whirlpool. Near the end of the bridge, water was sweeping in through the cut in the Narrows like a mill race, a sort of jetty, with a pull so stout as to knock him almost from his feet.

Again he hesitated. But the distance to land seemed so short, the danger of the bridge collapsing so great, that he determined to take the chance.

He passed the bridge. He plunged into the water at the side of the cut. The current caught him. It swept his feet from under him. And in one despairing second he felt himself being

hurled back toward the whirlpool around the west end of the bridge!

## XV

At Maysville that night the crew of the extra 903 had remained in the office until nearly 9.00. The dispatcher then released all of them except the fireman.

The fireman—who happened to be Pug Horan—was instructed to remain on duty, looking after the boiler. Pug stayed at the office until 10.30, then went up to the engine and did not return.

The night wore on. Millie Grannihan grew constantly more nervous. She heard King report the washing out of the wagon bridge to South Belle Isle. The girl knew he was now left alone in the station. Suppose the water should rise high enough to wash it away? She wondered if some of the men in Belle Isle would go after him in a rowboat.

Millie heard the dispatcher ask King to take the engines out and leave them on the bridge to hold it down. Her nervousness changed to definite fear, fear that King Lawson might go and not return. She remembered that his father had been killed at Choctaw Bridge.

She waited anxiously for his answer. Even before it came, she knew in her heart what it would be. She heard his " es " go over the wire. For two minutes, pride in his courage mingled with alarm for his safety. She tried to call him, but King did not answer.

She checked the gage at fifteen-minute intervals. The river was rising now less rapidly. From her rear window she could see it rolling mightily on. She knew the water was high up the telegraph poles in the lower valley. Those poles might go out and wreck the telegraphic connection.

Midnight came. She figured King should soon have the engines on the bridge.

Millie grew jumpy. The lonely, frightened girl wondered why Pug Horan did not come down from the engine. Much as she despised him, even Pug would be company now.

Her father cut in from Lynn Creek at 12.30 to report the injury of a man in the frantic efforts to save the trackage.

Millie asked herself if King could get back to Belle Isle after finishing his task. She kept listening for his call. She left her chair and, with arms folded on her breast, walked to and fro in the office.

The hand went once more half way around the dial of the Western Union clock. It was now 1.00 A.M. King had not reported. Finally the dispatcher began calling " BI—BI—BI—" She knew Red Rock was growing uneasy.

When she made her last gage report to Red Rock at 1.30, she cut in the query:

" Would Lawson go back to BI tonight?"

" Dn't no," clicked back the reply. " Prbly go SJ. Shd rept (report) soon."

At 1.50, Red Rock called her. " Is fmn (fireman) off exa 903 there?" inquired the dispatcher.

" Hasn't been in since 10.30."

" Could you get him?"

" Es," Millie replied eagerly.

" Msg," snapped back the dispatcher.

Millie grabbed clip and pencil. The sounder was working again.

To fmn Horan, opr Maysville.
Take eng 903 down to St. John's. See whether—

The sounder hushed. Millie laid a trembling hand upon the key. She called the dispatcher again and again "DS—DS—DS." He did not answer. She plugged in on another circuit. Still no response. With a little cry the girl sprang to her feet and stood looking blankly down on the raging flood.

Somewhere out on the line a pole had snapped under the strain. The wires were down. For a full minute she stood irresolute. Slowly it dawned upon her that King Lawson could not report from either Belle Isle or St. John's.

She clutched at her tightening throat. Would King Lawson report from anywhere? Was he somewhere down beneath those muddy waters, dead in the performance of duty?

Millie ran out to the front platform. A quarter mile to the west she could see the glimmering cab light of the 903. The girl remembered the message she had been copying.

She ran back to the table and grabbed up the blank. She did not tear off the message. She studied it for many seconds.

Take eng 903 down to St. John's. See whether—

"See whether what?" Whether the two engines were on Choctaw Bridge, of course. If Pug could cross the bridge over St. John's Creek, just beyond the station, he could easily cross from the track, follow the ridge down to the Narrows, and see whether or not the engines had been placed upon the structure.

She donned boots and slicker, grabbed her lantern and hurried out toward the 903.

Pug was asleep in the cab. "Well?" he growled as she swung up the steps. "What's eatin' on yuh now?"

"You've got to take this engine and go down to St. John's?"

"Me?" Pug rubbed his eyes.

"Yes, you."

"Who said so?"

"Dispatcher, of course."

Pug looked at her suspiciously. Plainly he doubted her statement.

"Where's the message?"

"It's down at the office."

"I'm not gonna move no engine till I see it," he said doggedly.

"Cut off and come down to the depot," instructed Millie. "I'll get it for you."

Grumbling, he cut off the engine, let it out on the main line, and backed down to the station.

On the way the girl told him briefly how King had left Belle Isle with the two engines in an attempt to get them on the bridge to hold down the structure, how he had not reported, and how the dispatcher had been issuing a message for him, Pug, to go to St. John's with the engine.

"Wants me to go down to St. John's an' see if my ole friend King's come through or cashed in?" he queried.

"He wants you to go down to the Narrows and see whether those two engines are on Choctaw Bridge," corrected Millie.

At the station, Pug stopped and went in with her to get the message. It was still on the clip where she had written it. Pug studied it for a long while.

"This ain't signed," he insisted.

"Sure it's not, I've just told you that the wires went out before he finished it. It's good just the same."

For ten minutes Pug argued the matter. He was not the engineer. The message looked phony. If he started out with the engine and anything hap-

pened, he'd be the goat. He would not go down alone.

Finally Millie, after agreeing to ride the cab with him to St. John's and back, prevailed upon him to go, and at 2.10 they pulled away from the station heading down the sodden tracks toward St. John's.

Her heart was pounding madly. She had seldom ridden a cab, but the novelty of her experience was not uppermost in her mind. The thing which tore her soul was the question: "Will the engines be on the bridge? Or will they be sunk beneath the muddy waters somewhere beyond?"

St. John's was a blind siding. The only dweller within a mile of the place was old John St. John, a Negro, who eked out his living by taking catfish from the stream and peddling them in the neighboring villages.

At dark John had come out to look after his boat. He had tied it the day before to a post in the right-of-way fence. Tonight, the post being under water, he had tied it to the leg of the west switch stand.

When they passed the switch, the boat was almost to the tracks. It barely cleared the engine pilot. Pug reduced speed and cursed John for placing it there. He pulled down to the east switch and stopped.

Water was over the rails. The headlight shone out toward the bridge, a quarter mile to the east. Water would be knee deep at the bridge.

"I ain't gonna run no engine over that bridge an' it under water," he declared.

"You can make it all right," urged Millie.

"I ain't gonna try to make it. I ain't takin' no chances on puttin' a engine down in the bottom uh that damned crick."

Pug sat at his post. Millie watched the water, listened to its vicious roar.

"Well, are you going or not?" she snapped.

"Me? I'm goin' back to Maysville where I belong. Jist because King Lawson's been a damned fool's no reason I'm gonna be another un."

Pug hooked his reverse into backward motion. Millie was in the deck close to his elbow. She was stamping her foot. Hot tears ran down her cheeks.

"You big yellow coward!" she screamed. "Call yourself a man? Why, I wouldn't—"

Millie whirled back to the left platform. She jerked up her lantern and started down the gangway. The engine was moving slowly.

"Where yuh goin'?" bellowed Pug.

"I'm going to Choctaw Bridge, you poor little baby!"

"Swim right on, spitfire," Pug yelled down at her. "I'll be a laughin' at yer funeral."

Pug backed the engine beyond the west switch and stopped. Millie started wading toward the bridge. It was slow going. The water made her dizzy.

The girl feared she could never make it. She wished she had aroused the engineer at Maysville instead of risking the trip to Pug Horan.

Then she longed for Larry Granger. Larry would go for her, if he had to swim the whole way. A twinge of conscience surged through her. Larry would face hell itself for her, and here she was wishing for him only because he would calm her anxiety for King Lawson.

In water up to her ankles, Millie stopped. She remembered having seen John's boat lashed to the switch stand. It would require an hour or two to

"Where You Goin', You Little Fool?" Bellowed Pug. "You'll Be Drowned in That Damn' River!"

wade and walk to the Narrows. With that boat she could go in thirty minutes, perhaps less, with the current.

Millie turned from the bridge, ran to the west switch. She grabbed the rope, untied it from the switch stand and pulled the boat to her. Flashing her lantern to the staple in the deck, she seized the oars and shoved away toward the swiftly moving current.

Pug Horan had seen her coming. He brought the engine over to the switch, swung down from the cab and stood upon the bank yelling:

"Where you goin', you little fool? Don't you know you'll be drowned in that damn' river?"

But his words were lost in the roar of the water.

## XVI

When King felt himself being swept rapidly through the cut leading out to the Choctaw Bridge, he gave way for a moment to panic. Then quickly regaining control of himself, he grabbed for a jutting rock in the wall. His hand slipped off, he sank beneath the surface.

Bobbing up, he saw in the glare of

the headlight of the 931 that he was going on the downstream side of the bridge. He thought he could hold himself above the water, drift downstream and save himself by grabbing one of the many trees which lined the river bank below.

He shot out into the main stream. A cross current caught the struggling operator, whirled him rapidly toward the bridge. He grabbed for a brace, but missed. Then, before he realized what was happening, King was caught in a rapid undertow, thrown against a girder, sucked under the bridge and tossed like a cork to the suface on the upstream side.

Up he came, coughing and sputtering, then was carried around a sycamore snag. He tried to lift his right arm and grab it. Pain shot through it.

King felt himself going down again. He thought his end had come, but as he sank, he threw out his left hand, grabbed a branch of the sycamore snag and drew himself toward it. Then, wrapping both legs about its body, he clung panting while the flood surged on.

For hours, it seemed to him, he held to the snag before consciousness fully returned. Rain pelted his upturned face. He watched the glare of the headlight of the 931, heard the river's roar mingled with the howl of the steam in the boiler.

Clinging with his knees, he ran his left hand up his right arm. It was broken halfway between shoulder and elbow.

Minutes passed, minutes which seemed like ages. The man tried to reckon upon an hour of possible rescue. He knew no one could reach him from Belle Isle.

He considered the possibility of a relief party from Maysville. But he knew that not a fellow on the whole river would venture out in the darkness with a boat on such a flood. Besides, how would anyone know he had been fool enough to try to make the Narrows? As he thought of it now, it seemed the height of folly.

The headlight of the 931 shone invitingly. To him the engine standing upon the tottering bridge was a symbol of life, of hope. Except for the broken arm, he could have returned to the warmth of its cab. As it was, he knew he could only hold on to the snag until his strength gave out, hoping that with the coming of the day, the Negroes who had deserted their post might return.

An hour passed. The discomfort grew with each lengthening moment. The pain of the broken arm, the chill of the water, the cramp of his stiffening limbs were maddening. His consciousness was slipping.

Finally the rain changed to a dreary drizzle. Lightning still flared and flickered. Twice as the water rose he had to climb higher upon his perch. He wondered if the night would ever end.

Around three o'clock he became delirious. Ghost voices seemed calling. The sound of the river faded out until sounds became as whispering echoes. Numbness tightened about his body. Every nerve and muscle seemed paralyzed. He thought of turning loose and ending his misery.

About 3.10 he aroused and tried to hang himself more comfortably upon his perch. While his eyes were open, he saw a glimmer of light upon the water in toward the west. It seemed to be coming from the direction of the old right-of-way—the abandoned cut.

He thought at first it was the headlight of an approaching engine. Then he realized where he was. He watched

it sleepily, but as the reflection crept closer he clung to his branch and peered eagerly toward it.

About the time he decided that the light, like the voices, was only a delusion, he snapped wide awake and stared up the stream. A boat was coming, a boat with a lantern lashed to its deck! It was bearing swiftly by, not twenty feet from him.

He lifted himself as high as he could and tried to call out. His voice was only a ghostly whisper. He tried again. This time his voice rose in the one shrill word: "Help!"

He saw a shadowy figure in the boat turn toward him, struggling with the oars. But the current was too swift. The boat rocked by. It headed toward the lower end of the bridge.

He thought it had entered the swift water beyond, but while he looked, he saw it turn back, caught in one of the swift currents, and, scraping close to the timbers of the bridge, ride toward the west bank in the light of the 931.

As the boat swung fully into the light, he saw the figure in it was a woman's figure, hair falling about her shoulders. A moment later he recognized Millie Grannihan.

The minutes which followed were full ones. Millie whirled the boat back upstream, paddling with all her might, trying to guide it to the snag upon which King was clinging.

Twice she passed within two yards of him, only to be shot out and sent back in the swirl toward the bridge. The third time she came on with the tie rope dragging. She called to him as she passed.

King held with his knees, and with his sound left arm, grabbed the dragging rope and snubbed it to the snag.

Other minutes passed. Millie managed somehow to get him into the boat, to work her way down to the bridge, to struggle with him through its braces and to help him up the steps into the cab of the 931.

## XVII

Morning dawned bright and clear. Shortly after daylight the 903, with the caboose hooked on its pilot, came down to the bridge, bringing a searching party headed by Larry Granger.

They climbed to the cab of the 931. Millie was crouched down in the coal-strewn deck. She had fitted the cushions under King's broken arm. His head was in her lap. She was crooning to the operator in his delirium and crying softly.

Hogger Kennedy ascended the steps and stared in at the tableau. Larry Granger, followed by Pug Horan, climbed up beside him. The old hogger blew his nose loudly, laid a hand on Larry's shoulder and muttered:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

Larry looked on unbelievingly. A spasm of pain shot over his lazy face. And when they organized their forces and passed the two operators on toward the caboose of the 903, more than one wise head on the crew reckoned that soon wedding bells would be ringing out on the old M. A. & G.

THE END

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**Next Month—Another Story about King Lawson**

**"MIXED ORDERS," *By E. S. Dellinger***

# GREEN RIVER

Yes, Sir, Next to Booze He Liked Snakes Best. He'd Stop a Train Anywhere to Get Either of Them!

*By Bozo Texino*

J. H. McKinley, Missouri Pacific Hoghead

A RATTLESNAKE crossed my path as I gingerly made my way through a cactus bed to the new frame shanty marked "Office, Master Mechanic, B., S. & G." The B., S. & G. main stem was then under construction; it was to run 320 miles through the high, wide and lonesome part of the great Southwest.

My part in this enterprise was the rôle of student fireman. I had made two or three trips on the road's motive power and each time I got back without a boiler explosion, so I figured I was doing pretty well. That is, I thought so until the call boy said:

"Hey, feller, Ten-Gallon Walker wantsta see yuh."

Ten-Gallon was the master mechanic. I never could determine whether his nickname came from the size of his sombrero or the amount of whisky he drank. As I entered the office, Ten-Gallon switched a long black Mexican cigar from one side of his mouth to the other.

"You wanna be a fireman?"

I admitted harboring that ambition.

"Well, you're gonna help to build this here railroad," he explained. "We gotta work train an' a crew all waitin' to go. You'll fire for George Randolph Green, the hogger—Green River for short. The conductor is Short Pants Bruno, so-called because he rolls his pants halfway between his knees an'

ankles. Nutty Rolan an' Smackover Slim will be the brakemen. They're all boomers with a stack of Rule G service letters knee high, but it's the best we can get for the wages we pay."

"Yes, sir," said I.

The master mechanic looked at me sharply. "There ain't no hog law on this road. You put in six full days a week, an' on Sundays while you're restin' you wash out the boiler. Do what you can to keep the engine in runnin' repairs. Our motive power is a bunch of scrap piles that other roads have junked. Sometimes we run 'em a month with spring hangers broken an' frame ridin' top of drivin' boxes on both sides. But Green River's so old that he helped to dig the Grand Canyon, an' if he can stand 'em I guess you can, too."

"Yes, sir," I repeated.

It was a hot August afternoon. Ten-Gallon Walker mopped his brow with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"If you want to hold down this job, come here at 7 A.M. tomorrow with whatever clothes you own, prepared to go away for several months."

I thanked Ten-Gallon and assured him I'd do my damnedest to make good. The next morning he introduced me all around. To Green River he pointed out six or eight Civil War model locomotives, saying:

"There's your scrap iron. Take your pick."

The boomer engineer looked them over speculatively. Each jack seemed to be the worst of the lot, but Green River finally selected a ten-wheeler that Henry Ford would have put into a museum if he had seen it first. This we coupled onto the train, consisting of the steel-laying machine, pile-driver, ditcher and a few cars loaded with construction material.

After Green River tested the air and read the orders, he got a highball. He threw the Johnson-bar down into the corner, snatched open the business end of the boiler handle, and let her go.

It was rough skeleton track and the little engine wallowed like a hog in a mud puddle. The hole in the fire-door was jumping like a monkey on a grapevine, so that half the time I put the coal into the hogger's lap instead of the firebox.

On his first stop, Green River jarred the whole train, even knocking his two trainmen out of the penthouse in the caboose. Short Pants rushed up to the head end of the train and proceeded to give Green River a bawling out. In reply the hogger politely called Short Pants a liar and insisted he had made an easy stop.

After that it was just one jolt after another. Every time G. R. stopped or started, he knocked the float out of the water barrel in the caboose.

When we arrived at the end of the line Green River handed me a jug, remarking: "I need some pure drinkin' water an' it's your dooty to rustle it."

Thereafter I had to carry water from ranch-houses as far as two miles from the right-o'-way, but the other two hundred men on the job drank water with wiggle tails in it. Upon my return, he'd look at the steam gage and order, "Wind the clock." G. R. wouldn't handle a scoop of coal if the engine was dying. He was so lazy that about the only thing he exercised was his seniority.

I washed Green River's clothes with mine in a bucket and dried them in front of the fire-door. If he'd worn shoes I'd have had to shine them, but he followed an old Mexican custom and wore sandals without any socks. Green River had been running an

engine forty-five years and I was the first white fireman he'd ever had. All the others were Negroes or Mexicans. He enjoyed telling me that in Mexico he had two firemen to do the same work that I did. In place of a coal passer I had an extra long handled scoop that made up for the other feller who wasn't there.

## II

THE second day we backed up to a thriving little town of three saloons and four dance halls. Green River sent me for liquor.

"Be sure to get 'Green River' whisky," he said, and then I recognized where he had got his nickname from.

After this he drank a quart a day, rain or shine. He was the only guy I ever saw that booze didn't hurt. He chewed Mexican chicle to kill his breath odor, but it smelled much worse than the whisky he drank.

Our job was mostly standing around in the daytime. When the graders, steel-laying gang, bridge men, etc., quit for the day, we went to work switching and getting things ready for the next morning. Sometimes we would have to go back fifty miles for material and would arrive on the job again just in time to resume construction work. Green River was a mileage hog of the worst sort. His sty was a locomotive cab.

While oiling around on the third morning, he found on the pilot of the engine about twenty quail which had flown into the blinding headlight. These he threw up in the gangway, saying:

"Pick 'em, kid. They make good eatin'."

I found it was much easier to skin those birds. Then I broiled them on a bleed rod inside the firebox.

We often found dead quail and sometimes a wild turkey on the pilot after running at night. There were so many turkey and quail in this country that it wasn't any more sport in killing them than going in your own back yard and shooting your own chickens. You could kill the Mexican blue topknot quail with a club.

The next day was rather cool—110 in the shade. Green River jumped off the engine, ran out in the grass and weeds. A moment later he returned with a big diamond-back rattlesnake which flounced and squirmed in his hands. He put it into his seatbox.

This gave me the creeps. I've always had a horror of reptiles. I had seen hogs chase snakes but this was the first time I'd ever seen a hoghead catch one. I was as nervous as a boomer brakeman around a trainmaster with a dollar watch.

After that we were all afraid of Green River. The train crew wouldn't even let him inside the caboose, much less sleep or eat there.

We had a tent that we slept and cooked in. I did the cooking and housekeeping, but I drew the line at transporting Green River's snakes. This he had to do himself.

One night as I lay on my pallet asleep on the dirt floor of our tent, I felt something cold like an icicle in my bed. I jumped and yelled:

"Holy mother of Moses!"

It was a rattlesnake. Green River lit the torch, caught his pet by the head and deposited it in a box.

Thereafter I slept on top of box cars or any other place to keep away from the serpents. Fangs didn't mean a thing to Green River. He was bitten several times, but it didn't even disturb him. That hogger had so much alcohol in his system that he was im-

mune to the poison. Eventually he contracted with a boomer brakeman to sell his rattlers in Santone. They were bought by a snake dealer who extracted their fangs and sold them to carnival and show people.

Green River made lots of money by working long hours and selling his reptiles. He was a strong union man and wouldn't scab on anything but the temperance union. I have seen him accosted by poverty-stricken boomers, but none of them ever brotherhooded Green River out of a dime. All you could get from that hogger you could put into one eye without impairing your sight. He had a heart as big as a flax seed.

## III

This country was subject to drouths and one finally came. For eighteen months it didn't rain a drop.

After the game left the country on account of the excessive dry spell, I was so hungry that I could have eaten the honeycomb off the flue-sheet, and as weak as Samson after he got a hair cut. I was hungrier on this job with money in my pocket than I ever was on the tramp flat broke.

Short Pants knew that Green River was one of Ten-Gallon Walker's pets, so he didn't dare to say much. But one night that guy made one of his rough stops, a little worse than usual, that gave Short Pants a gash in the forehead. Our conductor ran up to the head end, scrambled up into the cab and stormed at the unsuspecting hogger:

"Green River Green, I've gotten to the point where I don't give a damn about this job or you, either. You may've run baby carriages down in Mexico fifty years ago, but you don't know the first damn thing about pullin' freight in the U. S. A. They sure ruined a good snake charmer, when they made a bum hogger outa you."

Before Green River could retaliate, Short Pants leaped out of the cab into the darkness and ran back to his seat in the caboose. The way Green River swore at the departing conductor was something fearful, but he had a fair sense of humor and soon got over it.

About a month before the road was finished we got a message to change engines with the material train. We took all our belongings off our engine and put them on the ground. Green River handed me his keys and said:

"Unlock the supply box on the back of the tank where we keep our valve oil, waste, etc., and bring me the lock and two quarts of Green River whisky wrapped up in an old newspaper."

As I unfastened the lock and threw back the lid, a big rattlesnake stuck out his head and darted at me. My eyes bulged, my hair shot upward. We were on a spur track. There were no cars behind the engine. I couldn't get by the snake to go toward the cab. I knew if I raised the manhole water lid to jump into the water tank or attempted to climb down the ladder on back of the tank, that serpent was sure to bite me. So I parachuted off the side of the tank, spraining my ankle when I hit the ground. Then I raced off like a bat out of hell.

Green River heard the commotion and caught his rattler as it glided off the drawbar on back of the tank. He wasn't worrying about me but was afraid the big reptile would get away or I would break his two days' supply of whisky.

After two weeks in the company hospital the claim agent asked:

"Will you sign a release for one dollar and go back to work?"

"Yes," I replied, "if the company will stop Green River from keeping rattlesnakes on the engine. Otherwise, by gum, I'm going to sue."

"Sign on the dotted line," said the claim agent. "I have already taken this matter up with the general manager. I guarantee that snakes will no longer hibernate on our locomotives."

Next day the G. M. had Green River in his private car for a grand bawling out.

Green River had been giving his system a hydrostatic test with the booze he was famous for. There were three gages in his system when he stood up on his hind legs and declared:

"Gentlemen, I've got money in the bank an' plans for a new business. You can take this job an' go straight to a place where the current of traffic is all in one direction."

He bowed magnificently, picked up his hat and strode out.

## IV

Short Pants Bruno, who had been a hogger and damn near everything else in his boomer career, as well as a conductor, was given Green River's job jerking the throttle on the B., S. & G. I fired for him. I sort of liked Short Pants anyhow.

One day we ran down to Santone, and what did we see but a dilapidated old dining car on an abandoned spur track? Feeling in need of refreshment we ambled over to see what desert flower had blossomed forth overnight. On the door were the words: "Rattlesnake Saloon. Green River Green, Prop. Green River Whisky Exclusively."

We drifted in and had a couple of drinks. Behind the bar was a sign "Rattlers for Sale." We didn't say much, but after we left the joint Short Pants damn near died laughing at a funny idea which struck him unexpected.

"What is it, Short Pants?" I wanted to know.

Like a fool he kept on chuckling. Eventually I got it out of him.

"You remember when Green River was runnin' our work train, how he made sudden stops that jerked us all to hell an' gone?"

"Do I?" was all I could say. "I'm still looking for my liver which was thrown out of place on one of those blessed occasions."

"Well," continued Short Pants. "Here's where I give that guy a dose of snake-oil medicine. Wait for me in the engine cab."

I got in, wondering what it was all about. A minute later I saw him in earnest conversation with a switchman. Then the switchman lined up the switches and gave us a back-up sign. Short Pants threw the reverse and our old junk pile rolled down the iron and into that spur. Before Green River knew if he was coming or going, we had coupled onto that dilapidated diner of his and were highballing along the main stem, making abrupt stops and starts every few hundred yards.

Well, if old Green River hadn't had a sense of humor, he would have passed out from apoplexy then and there. I never saw another man so bewildered in all my life. Every time we started or stopped, I thought I heard bottles crash.

Finally Short Pants was satisfied with his vengeance. He backed that wreck of a diner onto the spur again, uncoupled, and sailed away, with a string of unprintable epithets ringing in his ears. The Rattlesnake Saloon, Green River Green, Prop., was temporarily out of business.

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST RUN

For Thirty Years It Stood Unchallenged—the Fastest Time Ever Made between New York and San Francisco

*By W. C. Bowers*

IN June, 1876, a special train thundered from New York to 'Frisco in 81½ hours actual running time! A marvelous record for diamond-stack engines and light rails; it comes up to the mark set by the fastest limiteds today. Yet this happened shortly after completion of the first transcontinental line, while pioneers were still jogging their weary way across country in covered wagons!

One day in May of that year a man from the Jarrett and Palmer theatrical company called on A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, then a vice president, later president.

"Mr. Cassatt," said he, "I have a great scheme—"

"Well, what is it?" Cassatt wanted to know.

"One of our competitors is opening a play in San Francisco on Tuesday, June sixth," explained the theatrical man. "We want to beat them to it. But our star, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, must appear in New York City on Wednesday night, May thirty-first, and he would have to be on the Pacific Coast for a rehearsal the following Sunday so we could open June fifth."

Cassatt whistled. "Man, it's impossible! Do you realize that trip requires more than five days on the fastest trains?"

"Yes, I know," was the reply. "But look here. Why not put on a fast run—faster than any train has ever traveled before—and ballyhoo it all over the country? I've been talking with Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the newspaper publisher. He is willing to play it up like the very dickens."

The Pennsy official leaned forward in his chair. He was, indeed, interested.

"Think," continued the visitor. "All the world will be watching, waiting for news of the train. It will be a grand gesture, a great display of American enterprise. We'll pay heavily, of course—the publicity would be worth it. All we ask is a train, and plenty of coöperation. We want to

leave New York about midnight of June first, and get in 'Frisco by noon of the fourth."

Needless to say, there was some tall talking in the Pennsy offices that day.

## II

On May 31st the Samuel J. Tilden, No. 573, a beautiful eight-wheeled locomotive of the United Railroad of New Jersey (now part of the P. R. R. System), backed into the Jersey City station with a special train of three cars—the "Yosemite," a Pullman; the "Government," a hotel car, and an ordinary baggage coach.

The baggage coach carried eight mailbags—a total of 30,000 letters, each bearing a special stamp—also many sacks of coal for the engine! The latter was necessary because the train was to run through to Pittsburgh without a stop.

At 11 P.M. the train was ready, but Mr. Barrett was still across the river, celebrating with a big party at the Hotel Astor, New York. Both Jarrett and Palmer knew the value of publicity and wanted the whole nation to know what they were doing. Hence the party.

Already on board were Cassatt and other railroad officials, newspaper men, theatrical people, and General Horace Porter of Civil War fame, who was then vice president of the Pullman Palace Car Co. All through passengers were charged $500 apiece for the trip.

Everything was ready. William Phillips was at the throttle. As the train was to speed through to Pittsburgh, there were as many engineers on board as there were divisions between Jersey City and Pittsburgh.

Where all these engineers were carried, nobody seems to know. Maybe they climbed over the tender and relieved the man in the cab when their turn came.

Not until 12.50 A.M. did the ferry carrying Barrett's troupe arrive on the New Jersey side of the Hudson. Two minutes later everybody was on board the train.

Highball! Fireworks were set off, free drinks were passed around, and a huge throng roared farewell. Tracks were clear, steam was up, and the night was starry.

The light train tore across the plains of New Jersey, shooting through stations where large crowds were gathered. Two hours later it was nosing its way into the Philadelphia yards without stopping. Even in those days P. R. R. trains took water on the fly. But it was necessary to get more fuel, so the daring firemen were obliged to crawl over the tender, into the baggage car, and toss back the sacks of coal.

Then to Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pittsburgh, arriving at 10.58 A.M., on Thursday, June 1st. They had made the 440 miles—200 of it over the Allegheny Mountains—in ten hours and five minutes!

There were sharp curves and heavy grades. No automatic signals, no heavy rail, no perfected air brakes. But even today the fastest trains do not better this time by much.

A few minutes later, after changing engines and crews, they were ready to go again. Huge crowds were on hand with fireworks and streamers. Free beer was on tap, and a good time was had by all. Jarrett and Palmer got off there, convinced that they were making the most interesting news in a half century.

Another eight-wheeler coupled on. Now they were off for Chicago on the tracks of the old Pittsburgh, Fort

Wayne & Chicago R. R. No more mountains; plenty of straight track.

The light train weighed what in these days was a fearful amount, 126 tons—about the weight of one of our large tenders today. But when 126 tons tore along the light 50-pound rail it was a reckless adventure. At times the special made 75 miles an hour across the plains of Ohio and Indiana; it averaged better than 60 for long stretches.

Despite a couple of hot boxes and another short delay the train pulled into Chicago at about 10.50 P.M. the same day, having made the 468 miles from Pittsburg in 11 hours, 31 minutes!

A huge brass band was out to meet it.

Speeches were made, fireworks were set off, more free beer was passed around, and the whole town celebrated. Cassatt got off, predicting that the day would come when his railroad would run trains between the two cities in eighteen hours—which is now being done.

III

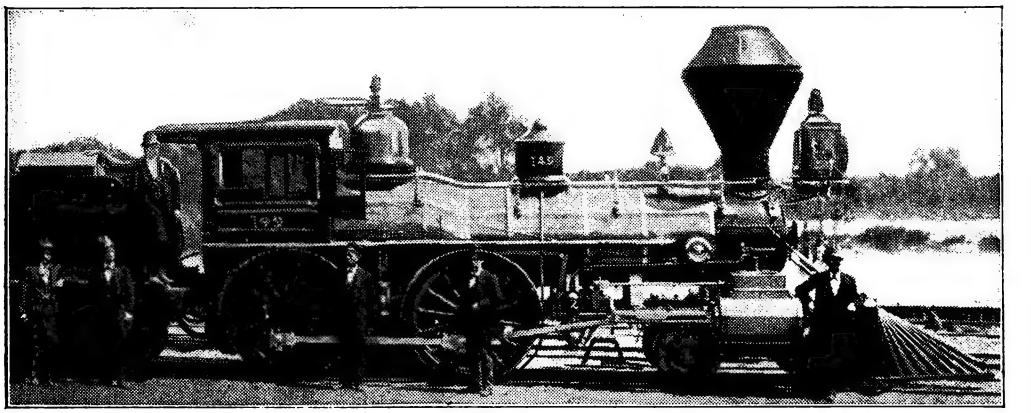
TWENTY minutes later a Chicago & North Western locomotive, shiny and resplendent with gold leaf and brass rods, jerked the cars into motion again. The North Western officials were out to show those Easterners how to run trains. And they did!

Above Is Pennsy's A. J. Cassatt, Who Helped Arrange for the Run. Below, Actor Lawrence Barrett, the Most Important Passenger

They had no facilities for taking water on the fly, they had no two-track system. All water stops and curves to the contrary, they beat the time of the present-day "Overland Limited" to Clinton, Ia., by arriving there three hours after leaving Chicago!

Then a hot box, and another twenty minute delay. But the C. & N. W. hoggers knew how to make up time; the way they whirled across the Hawkeye State was nobody's business. A hundred minutes after leaving Clinton the train was pulling into Cedar Rapids, 81 miles farther on!

About 11 A.M. of Friday, June 4th, the special pulled into Council Bluffs, 488 miles from Chicago. It had covered that distance in 11 hours and a half. Nowadays the fastest, de luxe transcontinentals of the North Western take



The Record-Breaking "Black Fox," Central Pacific No. 149. Left to Right Are Fireman W. C. Dean and J. W. Brown, Engineers H. S. Small and James Wright, Road Foreman of Engines Ben Smith and Fireman Martin Dunstad

a little more than twelve hours for that trip.

Folks for miles around had heard of the train's amazing record, and it seemed that half the population of Iowa and Nebraska turned out to see the speed demon.

In less than a half hour a Union Pacific engine was highballing it across the prairies of Nebraska. The next important stop was Ogden, Utah, 1,033 miles from Council Bluffs. The U. P. engineers lived up to their part of the deal, maintaining an average of almost 42 miles an hour for the whole distance! The U. P. crack flyers of today don't better this time.

Through Kearney, Cheyenne, Laramie, Green River the special raced, while the cowboys and settlers outdid themselves in welcoming the skyrocket on rails. As the train continued to break records the interest mounted.

And so the train pulled into Ogden 24 hours and 50 minutes after leaving Council Bluffs. It was a little after noon by New York time or 2 P.M. Mountain Time.

Now came the real test—the 876 miles to San Francisco over the Central Pacific, now the Southern Pacific. The old-time C. P. mileage was the equivalent of more than 900 of today's miles, for the route then was full of three per cent grades and sharp curves.

## IV

No. 149, the "Black Fox," a trim little engine just out of the Schenectady works, was assigned the entire run to San Francisco! This baby, the Central Pacific boasted, weighed all of 65,500 pounds, loaded and in working order! Today our big passenger locomotives tip the scales at more than a half million pounds.

The 149 could run, however, and that was the main thing. Engineer Hank Small handled the train all the way from Ogden to Oakland, assisted by Engineer James Wright and Ben Smith, road foreman of engines. Three firemen were used: W. C. Dean, J. W. Brown and Martin Dunstad.

There was no Great Salt Lake cut-off in those days. The train had to run around the big pond. Nevertheless, 149 pulled into Wells, over a broken, curved route with as high as two per cent grades, a little less than five hours later. In those days Wells was a good 200 miles from Ogden.

From Wells to Wadsworth too, over a curved descending grade that kept the brake shoes tight on the wheels almost all the way, through the canyon of the Humboldt River, the special ate up the miles.

Then they climbed the Sierras, 7,042 feet above sea level—a continuous rise of two feet in every hundred—followed by an equally steep drop, with sharp curves.

The brake shoes on the cars were so badly worn when they arrived in Ogden that the train was stopped and controlled by hand brakes between Ogden and Truckee! This cut down the time on the descending grades, for the trainmen were afraid of a runaway.

When the 149 and her famous load pulled into Truckee, one Central Pacific coach, with air brakes in good order, was coupled on, and at Summit another was added for greater safety.

"Now we can drop 'em down the hill," said the engineer. "We've got some good old Central Pacific cars back of us."

They did do that. All the way down they averaged about 39 miles an hour. By this time the whole country and half of Europe was on its toes, waiting for the latest news about the great run of the theatrical special.

## V

FINALLY, 23 hours and 38 minutes after leaving Ogden—which was then 876 miles from 'Frisco—the special arrived at the San Francisco ferry in Oakland, Calif., at 9.29 A.M., Sunday. (New York time, 12.29 P.M.) It had covered 3,305 miles in 83 hours and 37 minutes, or 81 hours and 36 minutes actual running time.

Thus it averaged well over 40 miles an hour between the main stops. Note that the 81 hours, 36 minutes includes minor stops along the way—the difference between the total time and the running time is arrived at by simply taking into account terminal delays in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Council Bluffs, Ogden.

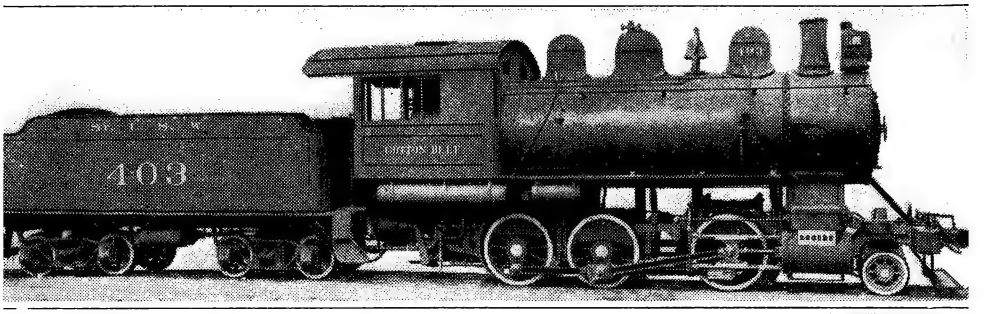
Between Chicago and San Francisco the train made better time than the famous "Overland Limited" does today, and practically as good time as the "Gold Coast Limited." It had to run 2,397 miles, whereas the flyers of our time cover only 2,256 miles.

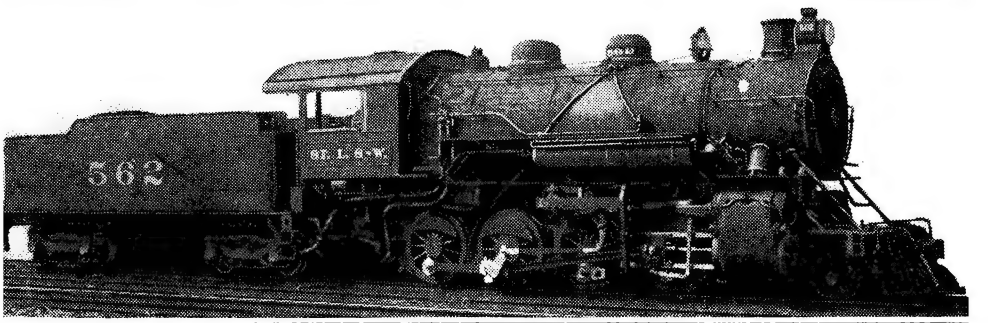
As can be imagined, the party got a gigantic ovation in Oakland and 'Frisco, including a salute from a battery of cannon. Lawrence Barrett was given columns of notices in the papers. He was scheduled to appear in Shakespeare's play, "Henry V," on Monday night. The house was sold out for weeks in advance. People who had never heard of either Shakespeare or Barrett clamored for tickets. The railroad, too, gained in popularity as a result of this sensational journey.

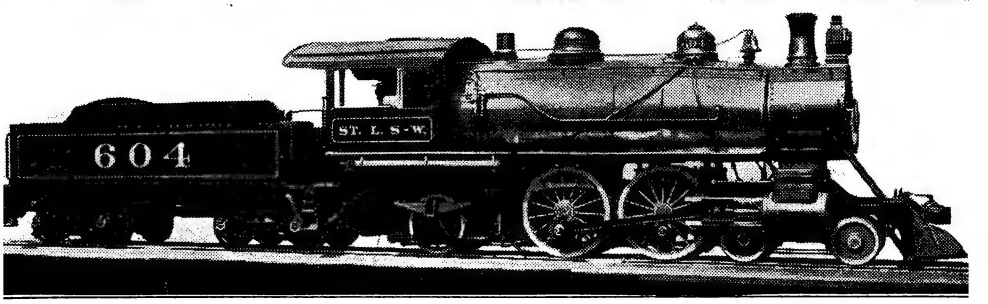
For thirty years the record stood supreme. Trains were speeded up, new equipment was bought, but nobody bettered the time of the Special. Not until 1906, when E. H. Harriman made the run in 71 hours and 27 minutes, was a train run at greater average speed.

That is why the Jarrett and Palmer adventure is called the world's greatest run.

# .ocomotives of the St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt)




COTTON BELT ROUTE

OCTOBER 1, 1932, will mark the fifty-fifth anniversary of service on the old Cotton Belt Route (St. Louis Southwestern), recently added to the Southern Pacific System. The Cotton Belt serves the St. Louis and Memphis gateways, southeast Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas.

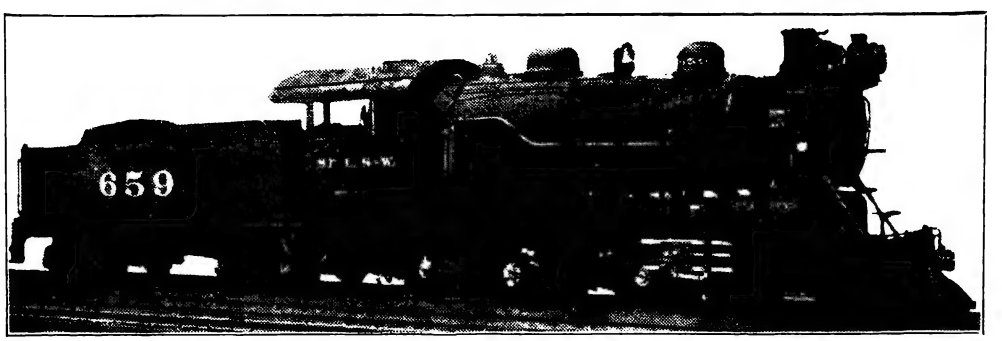
The company was incorporated in December, 1871, as the Tyler Tap R. R. Co., and began service from Tyler to Big Sandy, Texas, 21½ miles, October 1, 1877. The line had wooden rails and was narrow gage. Motive power consisted of two diminutive locomotives, "Punch" and "Judy." The northern section of the Cotton Belt had its inception in the Little River & Arkansas Valley R. R., organized September 7, 1876.

On May 17, 1879, the name of the Tyler Tap R. R. was changed to the Texas & St. Louis. In May, 1881, the T. & St. L. Ry. Co., of Arkansas, was organized to construct a line from Bird's Point to Malden, Mo. In July, 1881, the two companies consolidated as the T. & St. L. In 1882 the road was completed from Pine Bluff, Ark., to Gatesville, Texas. In 1886 and 1887 the road was changed from narrow to standard gage.

A reorganization was effected as the St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas Ry. companies in Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, in May, 1886, and in January, 1891, the present names of St. Louis Southwestern Ry. Co. and St. Louis Southwestern Ry. Co. of Texas were adopted.

| Type | Numbers | Cylinder Dimensions Inches. | Driver Diameters (Inches) | Working Pressure (Pounds) | Tractive Force (Pounds) | Builder—Date |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4-4-0 | 150, 154, 156 | 17 x 24 | 67 | 150 | 13,100 | Company, 1894-'00 |
| 4-4-0 | 40, 41, 43, 45-50, 53, 54, 56, 57 | 18 x 26 | 60 | 200 | 20,755 | Alco-Rogers, 1900-'03 / Pittsburgh, 1901 |
| 4-4-0 | 58-62 | 19 x 26 | 69 | 200 | 23,125 | Baldwin, 1906 |
| 0-6-0 | 94 | 18 x 24 | 51 | 180 | 23,328 | Alco-Pittsburgh, 1901 |
| 0-8-0 | 500, 504, 509 | 23½ x 28 | 55 | 190 | 45,405 | Baldwin, 1906 |
| 0-8-0 | 524, 528 | 23½ x 30 | 55 | 190 | 48,648 | Baldwin, 1910 |
| 2-6-0 | 12 | 19 x 24 | 54 | 170 | 23,184 | Baldwin, 1915 |
| 2-6-0 | 170, 172, 176, 179-181, 183, 184, 186, 189, 191, 193-195 | 18 x 24 | 57 | 150 | 17,393 | Alco-Rhode Island, 1887-'88 |
| 2-6-0 | 300-302, 304-309, 308-330 | 19 x 26 | 61 | 200 | 26,157 | Alco-Rogers, 1901-'04 |
| 2-6-0 | 331-340 | 19 x 26 | 51 | 200 | 31,826 | Baldwin, 1906-'09 |
| 2-6-0 | 400-404 | 20 x 26 | 51 | 180 | 31,200 | Alco-Rogers, 1905 |
| 2-6-0 | 425-428 | 23½ x 28 | 55 | 175 | 41,820 | Baldwin, 1912 |
| 2-6-0 | 450-459 | 20 x 28 | 57 | 200 | 33,403 | Baldwin, 1909 |
| 4-6-0 | 8 | 16 x 24 | 51 | 170 | 17,400 | Baldwin, 1920 |
| 4-6-0 | 204 | 19 x 26 | 61 | 200 | 26,157 | Alco-Richmond, 1898 |
| 4-6-0 | 209-211, 213, 214, 217, 218 | 20 x 26 | 61 | 200 | 28,983 | Alco-Rogers, 1900 / Pittsburgh, 1901 |
| 4-6-0 | 216, 221-224 | 20 x 26 | 70 | 200 | 25,257 | Alco-Pittsburgh, 1901 |
| 4-6-0 | 250-255 | 22 x 28 | 62 | 185 | 34,372 | Baldwin, 1910 |
| 4-6-0 | 650-667 | 22 x 28 | 69 | 200 | 33,389 | Baldwin, 1913-'16 |
| 4-4-2 | 600-605 | 21 x 26 | 70 | 185 | 25,758 | Baldwin, 1909 |
| 2-8-0 | 7 | 20 x 24 | 40 | 160 | 26,645 | Baldwin, 1889 |
| 2-8-0 | 501-503, 505, 507 | 23½ x 28 | 55 | 175 | 41,820 | Baldwin, 1906 |
| 2-8-0 | 506, 508 | 22 x 28 | 55 | 200 | 41,888 | Baldwin, 1906 |
| 2-8-0 | 510-513, 515-518, 520-523, 525-527, 529 | 23½ x 30 | 55 | 180 | 46,088 | Baldwin, 1909-'10 |
| 2-8-0 | 514, 519 | 22 x 30 | 55 | 200 | 44,880 | Baldwin, 1909 |
| 2-8-0 | 550-577 | 25 x 30 | 57 | 185 | *51,726 | Baldwin, 1912-'13 |
| 2-8-0 | 578-580, 750-770 | 25 x 30 | 61 | 190 | 40,640 | Baldwin, 1916, '20, '21 |
| 2-8-0 | 771-785 | 25 x 30 | 61 | 200 | †52,254 | Baldwin, 1923 |
| 4-8-4 | 800-809 | 26 x 30 | 70 | 250 | 61,564 | Baldwin, 1930 |

Total: 256 locomotives. Those with tender boosters: *65,046 and †66,654




Information About Sets of Photos in This Series Will Be Found on Page 272

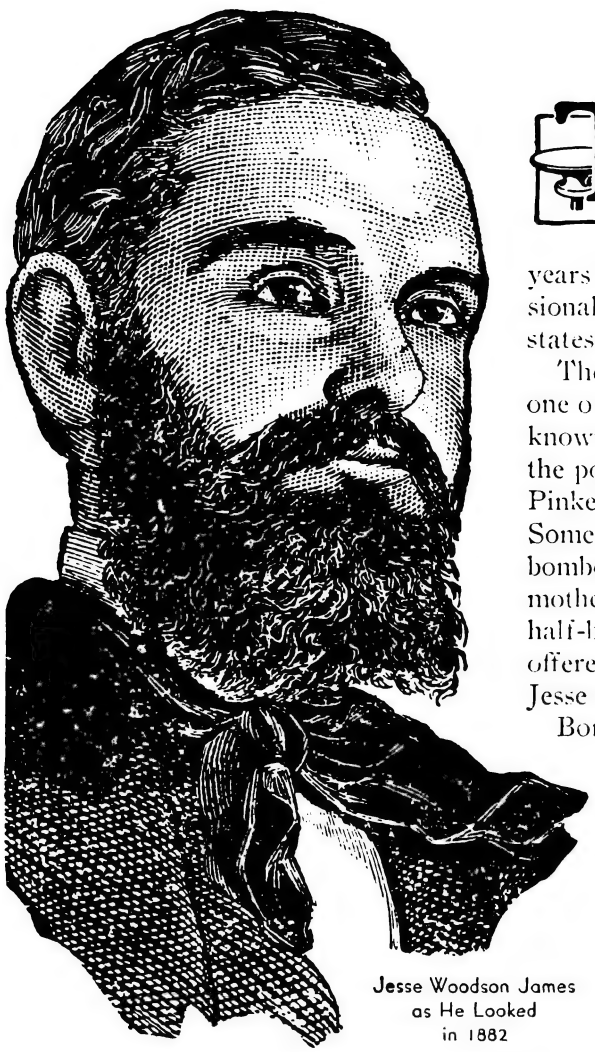
**NEXT MONTH: CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL & PACIFIC**

# THE TRUE STORY OF

# JESSE JAMES
# TRAIN ROBBER

For Fifteen Years He Cast a Menacing Shadow across the Iron Road, Living in Fear of the Gallows and Within Earshot of Whistling Bullets

*By Earle Davis*

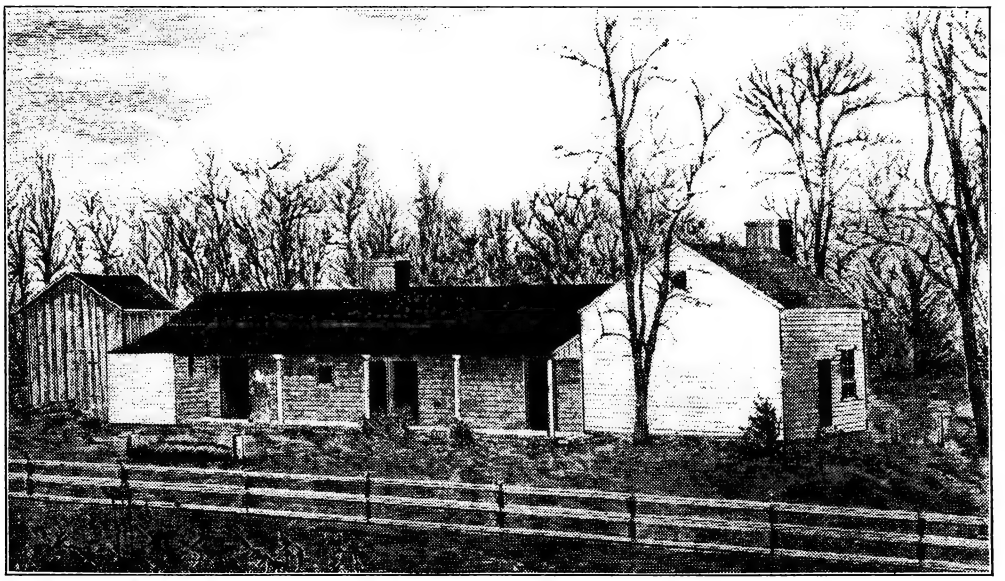


Jesse Woodson James as He Looked in 1882

THERE were few human touches in the criminal career of Jesse Woodson James, train bandit, whose gang operated for fifteen years in Missouri and Kansas, occasionally making forays into near-by states.

The search for this outlaw chief was one of the keenest this country has ever known. He mocked the railroad bulls, the police, the sheriffs. In vain did the Pinkertons send out their best men. Some never returned. Detectives bombed Jesse's house, tearing off his mother's right arm and murdering his half-brother. A total of $75,000 was offered for the arrest and conviction of Jesse and his older brother, Frank.

Born in 1847 at Kearney, Mo., Jesse was only four when his father, a clergyman, went to California in search of gold and died there. The evil influence in the early lives of the James boys may be traced to William G. Quantrill, known as "the bloodiest man in the Civil War." Quantrill was a Confederate guerilla



The James Homestead at Kearney, Mo., Where the Notorious Jesse Spent His Boyhood

leader. His outstanding feat was the sacking of Lawrence, Kan., a peaceful town which he invaded in 1863 at the head of about 450 men, including Frank James. They killed 182 of the population in one day!

Two months afterward, Jesse, a lad of fifteen, was plowing a cornfield when Federal militia decided to "teach the cub a lesson"—apparently for no reason except that his big brother was with Quantrill. Jesse was lashed until the blood came. His stepfather, a kind-hearted country doctor, was strung up to a tree.

The future brigand vowed vengeance. Young as he was, he joined Quantrill's irregulars and fought under that banner until the war ended. Then he tried to surrender but was shot twice in the chest—wounds which never completely healed.

An outcast from society, Jesse organized some of Quantrill's men into that terrible murderous band which held up railroad trains, banks and stagecoaches. Thus "Jesse James" became a name of terror. No railroad man passing through the Middle West in those days knew when his train would be held up or when he himself would become a target for bandit bullets. An old minister who had known the desperado since childhood once remonstrated with him:

"Jesse, why don't you stop these things?"

The reply was: "If you'll tell me how I can stop, I'll gladly do so—but I don't aim to stop right under a noose!"

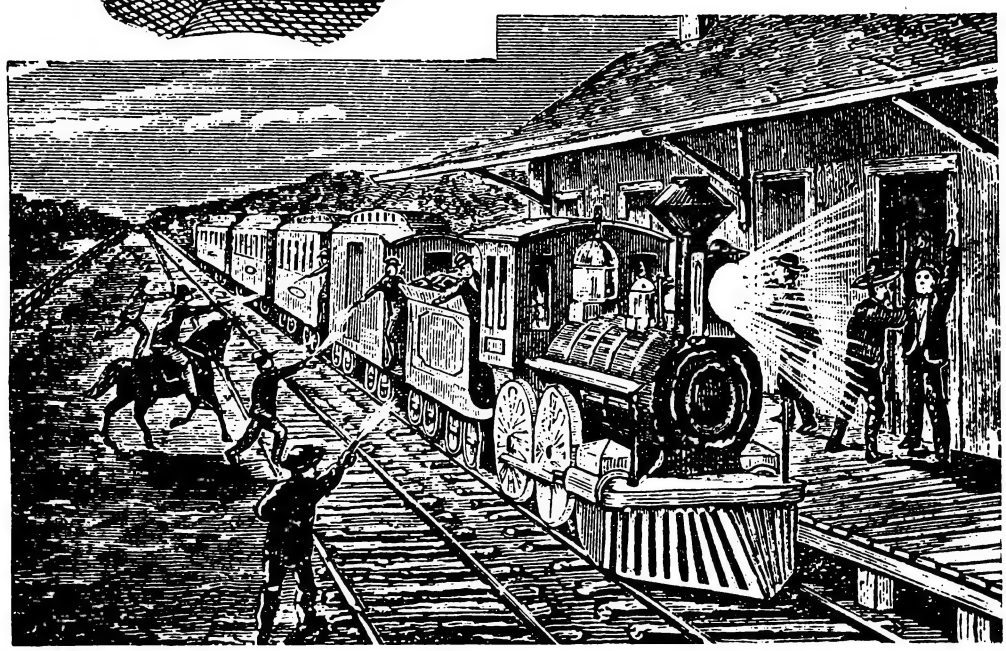
That was it. Once embarked upon a series of crimes, there was no turning back. Jesse James lived perpetually in the shadow of the gallows and within earshot of whistling bullets. He was determined not to be taken alive—and he never was! Jesse James never saw the inside of a jail, although he carried so many bullet wounds that people said you could dig into his body almost anywhere and strike lead.

The first train robbery which can be traced definitely to the redoubtable

Jesse occurred on the Kansas Pacific Railroad on December 12, 1874, near Muncie, Kan., a flag stop ten miles from the old union depot at Kansas City, Mo. There were six highwaymen, said to be the James brothers, Clell Miller, two of the three Younger brothers, Cole and Frank, and a switchman named Bud McDaniels.

In some way Bud had learned that a train leaving Denver with a shipment of gold dust would pass Muncie at 4.45 P.M. Six horsemen, armed with carbines and heavy revolvers, masked with red bandanas, rode over there and got busy. As a curtain-raiser they robbed Purdee's general store of $24 and forced the proprietor to help them pile a lot of ties upon the track. At the same time they set out the flag at the station, to make doubly sure the train would stop.

Engineer Robert Murphy, on the train from the West, seeing the flag and the obstruction on the track, closed



Portrait of Frank James and an Old Print Showing the Holdup at Muncie, Kan., in 1874

his throttle and ground to a stop. The robbery had been well planned. While one man climbed into the cab and covered the engine crew, the others cowed the trainmen and passengers.

A freight train was close behind, so Conductor Brinkenhoff started back to flag it.

"Where the hell you going?" Jesse demanded, firing a shot in his general direction.

Brinkenhoff explained. The bandit leader was unconvinced.

"That's O. K.," injected Switchman McDaniels, who knew his railroading. "He just wants tuh head off another train an' keep it from crashin' into our rear."

"Well, he better watch his step," growled Jesse. "All right, let him go."

Meanwhile, the crew were forced to uncouple the express car and pull it away a short distance from the rest of the train, and the looting began. Frank Webster, the Wells, Fargo & Co. express messenger, had been caught unprepared, with the doors of his car unlocked. Two ruffians leaped into the car.

"Let's see how quick you can open that safe, fella," said one of them. "We're in a hell of a big hurry."

"But I don't know the combination," protested Webster. "I—"

"Maybe this'll teach you!" bellowed the thug, striking him on the head with a revolver butt.

Dazed, the messenger did as he was told. The booty consisted of $30,000 in gold dust, $20,000 in currency, and jewelry valued at about $5,000. All of this was dumped into a wheat sack —the usual receptacle carried by the James boys on their raids—and the rest of the car was searched thoroughly. It contained nothing else of value except some silver bricks, which were too heavy to carry off. As they left, Jesse flung a parting threat at the express messenger:

Mrs. Zerelda Samuels, Mother of the James Boys, Who Lost an Arm When Detectives Bombed Her Home

"If you poke your lousy head out of that door we'll shoot it off!"

Meanwhile, two members of the gang had been robbing the passengers of money and watches, which they returned upon learning what had been taken from the express car.

"We're not after chicken feed!" they said.

To delay pursuit, the brigands shot two horses which they found in the vicinity, then mounted their own steeds and galloped off. Waving a greeting to the engineer, one of the gunmen called out:

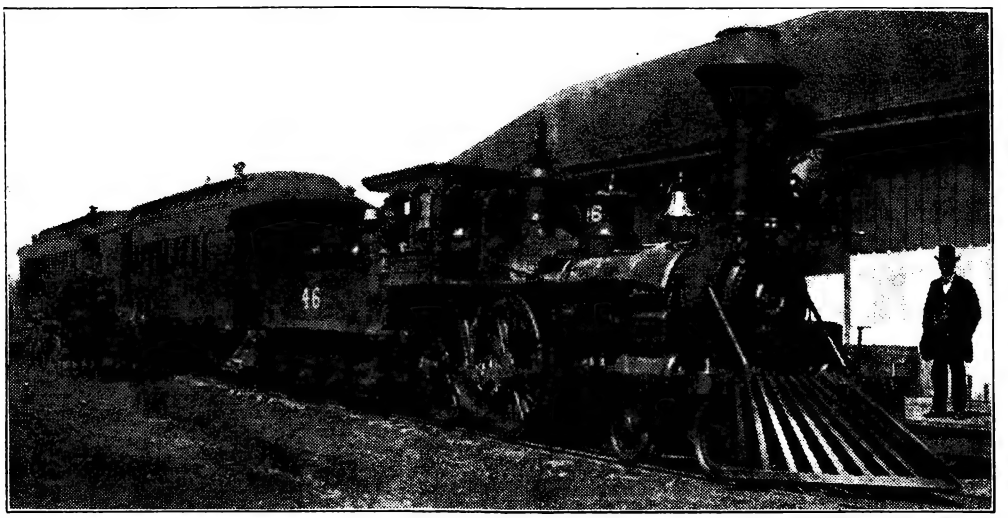
"You can back up now and get your train," and to the scared passengers he

shouted: "Give our love to the folks in Kansas City."

Murphy lost no time in hooking up and making the fastest possible run to Kansas City, but it was too late for

"I bought that stuff for Susanna," he insisted, "but I don't give a damn who gets it now. She's gone back on me."

This explanation seemed fishy to the



*Rock Island Lines Photo*

Typical Rock Island Train in 1881, the Year of the Robbery at Winston, Mo.

posses to pick up the trail. The James gang had crossed over into Missouri and were hiding in the mountains.

Two or three days later Bud McDaniels boasted to his girl friend in Kansas City that he had acquired a lot of jewelry, and made a date to take her on a buggy ride. But she did not keep the date. Instead, she went out with another man.

Bud was furious. Here he was ready to show a lady a good time, with lots of money, and she goes off with some other guy! Can you beat that? Feeling the need of consolation, he drove over to a saloon and soon got tanked up. Late that night he was arrested for reckless driving and drunkenness. Searched at the police station, he was found to have more than $1,000 in cash, two six-shooters, and pieces of jewelry which were identified as part of the loot taken at Muncie.

authorities, who made an investigation, the upshot of which McDaniels was indicted for complicity in the holdup. The unlucky switchman escaped from a deputy sheriff before being placed on trial, but was located a few weeks later and was shot to death while resisting arrest.

The following September, Bud's brother Tom accompanied the gang to Huntington, W. Va., for a bank robbery, and met the same fate as the switchman.

The next important train robbery in which the James boys are known to have participated occurred at Rocky Cut, near Otterville, Mo., July 7, 1876. This time the outfit consisted of the two Jameses, the same two Younger brothers, Clell Miller, Bill Stiles, Samuel Wells and Hobbs Kerry.

An Iron Mountain (Missouri Pacific) train carried a combination ex-

press and baggage car, a smoker, several day coaches and two Pullmans, in addition to an M-K-T express car which had been coupled on thirteen miles west of Otterville.

The "Katy" car was locked, nobody riding in it. Baggagemaster Louis Peter Conklin, of Chicago, shared the other express car with the United States Express Co. messenger, John B. Bushnell, of St. Louis. Bushnell was guarding two locked safes; one belonged to his own company, for which he had the key. The other was an Adams Express safe, without a key.

Charley Ford, Brother of the Outlaw Who Murdered Jesse James

"The seventh of July was a clear moonlit night, and quite warm," Conklin explained later, "so I left the baggage car door open. About 10 P.M. the train stopped suddenly at Rocky Cut, the western end of a wooden bridge across a little river. Then a shot was fired, the bullet burying itself in the door frame of the car in which I was sitting. I jumped out of my chair and took to cover. I heard yelling.

"'Sensing trouble, Bushnell went back and handed his key to the brakeman for safe-keeping. Pretty soon three men climbed into my car. I believe they were the James brothers and Cole Younger. They searched me for weapons, then shoved me aside, while the engineer and fireman were brought in and stood beside me. The robbers forced me to help them locate Bushnell. Finally they got the key from the brakeman."

The strong box of the U. S. Express Co. was looted and its contents thrown into a wheat sack. Then Jesse James turned to the other safe.

"Here—where's the key to this?"

Bushnell said it was being shipped through, locked, and he had no key for it. Thereupon one of the bandits got the fireman's coal hammer, or pick, from the engine and made an opening in the safe, through which Jesse stuck a slender hand, cut open a leather pouch, and withdrew money from it. That, too, went into the sack and the outlaws galloped away, without bothering the passengers. Jesse James hurled back these words:

"If you see any of Allan Pinkerton's men, tell 'em they'd better come and catch us."

After that the brakemen found ties piled on the track and removed them, and the train proceeded on its way. As soon as they reached the nearest telegraph station, which was at Tipton, Mo., Conductor Tebbetts gave messages to the astonished operator there to wire to the police and to Mo. P. officials at St. Louis. Posses were sent out immediately, but the James gangsters had fast horses and escaped as usual. They shared about $2,000 apiece as a result of that day's work.

Several weeks later, however, a detective from the St. Louis Police Department tracked down Hobbs Kerry, who like Switchman McDaniels in the previous robbery, had been boasting of a sudden acquisition of wealth. Arrested, Kerry confessed that he had merely minded the horses for the rest of the gang, whom he named. For this confession he was let off easy with a two-year sentence.

About two months afterward the James gang made a fiasco raid on a bank at Northfield, Minn., in which Clell Miller and Bill Stiles were shot dead. The three Younger brothers were badly wounded while trying to escape; were caught and sentenced to life imprisonment. Bob Younger died in prison and Jim Younger committed suicide in 1902 on the eve of being pardoned. Cole, last of the Youngers, paroled in 1901, later traveled in a Wild West show with Frank James and died in 1916.

But that is going ahead of the story. The James gang was obliged to acquire fresh blood as a result of the disastrous Northfield raid. The new recruits were Ed Miller, brother of the slain Clell; Wood Hite, a cousin of the Jameses, and Dick Liddil. Six of them robbed a Chicago & Alton express train at Glendale, Mo., on October 7, 1879, in the usual border-bandit fashion, and got away with quite a lot of booty.

This was followed by a more serious affair—in which two men were murdered. Passenger Train No. 2 of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific pulled out of Kansas City at 6.30 P.M., July 15, 1881, due at Davenport, Ia., at 8 A.M. the next day. It consisted of a combination baggage and express car, a smoker, two day coaches and a Pullman.

At Cameron, 64 miles northeast of Kansas City, where the Rock Island met the Hannibal & St. Joe Road, the train was boarded by the James brothers, Dick Liddil, Cousin Wood Hite and Wood's brother, Clarence B. Hite. It was characteristic of the Jameses to have sets of brothers in their gang. All five sat in the smoker.

The conductor was William Westphal, recently from the Hannibal Railroad, where he had piloted a special train running up and down in the vicinity of Kearney for the benefit of officers and detectives seeking the elusive James boys. Naturally he was not greatly beloved by James or Frank.

When the train pulled up at Winston, Mo., at 8.50 P.M. one of the men in the smoker casually placed his white handkerchief against the window pane and held it there a moment as a signal. The night was very dark and peaceful, with fireflies winking along the right-of-way. There was no sound except a monotonous *chug-chug* of the old diamond-stack engine and the croaking of frogs in a distant meadow.

As soon as the trainmen left the

train at the stop, two bandits slipped across the platform and climbed the front end of the baggage car nearest the tender. Two others swung on the platform between the baggage car and the smoker.

Meanwhile, unconscious of impending tragedy, Conductor Westphal swung a highball from the front end of the smoker as a signal to the engineer to go ahead. As he turned to enter the car, he was surrounded by men with drawn revolvers. A voice commanded:

"Throw up your hands!"

Then a revolver was fired, the shot going wild. Dropping his lantern, the conductor dodged. One of the brigands, believed to have been Jesse James, looked squarely into Westphal's face, shouting:

"Here's the man we want! Don't let the son of a gun get away!"

The terrified conductor pushed past him and fled down the aisle. A pistol in the freebooter's right hand caught on the bell cord, exploding harmlessly, but one in his other hand found its mark as the gunman cried:

"I'll get you, damn you!"

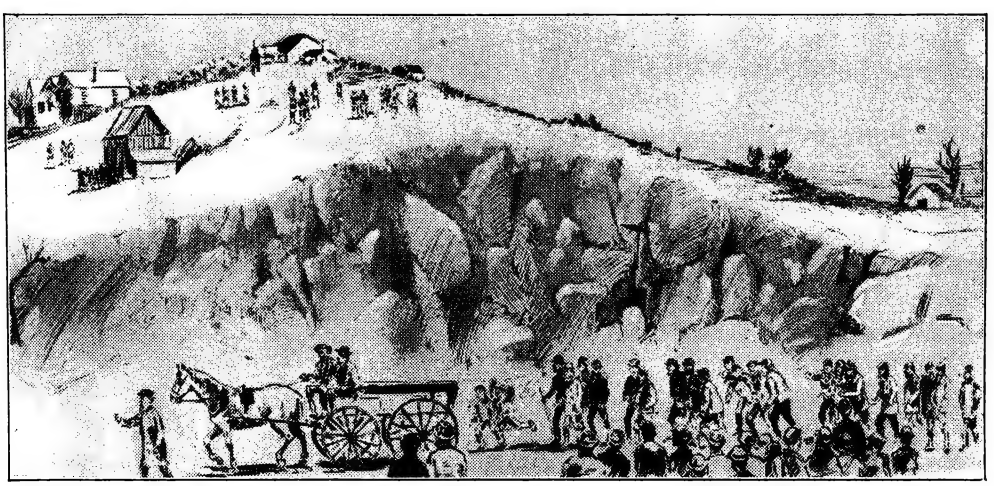
Westphal threw up his hands with a hoarse cry, stumbled out of the open door upon the rear platform. The train was now picking up speed, and the unfortunate ticket collector rolled off into the ditch, *dead!*

Just then Southworth, the Pullman conductor, came up to see what was the matter. He saw his companion fall off the train, saw the smoking revolvers, and beat a hasty retreat into the Pullman, followed by the passengers.

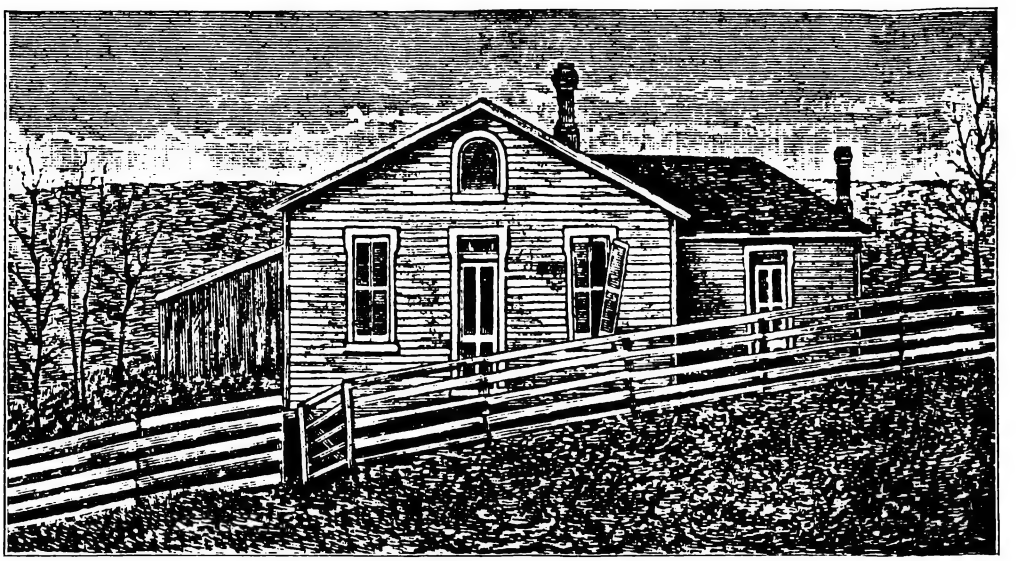
Frank McMillan, an elderly stonemason employed by the Rock Island, sprang up with a heavy trowel in his hand. A bullet plowed through his head and he, too, plunged off the car to instant death.

This second murder threw the passengers into a frenzy. Shrieking with fear and jeered at by the desperadoes, they sought safety in the rear of the train, amid the utmost confusion. Joe Webb, the porter, locked himself in a stateroom, while the frightened travelers hid their valuables.

Harry Thomas, rear brakeman, yanked the cord that controlled the automatic air-brakes, stopping the train. He knew that the further they



Jesse James's Last Home Was Located on a Hilltop at St. Joseph, Mo. The Hunted Desperado Chose the Highest Point of the Horizon to Make It Difficult for Enemies to Sneak up on Him



House in Which the Bandit Chief Was Shot and Killed by a Member of His Gang

went away from the station the further they would be from help.

But Jesse James was prepared for that emergency. The gang separated immediately, some going up to the engine, others to the express car.

"What the hell are you stopping for?" demanded one of the brigands, pressing a revolver against the forehead of Engineer Walcott. "Keep on going!"

"I can't," was the reply. "Somebody pulled the air on me."

The robber fired, his bullet barely missing Walcott's head. Meanwhile, the fireman had jumped out of the gangway. Walcott, being quick-witted, picked up the only lantern in the cab, which was hanging over the steam and water gages, and tossed it out, at the same time leaping out onto the running board. Then he extinguished the headlight, plunging the whole scene into darkness. The bandits cursed furiously.

Someone in the cab, however, knew how to run an engine—probably Jesse James himself—for after waiting until the air had seeped out of the brake pipes he applied steam, starting the locomotive again.

While all this was going on, the men in the baggage car were holding up Charles Murray, the U. S. Express messenger, and Frank Stamper, baggageman. They fired twice, but both shots spattered harmlessly into the baggage. At that moment another fusillade was heard in the smoker, and the bandits rushed out, shouting.

"Shoot him! Shoot him!"

Murray shut and barred the rear door. He leaned out the side door to see if Walcott were still in control of the engine, dodging bullets as he looked. Then he slammed it shut, just as several men burst into the front door with a hail of lead. The intruders forced him to open the safe, in which was found only about $600 in currency and a non-negotiable $1,000 bond. Enraged, the robbers demanded:

"Where's the rest?"

The express messenger responded: "There is no more, except these silver bricks, which are too heavy for you to carry away."

Close-up of Bob Ford and Scene at Jesse James's Death

But the leader was insistent.

"We got control of this train, an' I want the rest of that money or I'll plug you full of holes. Ain't you got any more?"

"Can't you take my word for it?" Murray answered desperately. "There isn't a nickel in the car except silver bullion."

Finally the bandits were convinced and filed out, one of them cracking the messenger on the head with his pistol as a token of disappointment. Then the whole gang jumped off the train, and the darkness swallowed them up.

After that Walcott again took charge of the engine. He ran his train on to a sidetrack, where he waited for the westbound passenger train, which later picked up the bodies of the two murdered men and took them to a station at Cameron.

The next train holdup by the James outfit occurred at Blue Cut, Mo., on September 7, 1881. This time a Chicago & Alton express was robbed by Frank and Jesse, Wood and Clarence Hite, Dick Liddil and Charles Ford. Several thousand dollars in booty was taken without bloodshed. It was Jesse James's last train robbery.

No Chicago, Burlington & Quincy train was ever held up by the James boys because that road—which had a line going through Kearney, Mo.—is said to have given the mother of Jesse and Frank an annual pass over the C. B. & Q. as a safety-first measure.

Meanwhile, Jesse had married under the name of Thomas Howard and now had a son, Jesse, Jr. The family moved to St. Joseph, Mo. As a protective

measure Jesse chose a house located on a hill, commanding a good view of the neighborhood. He posed as a railroad man out of work.

Early in 1882 his cousin, Wood Hite —who had taken part in the train robberies at Glendale, Winston and Blue Cut—quarreled with Dick Liddil and Bob Ford (brother of Charles). Wood was killed, wrapped in a horse blanket and buried in a shallow grave.

Liddil surrendered to the police and signed a long confession, implicating the gang. So did Clarence Hite.

On April 3, 1882, five days after the signing of Liddil's confession, Jesse James, now 34 years old, was shot dead in his own home. The Ford brothers had been visiting Jesse, who said:

"It's awfully hot today," then pulled off his coat and vest and tossed them on the bed. "I'll take off my pistols, too. Somebody might see them if I walk in the yard."

After Jesse had unbuckled his belt in which he carried two 45-calibre revolvers, laying them on the bed, he turned to dust a picture on the wall. The brothers drew their guns. Bob was the quicker of the two; his bullet pierced the skull of their host.

Even in that motion, quick as it was, the click did not escape the keen ears of the hunted man. He turned—a fraction of a second too late—and died without a word in the arms of his wife, who rushed in just as the assassins were making their way out of the rear of the house.

When neighbors swarmed into the scene of the tragedy, the hapless widow, with Jesse, Jr., clinging to her skirts, refused at first to admit it was the bandit leader who had been killed.

"No, no!" she sobbed. "It's not Jesse James! It's my husband, Tom Howard!"

The little fellow burst out pathetically: "It's not Jesse James, it's pa!" not knowing his father's real name.

The body was taken back to the old farm at Kearney on a special train which was furnished—perhaps not reluctantly—by Rock Island officials who retained a vivid memory of the holdup at Winston a few months before.

Jesse James was buried under a coffee-bean tree. The grave was dug seven feet deep and filled in with rocks, for fear of ghouls. Twenty years later the body was exhumed, the skull was found with Bob Ford's bullet hole, and a second burial was made in the local cemetery at Kearney.

Bob and Charlie Ford were tried and convicted of the murder of Jesse James but were pardoned immediately by the Governor of Missouri.

Although they had hoped to share the huge reward, they got only a few hundred dollars of it. Charlie Ford committed suicide shortly afterward. In 1892 Bob was slain in a row over a woman. The man who shot him was killed later in a gun fight in Texas.

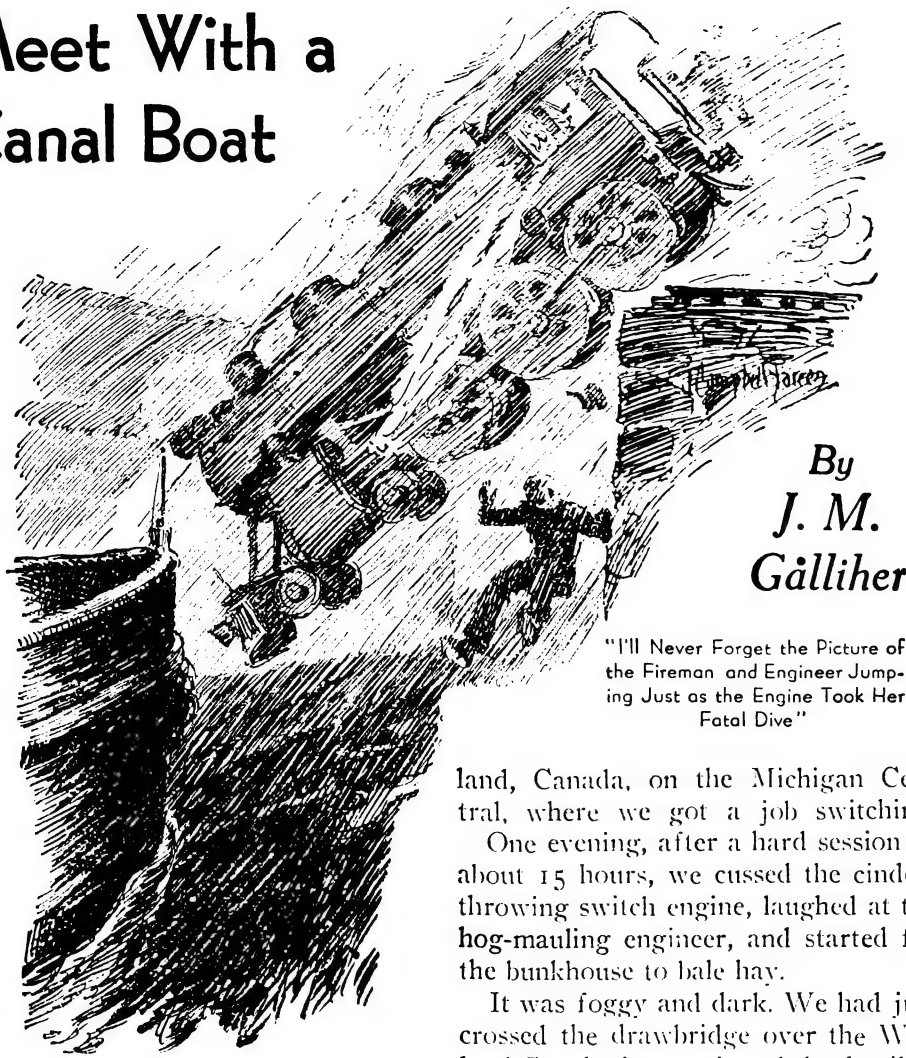
Frank James was never captured. He surrendered voluntarily, shortly after his brother's death. A sensational trial resulted in acquittal; apparently the jurors were taking no chances. Then Frank decided to "go straight," and was a respectable citizen when he died in 1915 at the old homestead in Kearney, which is today a museum.

Incidentally, the Rock Island station at Winston, Mo.—under the curse of Jesse James since 1881—is about to be deserted in the year 1932. Because of decreased revenue, application was made recently for permission to abandon it. If the wraith of the bandit chief still haunts the scene of his bloodiest train robbery, the news may give him a grim sense of satisfaction.

# TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

## Meet With a Canal Boat



"I'll Never Forget the Picture of the Fireman and Engineer Jumping Just as the Engine Took Her Fatal Dive"

*By J. M. Gálliher*

ABOUT 1920 Chuck and I drifted northwest of the Niagara River. We always believed in upholding Rule G, but there are times when a fellow hates to have his personal liberty interfered with. That's why we finally dropped anchor at Welland, Canada, on the Michigan Central, where we got a job switching.

One evening, after a hard session of about 15 hours, we cussed the cinder-throwing switch engine, laughed at the hog-mauling engineer, and started for the bunkhouse to bale hay.

It was foggy and dark. We had just crossed the drawbridge over the Welland Canal when we heard the familiar three blasts of a steamship calling for the bridge to open. It pivoted on the center and swung parallel with the canal, you see.

As the bridge swung open we heard the purr of an M. C. high-liner from the West. Believe me, boys, when they nicknamed those passenger trains high-

liners they meant it. Why, the running time from St. Thomas to Welland—101 miles—was 104 minutes.

But the machine gun bark of the exhaust didn't shut off. I grabbed Chuck's sleeve. "Say, bo," I gargled. "What the hell?"

"Hope his air is working," countered Chuck.

And when the train got to the place where the engineer usually applies the air the exhaust still blared out.

Then it happened. The engineer on this highball—it carried 12 cars of Kiwanians and a baggage car!—suddenly realized what was what. We heard the screech of brakes, but the train broke in two: the back end piled up along the right-of-way and the engine and baggage car kept going.

Then they went off the derail and along the ties, caught the frog where the passing track joined the main line. The engine leaped again, hung poised in the air, and, with a mighty roar and hissing of steam, plunged into the canal. The tender had broken loose with the baggage car. I'll never forget the picture of the fireman and engineer jumping just as the engine took her fatal dive.

The crew of the boat, which by this time was opposite the tracks, ran wildly toward the stern of the boat.

"Well," said Chuck, after the smoke had blown away, "the Michigan is out one good passenger hog; there are a lot of folks scared; but don't forget that old teakettle of ours is still on duty and that we'll have to be on duty again in nine hours."

We hung around long enough to find out that nobody was badly hurt, and then hit the hay.

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# Torpedoes!

## *By Frederick M. Westcott*

Ex-Fireman, Wheeling & Lake Erie; Piloted Engines in Panama, Costa Rica, etc.

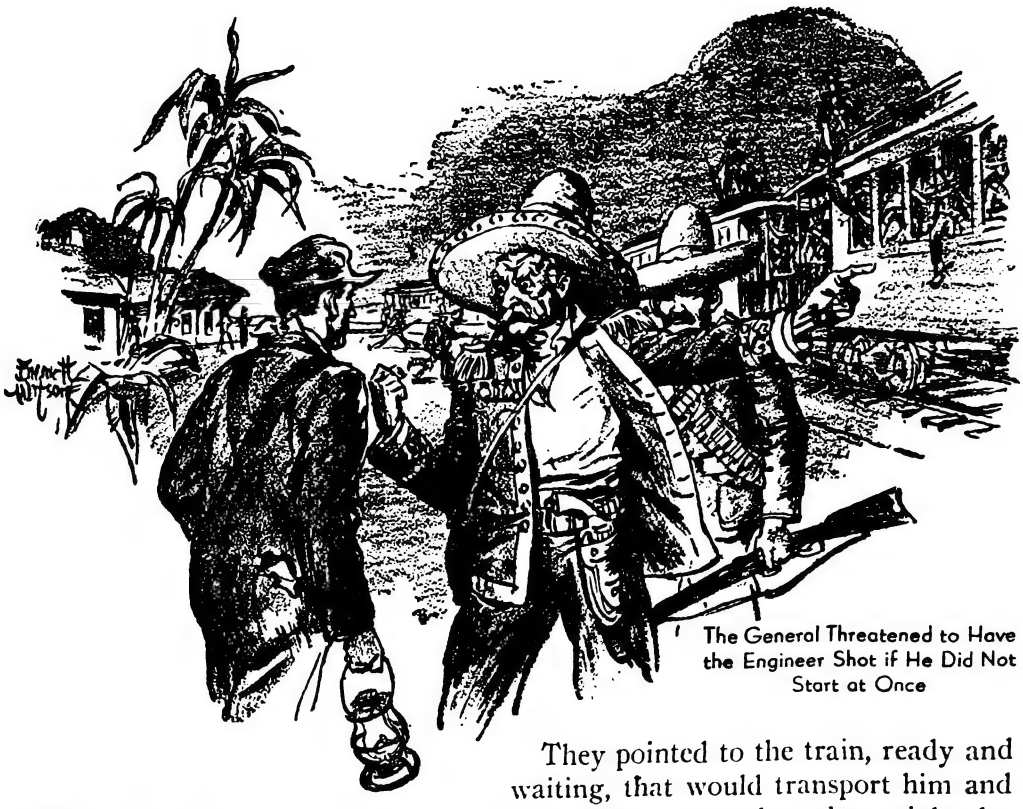
THE little Central American town of Rio Verde, stretching its ragged length along the south bank of the sluggish stream bearing the same name, looked peaceful enough in the blinding sunlight.

The white-walled houses with their thatched and tile roofs fairly gleamed in the tropical sunshine and the only sounds of life were the occasional bray of a lonesome burro and the coughing of the little switch engine of the Pan-American Fruit Company.

The town was not much to look at from an architectural standpoint, but it was of importance in the operations of this big corporation. It shipped northward tons of luscious bananas.

From Rio Verde radiated various little narrow-gauge railways to the immense plantations, far and near. When a steamer docked at the port of shipment, train after train of the big green bunches were hurried to the seaboard.

Serious trouble was brewing. Two rival republics, between which the Green River formed the dividing line, were at loggerheads. The town was a focal point for military operations. Five hundred of the best and bravest troops the republic on the south could



The General Threatened to Have the Engineer Shot if He Did Not Start at Once

muster had lately arrived in the town to guard the frontier against invasion and were quartered in the repair shops and warehouses of the fruit company.

This meant little to Carl Worth, the company's veteran superintendent, for he was used to revolutions and counter-revolutions.

But the disquieting news had just come over the wire from the north that a force of over two thousand opposing troops was on its way to Rio Verde!

The general office of the company had dispatched a train of coaches to the town, advising Worth to ask the commanding officer to camp at some point farther south to avoid moving women and children.

Worth and his trainmaster, Harry Emerson, called on the General and in their best and most diplomatic Spanish told him how things stood.

They pointed to the train, ready and waiting, that would transport him and his troops to any place they might decide to go. They urged a change of base to avoid the possible destruction of the town.

They said it was impossible to conquer the superior force that now threatened them and suggested that Las Palmas, ten miles to the south, would be a safer place.

But to no purpose. The swarthy commander and his dusky aides loudly and proudly asserted their determination to resist to the death any invasion of their beloved country. With many *vivas* and *carrambas* they vowed that at Rio Verde they would stay.

Martial law was to be declared in the town, sentries posted at the bridge and no further movement of trains northward was to be allowed.

"And that, señores, is final," he declared.

When Worth and Emerson got back

to the office they talked the matter over.

"We'll have over a hundred cars of fruit on the north end to-morrow," said Emerson, "and if that outfit ties us up we'll have to lose every bunch. That 'spik' general is just a big bluff. When the big thing really comes off, he can't get away from here fast enough—but how to get him started *now?*"

With the aid of a little talk inspiration came.

Emerson got an idea. He detailed it to Worth.

"By George, Harry," said Worth, "I believe it 'll work. We'll try it anyway." He sent the "mozo" out to call in the engineer and conductor of the waiting special.

They were instructed to be on the alert and ready to start south on a moment's notice.

"And don't you give a highball until every one of that bunch down at the shop is aboard," was Worth's parting injunction to Denny Farrell, the conductor, as he gave him an order slip.

About eight o'clock an engine and caboose came alongside the freight house adjoining the depot and several heavy bags were loaded in the caboose. After a few whispered instructions to the crew, which included no natives, the train slowly backed over the long bridge to Torito, the straggling village on the north bank of the river, and disappeared behind the low hill back of the town.

At nine o'clock hardly a sound was heard in Rio Verde save the occasional shouts and songs from the improvised barracks.

Suddenly, from across the river, a shot rang out—and then another! The general and his staff disentangled themselves from the feminine attractions of the saloon and as they reached the street a perfect fusillade sounded from the enemy village of Torito.

Starting on a run for the barracks, they were met by an avalanche of frightened troopers, some undressed, some with their weapons, some empty-handed and all in headlong flight to the standing train.

Looking across the river, they could see the flashes of the enemy's rifles. The shots increased to a steady roar.

Machine guns!

Panic-stricken, the entire force filled the coaches and with cries of "Vamanos" urged immediate departure.

Frantically the brave general asked Denny the cause of the delay and threatened to have the engineer shot did he not start at once.

Seeing no more belated stragglers, Denny gave the signal and in a few minutes the twinkling red lights faded away in the darkness. Rio Verde was left to the tender mercies of the enemy from the north.

And what of the invading army? The entire native populace, wondering and terror-stricken, milled and jabbered about the plaza. They paid no attention to an engine and caboose, with no lights showing, which stopped at the depot. But there were no signs of a vengeful horde from across the river and all was again quiet.

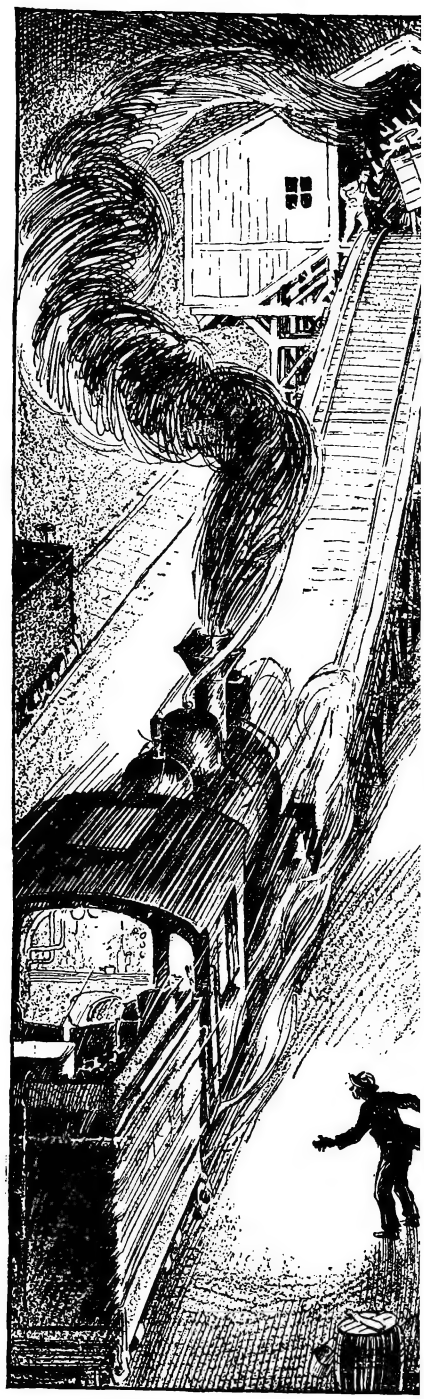
Worth, Emerson and the crew of the mysterious, unlighted engine and caboose gathered in the little telegraph office.

"It sure took a lot of torpedoes to cover the rails on that bridge," Emerson said. "You'd better send for a few boxes in the morning."

But the General still tells of his dignified retirement before an overwhelming force!

# One Wild Goat

## *By William O. Weber*



"The Switch Engine Is Running Away!"

ABOUT 10 P.M. on a cold and frosty night in the late fall of 1897, while I was employed as night telegrapher for the Great Northern at Barnesville, Minn., Henry Howard, the night caller, dashed into the office and advised Y. M. Milford Atkins that the device for pulling the coal cars up onto the chute was out of commission. The man in charge of the chute requested them to shove two cars up the chute so he could unload and fill the pockets.

Atkins immediately conferred with his two switchmen, who maintained it could not be done, or if it could they would not attempt it without orders from some one in authority. The incline at the chute was built on an angle of 30 or 40 degrees, and coal cars were pulled up by means of a large iron cable winding around a drum.

Hoisting coal by means of the "goat" (or switch engine) had not been attempted before.

Frank Bell, later a high official on the Superior Division, was our agent. But he was at his home, nearly a half mile from the depot, at that time of night, and Yardmaster Atkins dispatched Caller Howard to his house to get instructions. Mr. Bell advised us to go ahead and put up the coal, as there was no other course.

I sat at my table in the bay window facing the yards and coal chute, watching the goat as it tried to climb the incline with two heavily-loaded cars. It couldn't make it.

Trains No. 3 and 8 were carded to

meet at Barnesville. No. 3 was the "Overland Limited," then running St. Paul to Seattle, and was generally a few minutes late. Each train had fifteen minutes dead time at Barnesville to change engines.

Train No. 8 had pulled in the siding, changed engines, and was waiting for the arrival of No. 3, which was a few minutes late, as usual.

The goat was still making futile attempts to get the two cars up the incline, and in so doing the crew had lined all the thirteen tracks of the east end of the yard for the lead to the main line so that they could take a longer run. All of these switches were stubs except the one leading out on the main line, which was a split switch.

No. 3's headlight had just appeared over the Rothsay hill, some five or six miles away, when, with an unusual burst of speed, the goat went up the incline with the two cars, throwing sparks from her diamond stack high in the air.

The next instant it was out of sight under the roofed inclosure of the shed. Then came a crash of wood and rending of steel.

The shed was equipped with bulkheads to stop cars when they got to the end. But the goat had straight air, and there were no air brakes on the cars. They were unable to stop and took the bulkhead and all at one swipe, and as the head car and switchman went over the other switchman unloaded.

Engineer Miller saw what was happening. He threw his engine into reverse, pulled his throttle wide open, and he and his fireman immediately unloaded on either side.

The last car broke loose from the engine when the front end tipped over the end of the shed, and that poor goat immediately started eastward with no human hand to stay her progress—with a clear lead and nothing between her and the wide open spaces but a split switch at No. 3.

The yardmaster stood at the foot of the incline, and when the engine went by him and he saw no crew on her he started to run for the office. By the time he burst in the door he was overcome, and fainted in a chair.

A car clerk threw some water on him, and in an instant he was yelling: "Number Three! Number Three! The switch engine is running away!"

Into the air went a cloud of sparks. No headlights in sight—nothing but a cloud of steam and a dark spot on the snow-covered prairie to indicate there was an object there.

It happened the division lineman was in town, and Operator Snyder, the day man, was called to take my place. The lineman and myself were dispatched to the wreck, which was about two miles from the office. A box relay was cut in, and with a pile of ties for a telegraph table I commenced my long vigil through the cold night.

Engineer Griswold, on No. 3, was found in the ditch on his side of the engine; his fireman on the other side. Griswold was just climbing down from the gangway when the collision occurred. The jar of it broke off the cast iron step and his foot went through the frame, breaking his leg when he hit the ground.

Both he and the fireman were confined to the hospital for several months, but finally recovered. These were the only two serious injuries. Traffic was interrupted about sixteen hours—and I was kept busy all the time. Yes, sir, that was one wild goat!

# Racing a Tornado

*By W. H. Shafer*
Conductor, Milwaukee Road, La Crosse Division

A TORNADO sweeping the little town of Oakdale, Wis., on July 3, 1907, killed three people and destroyed much property.

At that time I was rear end brakeman on train No. 69, a westbound freight consisting of 45 loaded cars. Our conductor was W. P. Long ("Doc"), while Floyd Green jerked the throttle.

We passed Oakdale about 5.00 P.M. Not a breath of air stirred. While looking out of a cupola window, I heard a low rumbling noise like a steam roller, then I spied a big, black, funnel-shaped cloud about two miles away, traveling in a southwesterly direction.

Our train now was moving directly west. Conductor Long was making out his report. I yelled to him:

"Hey, Doc, come up here and take a look."

"What do you see now?" he asked. "Some more bluebirds' nests?"

On our previous trip I had counted eleven bluebirds' nests along the right-of-way fence.

"No," I returned. "It isn't bluebirds this time, but a big blackbird, and if he gets a swipe at this train we'll all be looking for a soft spot to land on."

I got the skipper where he could see the monstrosity. His eyes bulged, and he nearly fell out of the cupola.

"Nothing more than a cyclone, Doc," said I. "and it looks as though it's going to head us off."

To make things more interesting the train began to slow down and that funnel-shaped thing crept closer and closer. When it was only a mile away, we were moving not faster than a walk.

The sky clouded up and got very dark. Big drops of rain fell, but we hadn't as yet felt any wind. Possibly the suction of this swirling monster was holding us back.

It had now begun to roar and crack. We could see trees uprooted and carried into the unknown, brush and wood of all description being whirled around. On it came! I told Long we'd better get off and crawl under a culvert, or lie down in a ditch that had water in it, but he replied:

"Let's stick it out. We'll get through."

Two and a half miles west of Oakdale the track crosses a small creek. Half a mile farther, on the south side of the track, stands a perpendicular cliff about three hundred feet high and a mile in length. We had just crossed the creek when a strong blast of wind struck us from the southwest.

Suddenly the black devil changed its course and started back in an easterly direction towards Oakdale, missing us by two hundred feet. The peculiar part is that five cars had the tops blown off; they lay on the north side of the track, the side the cyclone was on.

We agreed that the suction of this monster recoiling against the high cliff west of the creek had caused the change of course. On its eastward stride, two miles of telegraph poles and wires were leveled and twisted out of place. A corner of the Oakdale depot

was shaved off, likewise the kitchen of the hotel. Three homes were razed.

One of the persons killed was a minister who was picked up and carried eighty rods. His body was found lodged in a heap of trees with a Bible under one arm. The other two victims were a man and wife, who were hurled against a barb-wire fence. A letter addressed to this man—which he had been carrying in his pocket—was later found near Prairie du Chien, at least 150 miles away!

At Tomah, Long asked Engineer Green why he didn't go faster.

"I was doing my best, Doc," said Green. "This old mill was getting the works, with the lever down in the corner. I was just as anxious as anybody to get away from that bad actor."

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## WHICH HOGGER SHOWED BETTER JUDGMENT?

**SAM TUCKER was lead engineer, while James Brown was running the helper engine. A few miles from the terminal the road dipped for several miles, then ran uphill to the terminal. The train was floating through the dip at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour and shot around a curve. Suddenly a herd of cattle was seen on the track. The engineer whistled and the cows scampered away—except one, which at first refused to budge. When the locomotive was almost on top of her, she finally changed her mind and joined the others. Brown, whose mill was coupled in behind the caboose, made a slight application of air at the time but soon released it. When they got to the terminal, Tucker gave him a bawling out.**

**"You made an application of air when dropping down the dip?"**

**"Yes," Brown admitted, "I did."**

**"Why did you do it?" Tucker wanted to know. "The lead engineer is supposed to handle the air, and as you can't see what's going on in front, you don't know and you ought to depend upon the other man. Such action is likely to cause serious trouble."**

**Then Engineer Brown told his side of the story:**

**"When we shot around that curve I saw the cattle as soon as you did—at least, long before you whistled—and I did some rapid thinking. The last I saw of that slow cow, she was disappearing right in front of your pilot. It was a question whether the cow would make it or ditch the train. Our cabooses have no sills in them, merely a few uprights with boards tacked on. My engine was the heaviest thing in the train. On account of the excessive friction, it had all of the slack stretched out. There wasn't much slack in fifteen cars, but enough to give that mill an awful start, which might have crushed that caboose like an eggshell and killed the five men who were riding it. In this emergency, when I had only a moment to decide, I didn't think of you or of my own life or of the rules—but, like a true engineer, I considered only those five lives and acted accordingly. Under the circumstances I think I used good judgment."**

**This statement mollified Tucker, until the engineer added:**

**"And if we'd hit that cow, you'd have said I shoved you into her."**

**Then Tucker retorted: "Why, your engine was only a booster. All you're supposed to know or to do is to boost. Even if you saw my smokestack going over the top of a water tank, you should keep your trottle open and work steam until you are stopped or whistled down."**

**"What you have said," Brown argued, "is merely your own personal opinion. I was examined to run an engine, just as you were. It was impressed upon me that I was expected to use good judgment. Also, I was given train orders, the same as yourself, and I am as well qualified to use my own judgment as you are to criticize it. I don't see any mention of your name in the time card."**

**Now, there is no rule creating any distinction between the two engineers, although it is the unwritten law or custom for the lead man to handle the air, and in most cases that is advisable. The question is: Did Brown use good judgment or not?**

**Come on, hoggers, what would you do in such a case? Give your reasons. The editor would like to print answers in "On the Spot" department. If you don't want your name to appear, just sign any initials and it will be O. K.—James Deegan.**

# 90 MINUTES LATE

"Yes, Sir," Says Frisky Todd, "There's Nothing Like a Bus for Bustin' Down When You Need It Most"

*By*
*Griff Crawford*

Santa Fe Train Dispatcher; Author of "Blue Flag," "Mr. Manifest Misses," etc.

TINKLE AMOS slid a stack of wheat cakes across the counter, looked out toward the street and turned up her pretty pug nose.

"Bus passengers," she said disdainfully, "comin' in here to eat! Why don't they go up to the greasy spoon where they belong? They got no business in a first class dump like this."

"Now, Tinkle," remonstrated Frisky Todd, assistant timekeeper from the superintendent's office, "they got the right to eat wherever they want to. Just because they ride a bus ain't no reason—"

"Ah, ring off," said the girl. "You give me a ache in the neck. You'll be kicked outa a job one of these days on account of 'em, then mebbe you won't feel so ritzy."

She turned to smile at Hokey Pember, the big-eared telegraph operator who had seated himself next to Frisky. "I was just tellin' goggle-eyes here"—she nodded toward Frisky and his heavy-rimmed glasses—"about this bus business, and them cheap skates comin' in here to eat when they oughta know this is a railroad eatin' house and too high class for 'em. But they don't seem to."

"Ain't that the truth, Tinkle," agreed Hokey. "Slip me two aigs face up with their eyes open and a scuttle of ink with plenty of moo-moo.

Yeah, they oughta eat at the greasy spoon, Tinkle."

"Of course they had. But I can't be worried—ya know what I was showin' ya, Hokey—that letter from the lawyer? Well, I got another this mornin'. It's true, and I'm leavin' today—goin' to Wilburton to live in the big house Uncle Bim left me. Will ya miss me?"

"Not much," said Hokey, and Tinkle's face paled a little, "not so much as you'd think," he went on, "because I'm goin' to put in a lot of time over at Wilburton holdin' your hands—"

"There'll be others," Tinkle started to suggest, but Hokey waved the matter aside.

"I'll slap 'em down, Tinkle; I won't stand for no interference."

The waitress grinned, then assumed her most official aspect as she went over to the other side of the counter to wait on the bus passengers.

"I can't see what you discover in that jane to rave about," remarked Frisky when she had stepped out of hearing; Frisky had not heard about the letter from the lawyer. "Pug-nosed," he went on, "got a mean temper and a worse vocabulary. Big hands—"

"The most beautiful hands in the world," interrupted Hokey, "big, for a lady, I'll admit; but well formed and they hold—"

"Yeah? Well, what do they hold?"

"Ten thousand dollars!" said Hokey.

Frisky laid his knife on the counter and looked at the speaker to see if he was being kidded. Apparently the story was truth, and nothing but the truth. Hokey wasn't given to stalling much.

"*Ten thousand dollars?*" Frisky spoke his surprise.

"Uh-huh," grunted Hokey through part of the eggs and toast.

"H-m-m," mused Frisky. "H-m-m! Her hands *are* rather well formed," he admitted to himself. "Nice little snub nose. Cute, too. Sweet disposition." He was lost in thought. "Think I'll go after that myself."

He lingered a bit after Hokey had finished the morning repast, and when Tinkle came over in response to his jerk of the head and asked if there was anything else, he smiled his best.

"Give me a hunk of the hunting-case pie with the blackberry movement, little one. You know, I've been thinkin' about what you said awhile ago—about the bus passengers. They hadn't oughta be allowed to spend their money in here after passin' up the trains and ridin' in the rattletrap demons of the highway. It ain't right. This is a eatin' house for railroad patrons and railroad people, and it oughta be—"

"Now you're talkin' sense, Frisky. I'm strong for the hand that feeds me. I'm stickin' by the road. Now and then I kinder hate myself because I'm leavin' it all—"

"Leavin'?" There was a world of astonishment in Frisky's tones. "You mean you're quittin'?"

"Uh-huh; this is my last day. I'm goin' to Wilburton to live in a big house Uncle Bim left me." She looked out toward the platform dreamily. Frisky uttered an exclamation of woe.

"How'll I ever get along now?" he demanded. "I'll — I'll — be so lonesome — everything'll be on the flooey with you gone, baby. I sure will be lost—"

"It's only sixty miles to Wilburton," she suggested, "and I'll always be glad to see my friends of the good old iron pike."

And so it happened that when Hokey helped Tinkle on the train, Wilburton bound, he discovered no less a personage at his elbow than Frisky Todd bearing a huge bouquet of roses which he presented to the departing Tinkle with many sighs and soft spoken words.

"Damn a goggle-eyed timekeeper!" Hokey muttered. Then he went to the news stand, bought the biggest and best box of candy in stock and gave it to Tinkle.

"Roses are pretty and smell nice," he said meaningly so that Frisky could hear, "but chocolates is the berries when you really want somethin' to enjoy. And they cost more, too."

A moment later the conductor's "All A-boar-r-r-d!" sounded. The two men said their goodbys and went out on the platform where they stood until the train pulled out. They had a last glimpse of Tinkle at the window. She had her nose buried in the roses, and was eating a chocolate at the same instant. Neither Hokey nor Frisky could claim an advantage on that evidence.

## II

And that's what started the contest between Hokey Pember and Frisky Todd—the contest for Tinkle's heart and, incidentally, ten thousand dollars.

It was a neck-and-neck proposition in more ways than one. Parcel post business picked up between Bixby and Wilburton, due to various and sundry boxes of roses that ran a race with cartons of chocolates. But while that line was doing very well, indeed, the railroad business was going to the bow-wows.

"It's them highways," Hokey groaned as the telegraph force was reduced from time to time and Hokey was getting down toward the bottom of the list. "Three more jobs closed and I'll be buckin' the extra board and not workin' half time. They oughta make them bus and truck companies build their own highway and maintain it, same as a railroad has to do."

"It's a free, open fight," declared Frisky, "just the same as Tinkle Amos is between you and me. Of course, I want the railroad to win out, but I'm not in the habit of lettin' that part of it interfere with me usin' the bus when I wanta."

"If I was goin' to pay any money in way of fare," said Hokey, "I'd pay it to the road. That's where I'm gettin' it from, and I'd hand some of it back to 'em before I'd turn it over to a bus company."

Frisky grinned. "You're behind the times. As far behind as you are in tryin' to beat me out with Tinkle."

"Yeah?" Hokey's big ears stuck out like a pointer pup's. "Yeah? And if I'd tell Tinkle Amos you was spendin' money to a bus line to come and see her, what'd ya reckon she'd say ta that?"

"You wouldn't do that, Hokey. You're dumb and old-fashioned, but you're a square-shooter. You wouldn't do anything underhanded to queer a fellow."

"No, I wouldn't," answered Hokey, "but I oughta."

## III

As the summer wore on, more and more men were laid off. The D. & E. was feeling the unfair weight of highway competition — a competition that was fostered by the public in building concrete roads and turning them over to private interests, who utilized them to beat down the railroad's only means of existence—the selling of transportation.

These fly-by-night propositions were unhampered by governmental regulations, making whatever rates they desired. They had no employees subject to the Federal hours-of-service devised to protect the lives of the traveling public and the employees themselves.

They shoved tax-payers off the concrete, while the railroad was taxed to death to help pay for the thorofares that were taking legitimate business away from them.

"It ain't right," Hokey swore as further reductions in force took him within a single man from the extra board. "Damn the people who don't see where this thing's leadin' to! Wait till they have a flock of empty houses in this town with 'For Rent' signs on 'em. Wait till they've got empty business buildin's up and down Main Street and half the pay roll's missin' here. Maybe they'll take a tumble and do somethin' about it."

"Still lettin' that worry you, are ya?" Frisky smirked. "It's a free fight, way I look at it—same as between you and me."

"Shut up!" said Hokey bluntly. "If ya had the sense God gave geese, you'd see it. What will *you* do when they reduce the force and cut you off at the pockets?" Hokey was more worked up than he had ever been. "What can you do? Where can you get a job?"

"That's not worryin' me a-tall," Frisky retorted with a superior air. "I'm goin' to marry Tinkle. She's got a nice, big home—and ten thousand dollars! What do I care whether I'm cut off or not?"

Hokey sighed. The awful thing about this smart aleck declaration was that Hokey felt it was true. There was no manner of doubt that Frisky was beating his time. Tinkle had made no such declaration in words, but actions spoke. She was showing a marked preference for this goggle-eyed misfit that was tantalizing.

And the maddening thing was that Hokey wanted Tinkle for herself while Frisky was making the play for the big house and the money. His big ears burned, but he was waging a clean fight. He could tell Tinkle some things about Frisky that would throw the balance back in his favor. But Hokey Pember wasn't that sort. Tinkle would have to find those things out herself if she ever knew them.

And then came the day that Hokey was bumped from his job. He had to take what he could get, and there wasn't anything to get. Although he worked up and down the road, a night here, a night there, the few dollars he had saved were melting away, for his expenses exceeded his income.

He kept away from Tinkle most of the time. He felt it would be disgraceful to seek her hand in marriage while he was out of a job. It would practically be asking her to take him in and keep him.

But Frisky had no such scruples. The minute he got his, he dashed to Wilburton and laid his heart, feet and everything else at her altar.

"Honey, I'm loose from the old job now," he breathed. "I'll have time to look after things for you. Let's hook up and have it over with."

"This is so—so—unexpected," giggled Tinkle, "and I really feel I oughta keep my answer. Hokey's comin' to see me tonight—I wrote him a letter and asked him if he was mad. You see, he got bumped, so I guess he's feelin' blue—"

Frisky was heartless. "He'd oughta be. No job. Nothin' in sight but buckin' that extra board. So he's comin' tonight?"

"Yeah, wait and see him, Frisky. The train just whistled in. He oughta be here in a minnit. We'll see what he says when I tell him you've asked me to marry you."

"Break it to him gentle like, Tinkle; he's a good kind of a dumb-bell," suggested Frisky.

Tinkle Amos was like all women. She wanted to make the most of her proposals. If she could make Hokey propose, it would be something she could always remind Frisky of from time to time. Hokey didn't have a chance, she admitted to herself, but there was the thrill of making him ask her, anyway. So when he rang the bell, she ushered him into the big living room where Frisky sat smoking and very much at home.

"What do ya think?" Tinkle giggled. "Frisky's proposed ta me?"

Hokey gulped and his big ears swayed almost like those of an elephant. It was a blow he had been expecting, but it was none the less severe when it struck. He sat down awkwardly.

"I—sort of intended doin' that myself, Tinkle," he admitted to both of them. "I — wanted to—somehow—but I'm practically out of a job now—them cussed busses and trucks—" He stopped and looked at the floor.

Tinkle smiled. Here was a chance for real rivalry, with all the thrills of suspense. If Hokey would just ask for her hand it would make a dramatic flourish.

"You never said anything, Hokey," she reminded him coyly, "while Frisky has been so attentive and commanding—"

"Well, I say so now," blurted Hokey, his ears like two flaming palm leaves. "Right here I'm askin' you to marry me; I ain't got a job but—"

"Them old busses and trucks," sighed Tinkle.

"I'll offer myself ta you, such as I am, and you can choose between Frisky and me. That is, if you wanta?"

"This is so unexpected!" Tinkle was looking out the window. "I'll tell you what. I'll give you my answer at eight o'clock tomorrow night. Be here then, both of you, right on the dot. I'm a crank about folks bein' late to a appointment. Good night, gentlemen."

## IV

THE next day came with a cold, dismal rain and a smatter of sleet. Hokey had figured on taking No. 10 to Wilburton to get his answer. They were due to arrive at the home town of Tinkle Amos at 7.50. That would give him only ten minutes to get out to the house, but with the aid of a taxi he could make it easily.

But to his dismay, No. 10 was reported thirty minutes late. That was something different again. They would have to go to Wilburton on time or Hokey would be lost. He felt, somehow, that he was lost anyway, but he was going to see it through.

"Hm! The bus leaves here at four," he said, "and gets to Wilburton at six ten. On an important thing like this I reckon I'd be justified." He stopped short. "I'll be damned if I will!" he declared with emphasis. "I've never give 'em a dime yet, and I'm not goin' to now. I'll lay my money on the train. They've been the standard of transportation for years, and I'm bettin' on that old Number Ten hittin' Wilburton right on the cat-hop. Ta hell with the bus!"

But it was different with Frisky. At 3.50 he hove in sight at the bus depot dressed in his best and with a bouquet

of roses hooked over his left arm. He glanced around to see whether Hokey had shown up yet, and he kept glancing until he was seated and the motor began to hum. Frisky chuckled.

"Poor old dumb-bell!" he said. "He's goin' to ride Number Ten. Catch me takin' any chances on a ten minute leeway at a time like this. I'll be there at six ten, have a good feed and show up without havin' to hurry. Far as that's concerned," he finished as he looked out at the falling rain and sleet, "he's a total loss, anyway. Tinkle wouldn't have him on a silver platter."

"Hell of a day, ain't it?" A fat traveling man observed from across the aisle.

"Yeah, and then some."

Frisky turned to the dreary atmosphere of the afternoon as they bumped along. They were out in the country now, and going at a fairly good gait. Traffic was light, due to the storm, and the bus had the highway pretty much to itself.

The first hour passed without incident. After they had progressed some six miles east of Grady the highway suddenly became blocked by a cow wandering across it. The driver tried to keep from striking the beast—and did. But in the effort the heavy vehicle slid off the pavement into the mud.

After a grinding of gears and the muttered exclamations of the passengers, the driver got out and sized up the situation.

"Mebbe if you'll all get out and give me a shove I can get 'er back on," he requested.

There was much grumbling at this announcement. The rain and sleet had increased. It was anything but a pleasant prospect, but there wasn't any consolation in sitting there at an angle of forty degrees and listening to the rain beating on the roof.

After considerable discussion, the five male passengers, including Frisky and the fat traveling man, climbed out. Frisky laid his bouquet in a seat carefully before he made his exit into the storm.

"All right?" questioned the driver after he was at the wheel again. "Shove hard when I let the clutch in."

There was another grinding of gears and the wheels spun in the mud. Five separate and distinct "damns" were shouted at the same instant. The whirring wheels had thrown mud all over the five male moguls who were acting as "pushers."

The fat traveling man proved a wonder in devising new and unheard of swear words. He offered gems of his own authorship that were marvels in construction.

"Shut the blinkety-blanked-blunked thing off!" he yelled as he picked a chunk of mud out of his left eye and looked down at the splattered trousers.

Frisky was examining his own pants. "Ruined!" he muttered. "I gotta get 'em cleaned and pressed before I call on Tinkle."

"All tugether, now!"

The driver was yelling again. The five males swore in unison, but they put their shoulders against the body of the bus. They had to. There was no other way out of this mess, and they were all in a hurry to get going again. They pushed, grunted and blasphemed.

The wheels spun, the mud flew. Time and again they tried. Minute after minute they toiled in the drab weather.

It took the concerted efforts of the six men and the now boiling engine a solid hour and forty-five minutes before they finally slid the bus back on

the slab. They were wet, cold, discouraged and uncomfortable.

Frisky consulted his watch.

"An hour and forty-five minutes lost right there," he said as he did a bit of figuring. "If we make time from now on it'll put us into Wilburton at about seven fifty-five. Hell's catoot! I won't have time to do nothin'; and I don't dare get there late. I know what Tinkle said—she's a crank about bein' on time."

He looked about suddenly as though searching for something.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Hey, you!" He was shaking his finger at the fat traveling man. "You've set down on my bouquet!"

It didn't seem to Frisky as though the driver were trying to make up lost time. They plodded along half-heartedly. Of course the pavement was bad and the vision clouded. It wouldn't be safe for the bus driver to speed up. Frisky laid down the mashed and dilapidated bouquet and went over to see about it.

"Is this as fast as you can go?" he demanded.

"No, but it's as fast as the bus'll go right now," the driver snapped. "I got a hot engine. I think the oil line's stopped up."

"Hell's bells and the calves got out," groaned Frisky. "Looky here, bimbo, I must be in Wilburton at eight o'clock on a mighty important matter."

"Ya better get out and run ahead then, son."

"I know what I'll do." Frisky had a happy thought. "How far is it to Franklin?"

"Just up the road a bit."

"Fine. I'll get off there and catch Number Ten."

"That's O. K. by me," said the uninterested driver, and then he suddenly slammed on the brakes. "Got a flat!" he announced.

Inspection revealed that the driver knew his flats or else was an excellent guesser. The right back tire was as flat as Frisky's hopes.

"I'm goin' to beat it up the pike for Franklin and get the train," declared Frisky as he rushed back and got his belongings, including the smashed roses. "They was reported a little late. I think I can make it."

"Me, too," said the fat traveling man as he grabbed his sample cases and followed Frisky out the door. "I gotta be in Wilburton by eight for an appointment with a guy who's goin' to give me a big order," he explained as they trundled along in the rain.

"And I gotta be there at the same time to meet a girl who's goin' to give me a job for life, with plenty of eats and good clothes," confided Frisky.

Then he stopped open-mouthed. From behind came the station whistle of No. 10, blowing for Franklin. Without another word he set out at a lope, the traveling man trying to keep up. The well lighted train swept by, made the station stop and was gone again before the panting Frisky and his companion were in sight of the depot.

"They've made up time, all right," he groaned again. "Nearly on the dot here."

There were tears in his voice and misgiving in his heart. For in that brief glance he had seen Hokey Pember's face at the window trying to peer out in the darkness. At last they reached the bus station in Franklin and sat down. Twenty minutes later the belated vehicle rattled in.

## V

It was 7.58 when Hokey rang the bell and 7.59 when he had handed

Tinkle Amos a box of chocolates and seated himself in the big living room in front of the open fireplace. To her query as to whether or not he had seen anything of Frisky, Hokey replied truthfully that he had not.

Tinkle looked at the clock and paced the floor. "I hate anybody bein' late," she declared again and again. "Especially at a big date like this."

She opened the door and listened, closed it and returned.

"He wasn't on the train?" she asked.

"I guess not," Hokey responded cheerfully. "I didn't see anything of him."

They played a game of checkers to pass the time while waiting for the delinquent Frisky. Tinkle was fast losing her patience and temper. Frisky Todd would have to dig up an excellent excuse if he expected to get away with it. Tiring of checkers, they turned on the radio.

"I guess he don't want his answer." Tinkle was almost in tears. "He didn't care enough about it—and me—to come and find out. I think—" she cocked an ear toward the door.

Some one was running up the walk. She opened the door and her eyes went toward the clock. It was 9.29. Tinkle glared at the bedraggled, sodden form that entered. She sized up the broken bouquet. Her eyes took on a peculiar glint.

"Ninety minutes late—and soused!" Her tones were cold. Frisky waved a hand despairingly.

"I ain't soused, Tinkle—I ain't had a single drink, honest. It was the infernal bus. It slid off the pavement, stuck in the mud, had a hot engine, a stopped up oil line, a flat tire—"

"Bus?" the question was yelled at him. "Bus?" Her eyes were mere slits now. "Mean ta tell me you risked comin' in a bus to make a date as important as this one?"

"Sure, I wanted to get here ahead of—"

"Ain't there a train on the D. & E. any more?"

"Sure, but I wanted ta—"

"Bus!" She remarked half to herself. "He takes a bus when regular trains are runnin'!"

She turned toward Hokey Pember, who was standing uncertainly over by the sofa.

"I'm yourn," she said dramatically as she held out her arms. "All yourn! A darned fool who hasn't any more sense than to risk a bus when he's got to be somewhere at a certain time ain't got business sense enough to take care of twenty thousand dollars—it was twenty, instead of ten, Hokey."

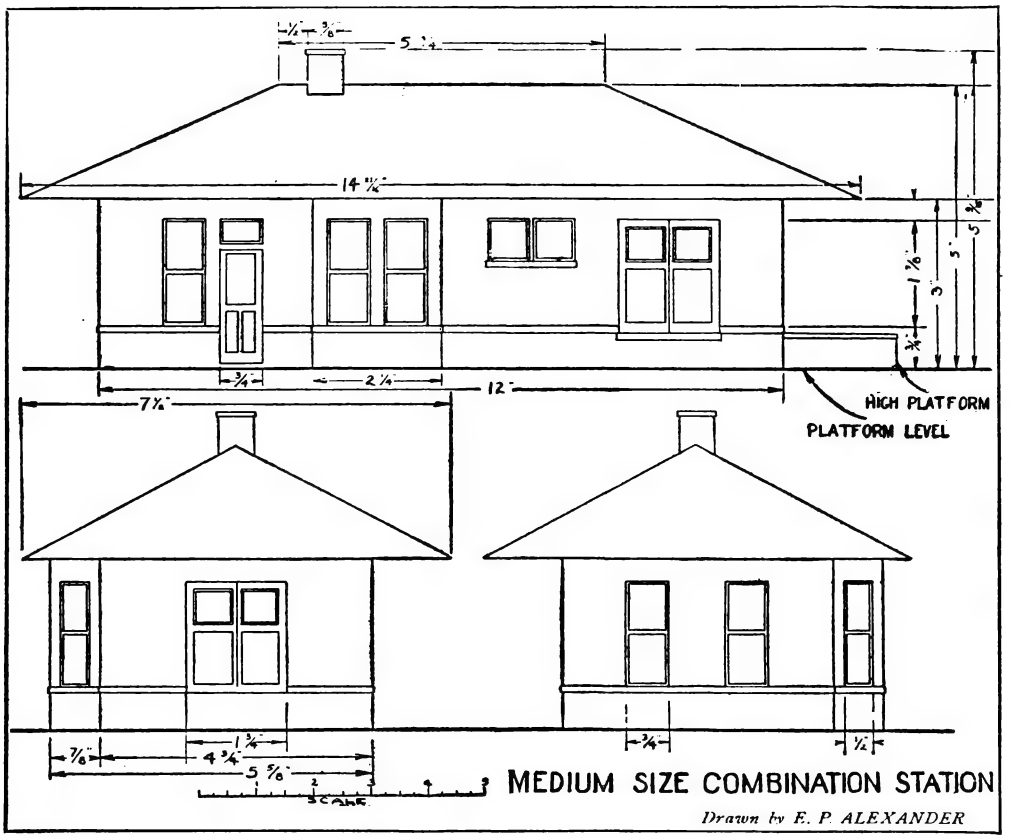
## VI

On No. 9 next morning, Frisky Todd watched the still falling rain as the train slid along through the dismal weather. Out on the highway he saw a stalled bus and a bevy of swearing males trying to push it back on the slab. Frisky couldn't hear the swearing but he knew it was being done.

A voice accosted him and he looked up. It was the fat traveling man.

"Hey," he said as he bundled his sample cases down across the aisle. "Hey? Ya know what that infernal bus done ta me? Caused me to miss an order for five hundred dollars worth of Bix's Buillon Cubes! Yes, sir; and there was a clean commission in the deal—a hundred and fifty bucks. That's what I lost, one hundred and fifty bucks!"

"Shut up," answered Frisky sourly as he cuddled down to get a bit of snooze. "Shut up! That ain't nothin'. I lost twenty thousand dollars."




# A MODEL R. R. STATION

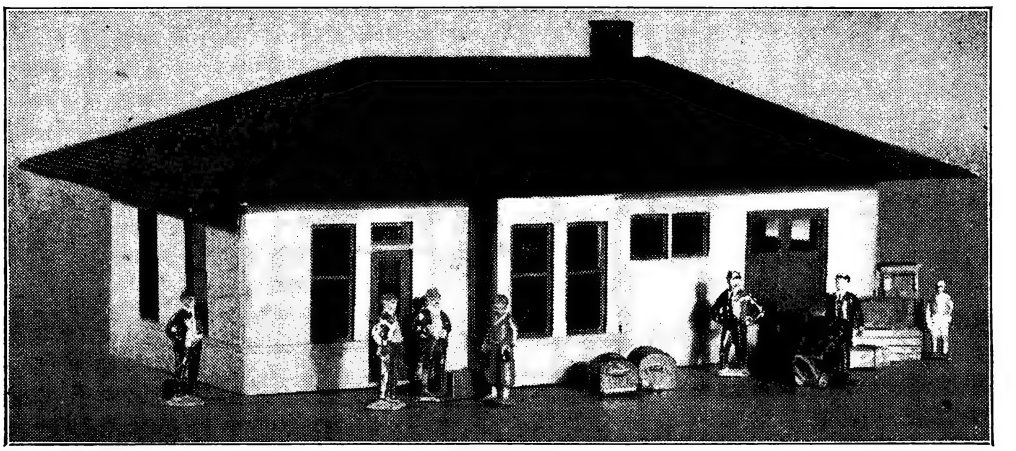
## *By E. P. Alexander*

THERE are so many types of stations that it is sometimes hard to choose the kind best suited to a model railroad. You will probably want more than one, and they will be different. No doubt your railroad passes through a small town, for which the station described here would do nicely.

The prototype of our model is a Missouri-Kansas-Texas medium-sized station. A track plan showing its location is given on page 227. Of course, this is merely a suggestion. If it will not fit in with your track layout, you can place the building to suit yourself.

First, a base or foundation is needed to fasten the walls to. Use ½" wood for this and set four posts about ⅜" square by 3" in the corners. The walls are of heavy mounting cardboard. Windows are cut out with a knife or razor.

Window frames and



Station Built by the Author. (The Little Figures Were Imported from Germany)

doors are of thinner material; they are glued on from the inside. Celluloid—which may be purchased in sheets at automobile supply stores—is used for windows. The sides may be glued to the floor and posts, and the bay in front added when these are rigid.

Trim the corners on the outside with paper strips to cover the joints. Heavy paper or thin cardboard may be used for the window sills. The partitions—which may be omitted if interior details are not wanted—also are cardboard.

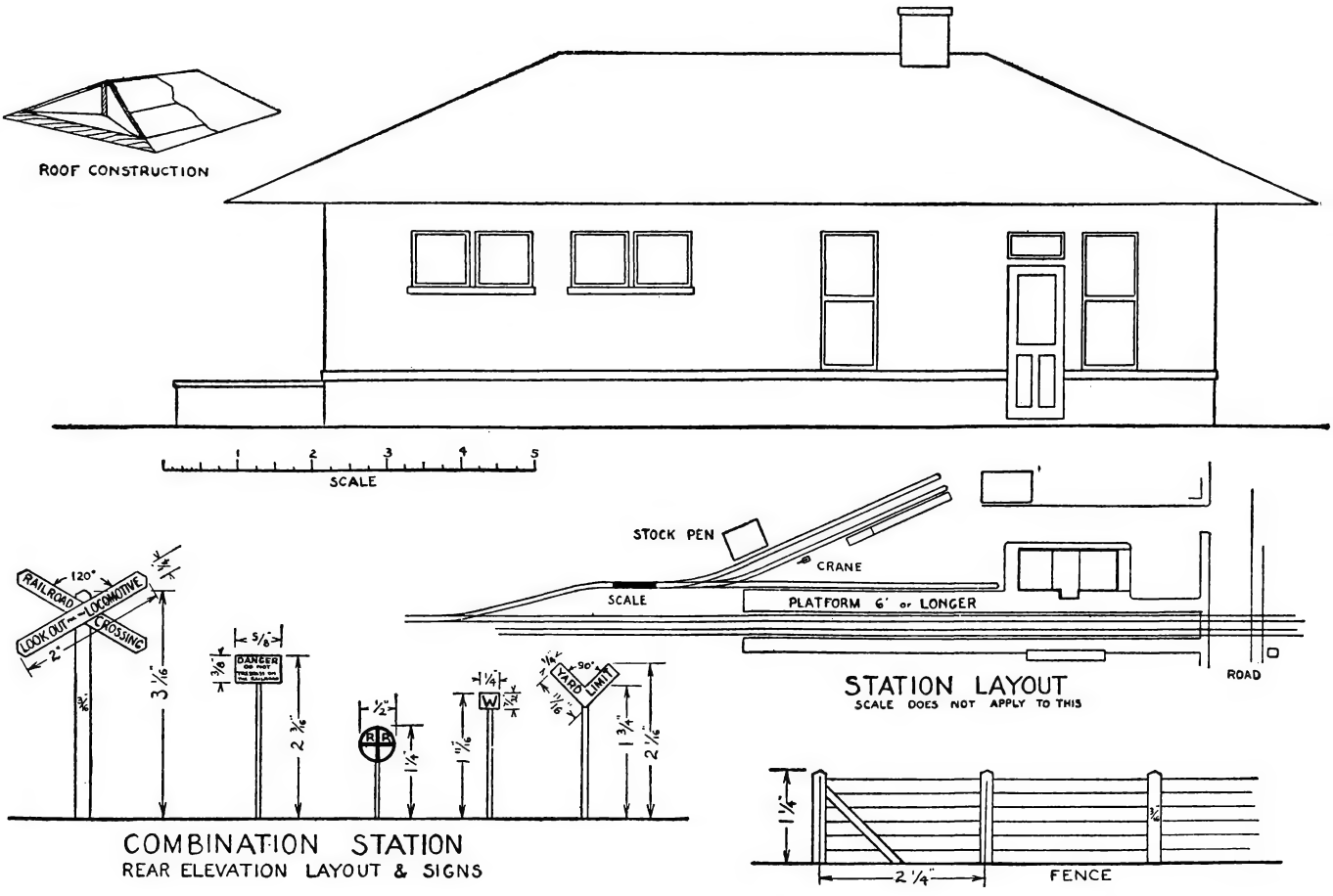
The roof is built up of wood and stamped aluminum sheets, although cardboard may be used in place of the latter. Cut a piece of ½" wood the size of the roof at the eaves, then bevel the edges to the angle of roof. Now lay out on the under side the lines of the walls, and tack on ⅜" square strips within these lines, so the roof will fit snugly on them and still be easily removable.

A piece of wood 2" high forms the peak of the roof, while two pieces from each of its ends to the corners of the eaves complete the framework for the roof sheets. Bevel these to conform to the roof angle. Fig. 2 illustrates the position of these sections.

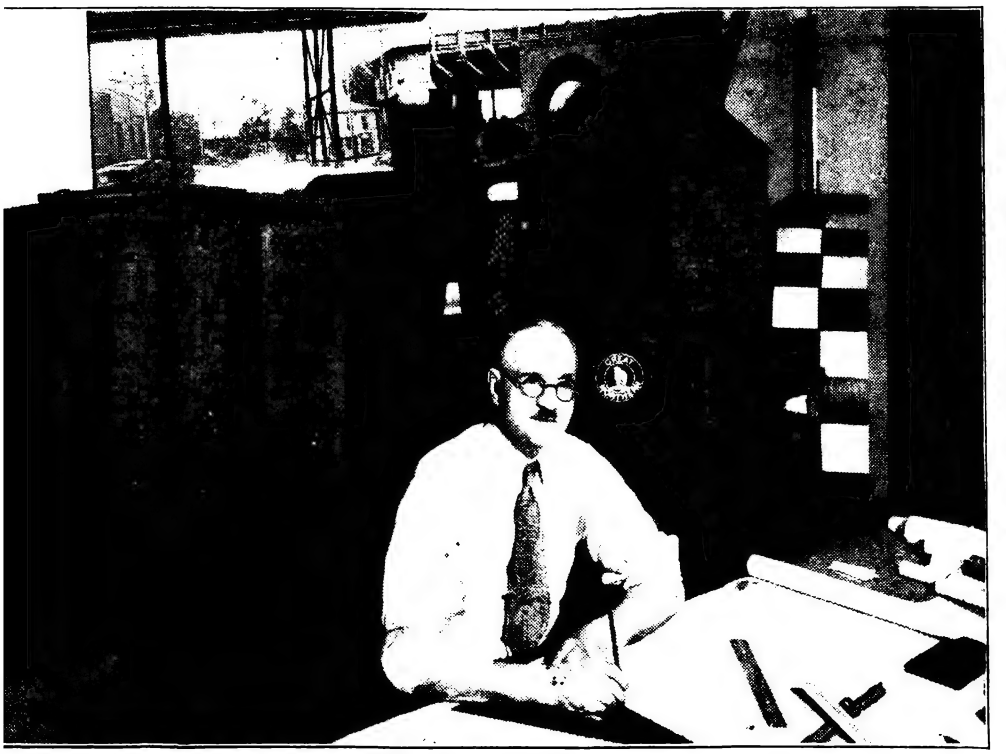
The roof sheets of this particular model were cut from aluminum sheet used for automobile running boards. This material had about 3/16" squares stamped into it and represented tile quite well. However, you could use cardboard, in which case coarse sandpaper glued over the entire surface would give the effect of slate surfaced roofing when painted. As an alternative, overlapping strips of paper would resemble shingles.

The station's color depends upon your own personal taste and the general color scheme of your scenery. A buff or stucco color is good, or if you wish to take extra trouble with your model, you might paint and line it to represent bricks. The roof may be deep green, grayish black, red or whatever you choose. Doors and window frames usually are brown.

The signs shown are usable in quite a number of locations, not only around the station. They help fill out the details. The scale size given here should be adhered to as far as possible. Wooden pegs, cardboard and glue—supplemented by a little patience when lettering—are all that are needed for




*Drawn by E. P. ALEXANDER*



Walter P. Whitten, Civil Engineer, and Some of His Handiwork

making them. The fence is made of 3/16" square strip wood pieces drilled for the wires, which should be about No. 26 gage.

The station platform is of ½" pine. Pine boards this thickness, about 8" or 10" wide, are mighty useful to have on hand in your workshop. They can be used for everything from roadbed to bridges and buildings.

For the streets, beaver board painted gray-black to represent asphalt does nicely. This should be cut to the width of the street. The ½" wood for sidewalks set against it will give just a scale height curb.

Most builders of miniature railroads will want to use crossing gates for the grade crossings, but until these construction details are given—probably in the near future—you will have to put a watchman on duty.

### An Odd Use for Model Building

A MOTORIST whom we will call Mr. Brown was hit by a Great Northern freight train. He suffered minor injuries and his car was smashed, so he brought suit against the railroad. When the case was called Brown had a fine story.

"I was driving twenty miles an hour," he testified. "At a distance of fifty feet from the tracks I looked in both directions and saw no train, but one suddenly rushed around a curve and struck me."

The case looked good for Brown—until Walter P. Whitten took the stand. Whitten is a civil engineer. He had been with the Great Northern for 36 years—not all the time as a civil engineer but as a model builder. He is now seventy and recently retired. His

Combination Station at Dublin, Texas—a Typical M-K-T Depot

job was to reconstruct accidents and other causes of lawsuits to get at the real facts.

Well, Mr. Whitten proved by means of models, photos and figures that the train—even traveling at its highest speed—could not have hit the automobile without having been in plain sight of Brown as he approached the crossing. The jury exonerated the railroad, while Brown was reprimanded for his carelessness.

Mr. Whitten has been called upon to make unusual things, such as the working model of a grain elevator, a miniature set of locomotive "innards," and a replica of the "Empire Builder" passenger train, box cars, crossings, ballast and bridges.

He is also an expert with the camera, especially in taking pictures of accident scenes. In one case he had to wait an entire year in order to snap a grade crossing at the exact minute, hour, day and month involved. The question, you see, was whether or not the accident had occurred before sunset.

## Questions and Comments

IN August we took up the construction of a model box car. Our October issue will tell you how to build a passenger coach. Readers are invited to ask questions. Address E. P. Alexander, care of RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City.

*Question—How long are terminal platforms?*

Answer—Most model railroads do not have sufficient space for platforms. However, they should be long enough to accommodate a train of six passenger cars and engine.

*Question—Will a model Mallet get around 4' radius curves?*

Answer—No, 6' is the minimum; 8' is better.

*Question—Are model passenger cars hard to build? (2) Are parts expensive? (3) What tools are necessary?*

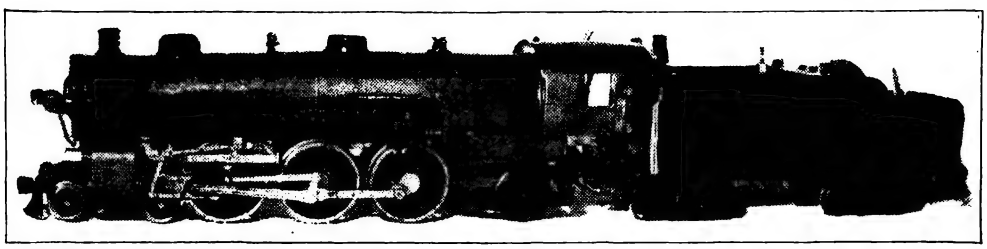
Answer—(1) They are fairly easy to construct if you've done any model work before. (2) Prices are lower now than ever before. (3) Ordinary hand tools; no special ones required.

*Question—What railroad would you suggest to model my midget road after?*

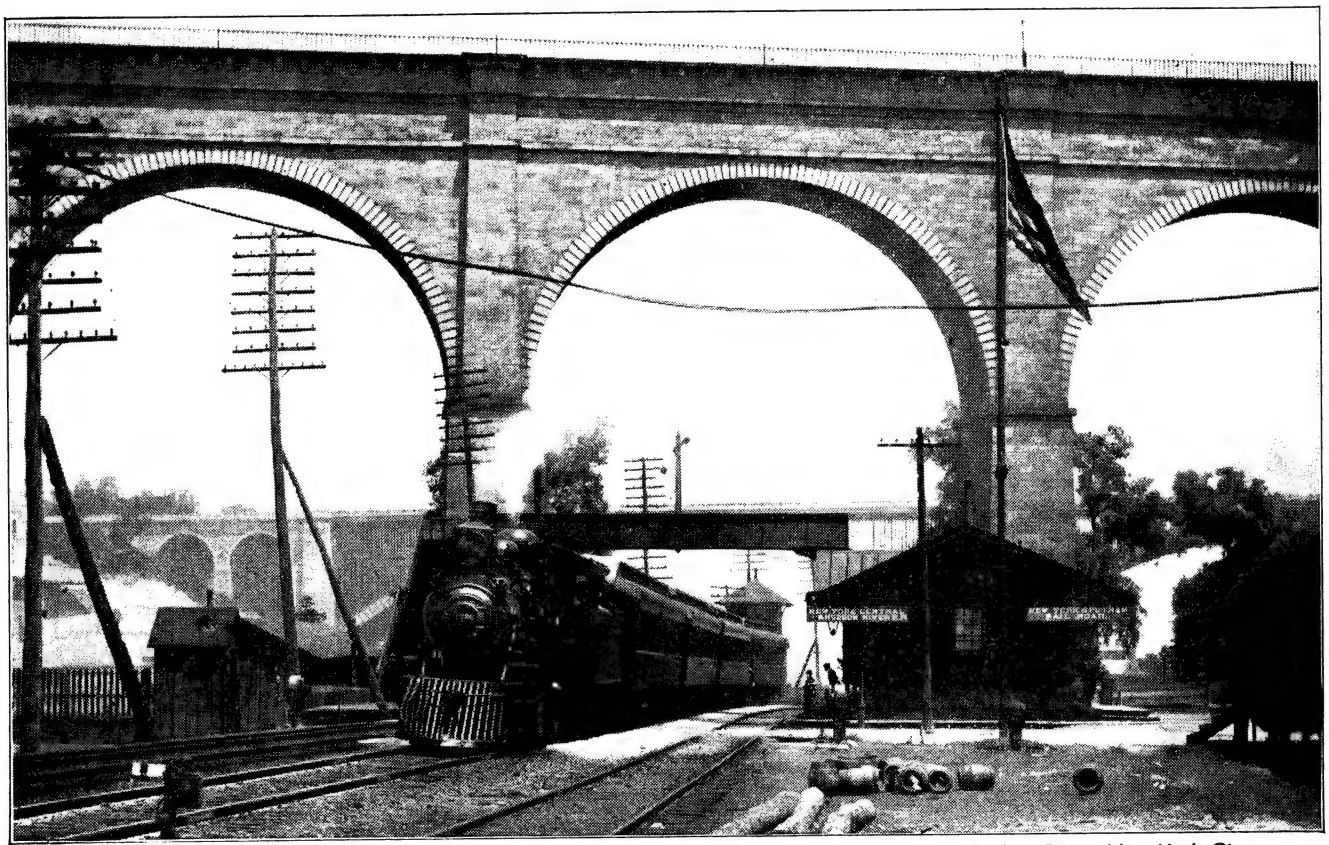
Answer—Why not the road nearest your home?

*Question—Can anyone go to the Knickerbocker Bldg., Broadway and 42nd St., New York City, and see the miniature railroad system of the N. Y. Society of Model Engineers?*

Answer—Yes. It is open to the public free. Any Tuesday or Saturday, afternoon or evening.

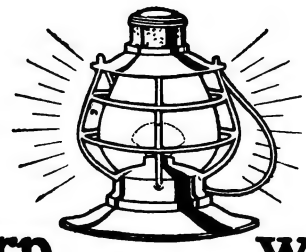


Pacific Type N. Y. C. Steam Loco, ¼" Scale, Built by Roy Ashley, 906 Plymouth Ave., San Francisco



New York Central & Hudson River Train of a Quarter Century Ago at a Station on the Harlem River, New York City

# By the Light of the Lantern



# Ask us what you want to know

**RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:**

**(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.**

**(2) Owing to the number of queries, no engine specifications are printed except type, driver and cylinder dimensions, weight, and tractive force (t.f.).**

**(3) Sign your full name and address as evidence of good faith. We will print only initials, without street address.**

**(4) Always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary.**

**(5) Answers to questions are published in this department. Don't be disappointed if they do not appear at once. This department is printed two months in advance of date of issue.**

V. J. T., Highland Park, Mich.—You are right about the New York Central. It not the largest U. S. system under single control. Following is a list of the biggest systems order of their size. The figures here given present the miles of line, leased or owned, erated by each company. They vary somewhat from those given by railroads themselves, t were taken from *Moody's Manual of Railads,* and for purposes of comparison are probaly the best.

| | |
|---|---|
| Southern Pacific System (including Mexican company) | 16,914 miles |
| Santa Fe System | 13,312 " |
| New York Central Lines | 11,421 " |
| (According to the *Official Guide,* 12,050) | |
| Pennsylvania System | 10,891 " |
| Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific | 10,285 " |
| Union Pacific System | 9,481 " |
| Chicago & North Western | 8,458 " |

Next month we shall publish a table of railads largest in volume of business.

E *XPLAIN the action of the automatic air-brakes.*—J. M. D., Baltimore.

The most essential part of the automatic brake is the triple valve, which is situated beneath every car. It connects the auxiliary reservoir, the brake cylinder, and the train line. When the train is moving and the brakes are off, the passage between the train line and auxiliary reservoir in the triple valve is open, as is another passage between the brake cylinder and the atmosphere. When the engineer applies the brake valve it shuts off the connection between the main reservoir (on the engine) and the train line and permits the air from the train line to escape. Thus a reduction is made in the air pressure in the train line. This causes the triple valve to close the opening from the brake cylinder to the atmosphere and the pipe between the auxiliary reservoir and the train line, and to open the passage between the auxiliary reservoir and the brake cylinder. The air from the auxiliary reservoir acts on the brake cylinder and causes the brakes to be applied. Thus if at any time the pressure in the train line is reduced the brakes will set. That is why a train will always stop if it is broken in two. Again, when the engineer releases the brakes the opposite process is effected, and as soon as the air pressure in the train pipe, the auxiliary reservoir and the main reservoir are equal, the brakes are entirely released.

E. B., Sierra Madre.—The *Locomotive Cyclopedia* is published by the Simmons-Boardman Company, 30 Church Street, New York City, and sells for $5.00. It is now out of print.

The *Baldwin Locomotives Magazine* is not published for the general public, but is distributed free to various railroad officials.

G. W. H., Paterson, N. J.—The Raquette Lake Ry., which runs between Carter and Raquette Lake, N. Y. (18 miles), and uses the New York Central tracks between Carter and Fulton (6 miles) was chartered in 1899, operated the next year, and in 1917 was acquired by the New York Central. In 1930 it had 18 employees, 2 locomotives and no rolling stock of its own. For

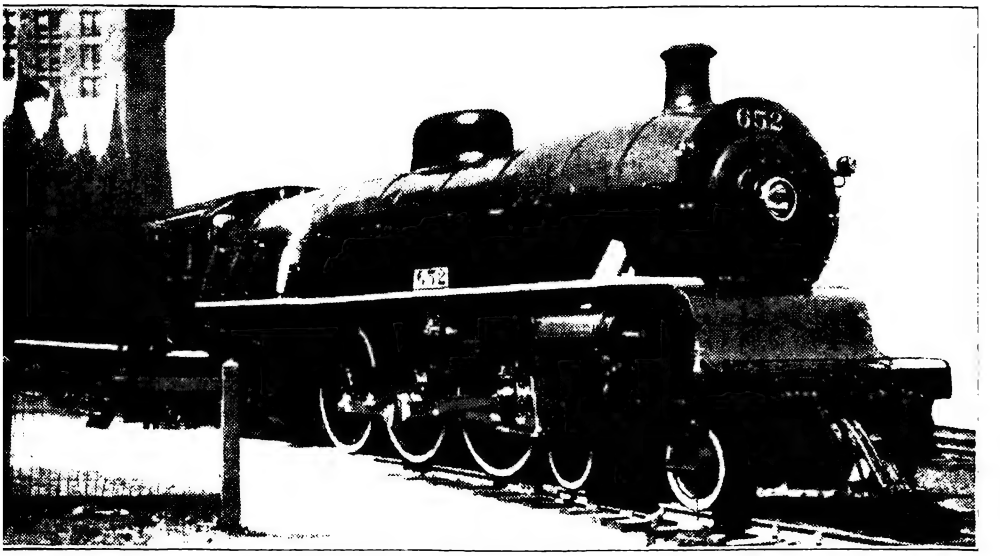


*Photo by Railroad Photographs, 3 Appian Way, Allston, Mass.*

Delaware & Hudson Streamlined Pacific Type Locomotive

iformation about its right-of-way we suggest ou write to the New York Central Lines, 466 exington Ave., New York City.

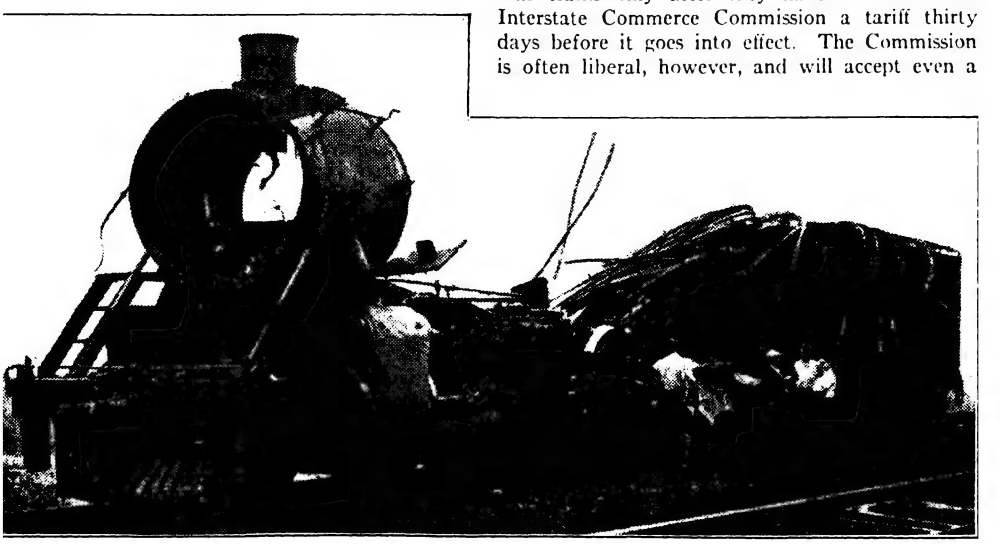
☙

A. M., Oklahoma City.—The two standard types of fire-tube locomotive superheaters 'e the "A" and "E." The difference between ie two consists mainly in the size and arrangeent of the superheater units in boiler flues, hich make possible a larger number of units in ie "E" type. The principal advantage of the "E" over the "A" is that it affords a larger tube evaporating surface with a smaller boiler diameter. There is also an increase of 25% to 30% in the steam area through the superheater, and an increase of almost 100% in the superheating surface.

Specifications you asked for will be printed in a future issue.

☙

E. L. B., Nashville, Tenn.—Railroads may sell excursion fare tickets for passage on regular trains only after they have filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission a tariff thirty days before it goes into effect. The Commission is often liberal, however, and will accept even a



All That Was Left of the Locomotive of the B. & O. "Capitol Limited" after It Exploded, June 21, near Allison Park, Pa. The Engine Crew Were Killed, but Passengers Were Unhurt

ten-day notice. It is up to it to decide whether too many excursion fare tickets are being sold for passage on regular trains.

C. N., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—The long rod below the hand rail of the Timken and other modern locomotives is the throttle lever which connects the throttle in the front end of the locomotive to the engineer's hand lever in the cab.

E. W. F., Rockford, Ill.—There are a few fast passenger trains in this country today which are pulled by 4-6-0 type locomotives. The "Lone Star" of the Cotton Belt is the only one we can think of. Perhaps readers may know of others.

H. M., Chicago.—Two years ago the Chicago & North Western installed in the day coach of its "Viking Limited" a moving picture apparatus. While results were quite satisfactory, the expense involved did not warrant continuing it.

J. L., South Orange, N. J.—Although the Pennsylvania has 28,000 miles of track, it has only 10,891 miles *of line* in operation. The difference between the two is accounted by yard, second, side and other tracks.

K. C., Wayland, N. Y.—Right now there are very few openings for young fellows in the railroad game. Even more than other businesses it is going through a period of reconstruction and changes in policy. To a youth who wants to go into railroading we suggest that he equip himself with a good technical education so that when the time comes for expansion he will be on the ground floor. Many of our high railroad officials today are graduates of well-known technical schools.

A. C. S., Ft. Sill, Okla.—The Marietta, Columbus & Cleveland was incorporated in 1900, after the foreclosure of the Toledo & Ohio Central, and in 1912 it was taken over by the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie (New York Central Lines). In 1908 it ran from Moore's Junction to Palos, O. (42 miles), and had 3 locomotives, 3 passenger and 78 miscellaneous cars. At present it is a part of the Federal Valley R. R., which in turn is a subsidiary of the New York Central.

E. DEK., Paterson, N. J.—The Grant Locomotive Works was founded in 1840 as the New Jersey Locomotive and Machine Works. Later on a fellow by the name of Brandt acquired it, but in 1863 it got into financial difficulties, whereupon a New York banker named Grant took control and changed the name. In 1883 it fell into the hands of real estate speculators who moved it to Chicago, where it failed some ye later. There are no authentic records concerni the number of locomotives turned out by t works.

The Cooke Locomotive Works, which v founded in 1854, manufactured approximat 2,500 locomotives between 1872 and 1901, when was acquired by the American Locomotive Co

CONDENSED TIME CARD.

**LOUISVILLE AND GT. SOUTHERN**

and

SOUTH & NORTH ALABAMA RAILROADS.

**Going South**

| Condensed time Nov 21, 1875 | No 3 Daily | No 5 D exc Sun |
|---|---|---|
| Lv Nashville | 8 00 am | 2 00 pm |
| Ar N & C Depot | 8 05 | 2 05 |
| Franklin Tn | 8 58 | 3 20 |
| Columb'a | 9 58 | 4 50 |
| Pulaski | 11 21 | 6 42 |
| Decatur Ala | 1 10 pm | |
| Montgomery | 8 50 | |

**Train No. 3 connects at Decatur east and west with Memphis and Charleston railroad; at Montgomery with Western R R; Montgomery and Eufaula R R, and Mobile and Montgomery R R.**

GOING NORTH.

| Condensed time Nov 21, | No 2 Daily | No 4 exc Sun | No 6 Daily |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lv Nashvill | 10 15 pm | 1 20 pm | 6 15 am |
| Ar Gallatin | 11 25 pm | 2 30 pm | 7 35 am |
| Bowling Grn | 1 20 am | 4 25 pm | 9 25 am |
| Cave City | 2 55 am | 6 10 pm | 10 45 am |
| Elizabth'tn | 4 47 am | 8 05 pm | 12 34 pm |
| Louisville | 6 55 am | 10 10 pm | 2 15 pm |

**Train No 2 connects at Cave City with stages for Mammoth Cave; at Louisville with U S mail boats, and O & M R R, and J M & I R R**

Pullman Palace Cars Without Change are run between

LOUISVILLE and N. ORLEANS

via Montgomery

Lovisville and Jacksonville,

vsa Nashville and Atlanta.

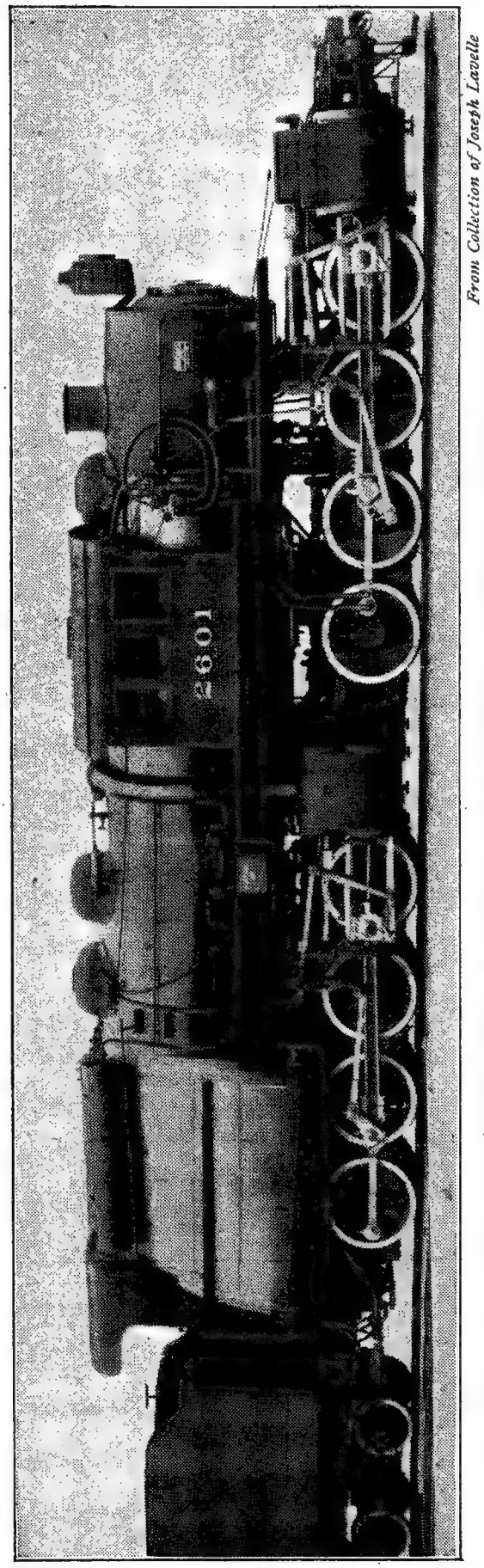
NASHVILLE AND MEMPHIS,

via McKenzie

**C. P. ATMORE, Gen'l Pass & Tick Agt. Louisville, Ky.**

*Courtesy L. & N. Magazine*

Louisville & Nashville Timetable Published in a Nashville Paper of 1877




*From Collection of Joseph Lavelle*

One of the Erie's Old "Mother Hubbard" Mallets. It Had 25 and 39 x 28 Cylinders, 51-Inch Drivers, and Exerted 84,800 Pounds Tractive Force

pany. Figures for earlier dates are missing. The Rogers Locomotive Works, which was founded in 1835, turned out 4,200 engines between 1872 and 1905, when it was acquired by Alco. Earlier figures are also missing.

W. W. W., Wiggins, Colo.—The Pennsylvania has no locomotives on which the drawbars drop into recesses in the pilots. Perhaps you are thinking of the New York Central Hudson type, whose pilots are so designed.

We can find no information about P. F. W. and C. R. W. railroads.

G. E. V., New York City.—Pennsylvania No. 7301 is 4-6-2 type (Class K3s); was built in 1913 by Baldwin. No. 9887, 2-8-0, is Class H10s; was built in 1915 by Baldwin. No. 252, Long Island R. R. (Class C51s); was built in 1916 by the American Locomotive Company, Schenectady Works.

G. M. H.—The Williamsport & North Branch R. R. was built in 1865, originally operated as the Muncy Creek R. R., then as the Williamsport and North Branch Ry. In 1921 it was sold subject to first mortgage and took its present name.

B. H. N., E. Cleveland, O.—According to B. J. Hill, of Toledo, Ohio, the "Union Line" was only a trade name for the old Pennsylvania fast freight line. The PRR had about a thousand cars stenciled for this service.

H. W., Havre de Grace, Md.—Following is the roster of the Maryland & Pennsylvania R. R. Company: Nos. 4, 5, 6, 4-4-0 type, 17 x 24 cylinders; Nos. 23-26, 2-8-0, 19 x 24; Nos. 27-28, 4-6-0 type, 19 x 24; Nos. 41-43, 2-8-0 type, 22 x 28; Nos. 29-30, 0-6-0 type, 20 x 26. All are Baldwin built except Nos. 4, 5 and 6.

K. F. G., Baltimore.—Specifications of Maryland & Pennsylvania engines given above. For photos write to the Locomotive Photograph Company or to engine picture club members.

Baltimore & Ohio Class A-3, 4-4-2 type, has 22 x 26 cylinders, 74-inch drivers, 205 lbs. pressure, weighs 212,262 lbs. without tender and exerts 29,600 lbs. t. f. Class E-27ca, 2-8-0 type, Nos. 2712-2913, has 24 x 30 cylinders, 62-inch drivers, 215 lbs. pressure, weighs 224,900 lbs. without tender and exerts 50,900 lbs. t. f. Class D-7, 0-6-0 type, Nos. 1137-1176, has 19 x 24 cylinders, 52-inch drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weighs 126,800 lbs. without tender and exerts 25,600 lbs. t. f. Nos. 4113, 4125, 4143, all Class Q-1aa, 2-8-2 type, have 26 x 32 cylinders, 64-inch drivers, 190 lbs. pressure, weigh 282,200 lbs. without tender and exert 54,600 lbs. t. f.

G. D., Santa Cruz, Calif.—The largest passenger power used on the Southern Pacific is its 700 series, 4-8-4 type, specifications and photo of which were published in a previous issue. Largest SP freight power is the 4100 class, 4-8-8-2 type.

M. P., Newark, N. J.—Jersey Central 380 class, 2-8-0 type, has 19 x 26 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 190 lbs. pressure and exerts 24,061 lbs. t. f. Nos. 810-814, inclusive 4-6-2 types, have 26 x 28 cylinders, 74-inch drivers, 240 lbs. pressure, weigh 587,700 lbs. with tender and exert 52,180 lbs. t. f. Others you asked for in future issue.

A. F., Auburn, Wash., and V. C. Pomona, Calif.—The Pacific Coast Ry., 3-foot gage, is 103 miles long, runs between Port San Luis and Los Olivos, Calif., has 10 locomotives, 286 freight and 6 passenger cars. The Pacific Coast R. R. Co., on the other hand, runs between Seattle, Newcastle, Renton, Taylor and Black Diamond, Wash. It is 54 miles long, has 9 locomotives, 443 freight and 25 miscellaneous cars.

W. W. J., Kirkwood, Mo.—Missouri Pacific 5337 class, 4-8-2 type, has 27 x 30 cylinders, 73-inch drivers, 250 lbs. pressure, weighs 394,000 lbs. without tender and exerts 63,665 lbs. t. f. It was built by the American Locomotive Company. Specifications of 1900 class in future issue.

H. R., Jr., Florence, Ariz.—The San Diego & Arizona R. R. is controlled by the Southern Pacific, but still operated independently. It has 16 locomotives, 206 freight, 34 passenger and 46 miscellaneous cars.

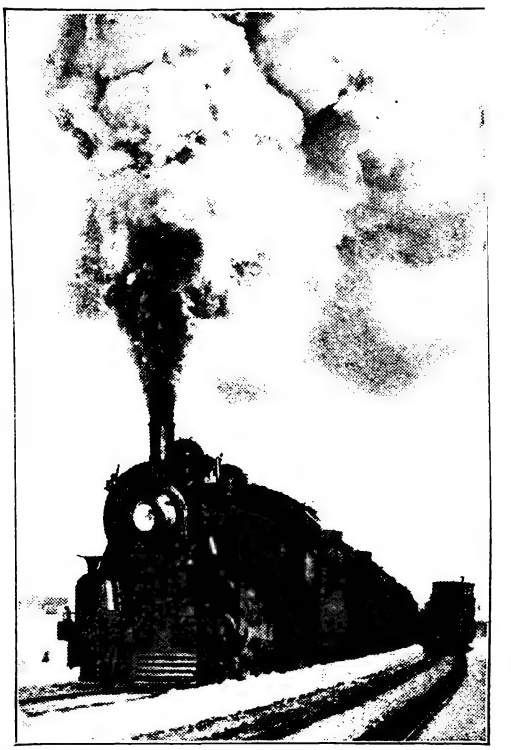
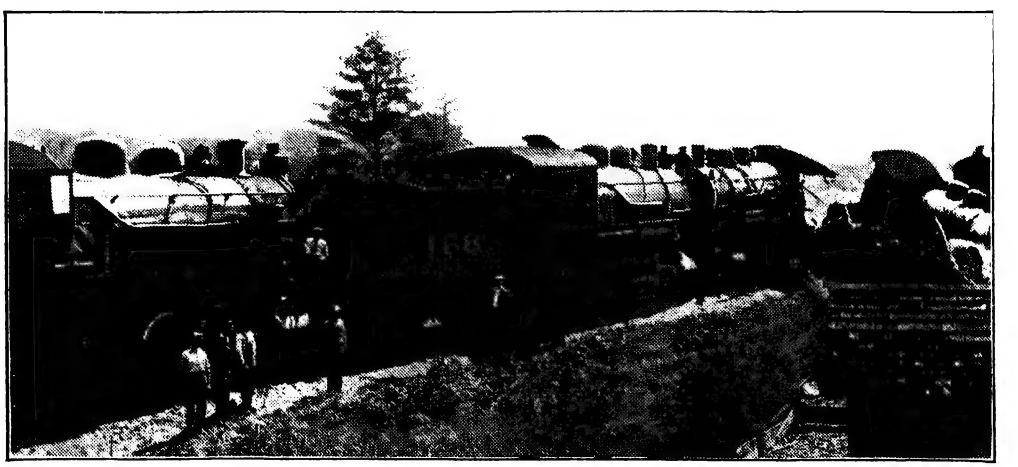


*Photo by K. A. Bradley, 3 Maple Ave., Cornwall, Ont., Can.*
Canadian National No. 5580 (4-6-2), Leaving Cornwall, Ont., with a Fast Freight Train



*From L. D. Seeley, Galeton, Pa.*
A Double-Header Wreck on the Old Buffalo & Susquehanna at Genesee, Pa., Sept. 11, 1911. Engines 168 and 136 Were Southbound; Nos. 123 and 167 Northbound. The South Crew Decided to Pull Ahead and Back in the Siding, but Forgot to Make Sure the Other Train Wasn't Coming. Only One Man Was Hurt—He Got a Broken Ankle!

J. R. W., Kamloops, B. C.—Chicago & North Western 3000 series, 4-8-4 type, is designed to operate either with 250 lbs. or 275 lbs. boiler pressure. In the former case it exerts 65,200 lbs. t. f., with booster, 76,500; in the latter, 71,800 lbs. t. f., or 84,200 lbs. with booster. Other specifications in future issue.

T. W. S., Headland, Ala.—The Atlantic Coast Line has 981 locomotives. Its 1696-1764 class, 4-6-2 type, has 25 x 28 cylinders, 69-inch drivers, 210 lbs. pressure and exerts 45,275 lbs. t. f.

A. M., Canada.—The Canadian Pacific has no engine No. 2400 in service nor have we a list of Canadian Pacific engines whose numbers have been changed, so we cannot say whether or not there originally was such a number.

The CPR 8000 is on the road today and from all reports is doing the job successfully.

The Temiskaming & Northern Ontario has 63 locomotives. We have never heard of the Thurso & Nation Valley, nor can we find any reference to it in any of our sources.

G. F., Jr., Charleston, S. C.—Atlantic Coast Line class M-s, 2-8-2, Nos. 800-819, has 22 x 30 cylinders, 56½-inch drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 402,100 lbs. with tender and exerts 43,690 lbs. t. f. Class M-2, Nos. 820-836, has 27 x 30 cylinders, 64-inch drivers, weighs 475,200 lbs. with tender, has 200 lbs. pressure and exerts 50,000 lbs. t. f.

R. G., Reading, Pa.—The Rutland uses a 2-8-2 type in heavy freight service.

The Michigan Central has 12 electric locomotives used between Detroit and Windsor. They have a maximum speed of 40 miles per hour.

J. N. C., Edmonton, Alta.—Soo Line class H-20, Nos. 2700-2703, 4-6-2, has 24½ x 26 cylinders, 69-inch drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 356,400 lbs. with tender and exerts 30,800 lbs. t. f.

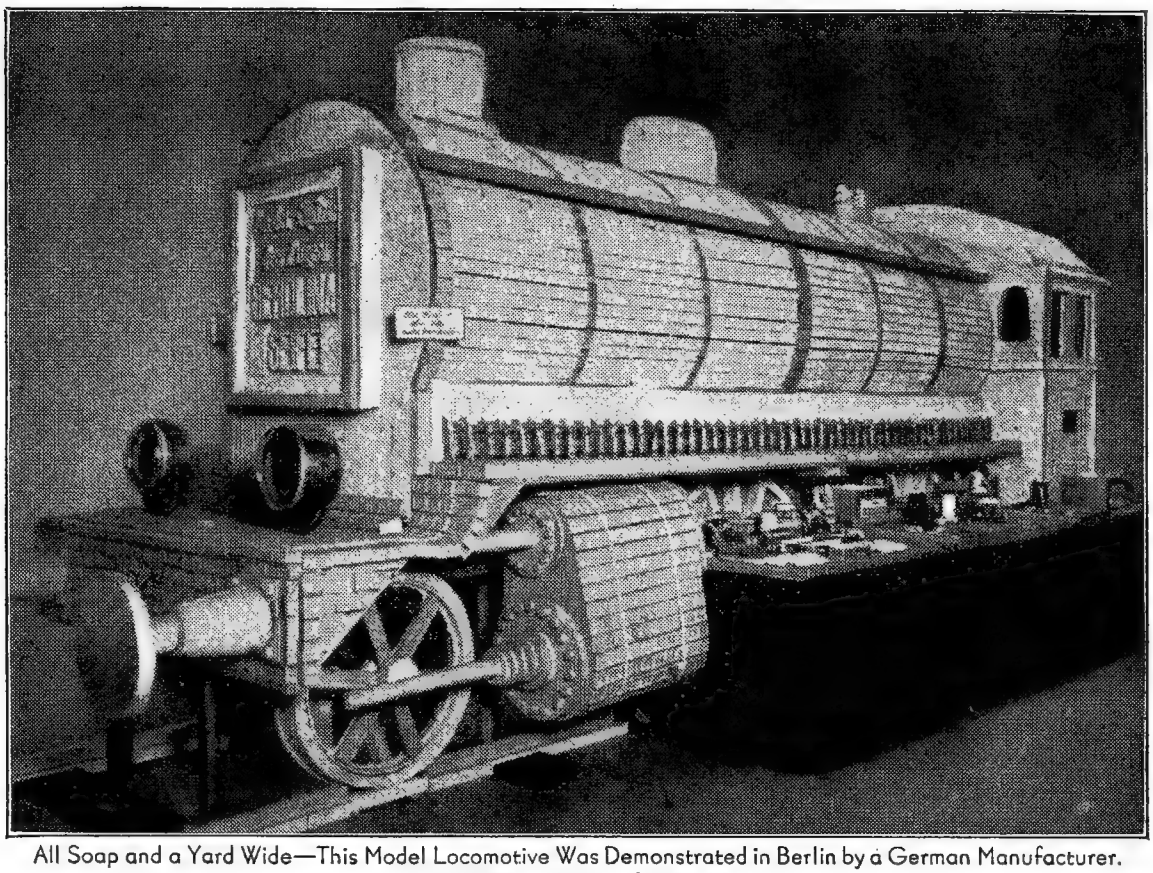
Florida East Coast Nos. 98-136, 4-6-2, have 22 x 26 cylinders, 68-inch drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weigh 330,200 lbs. with tender and exert 28,300 lbs. t. f.

P. W. P., New Britain, Conn.—The 1100 series, 4-4-2 type, New Haven engines are at present in service between Boston and Providence, Boston and New Bedford and Boston and Middleboro.

The New Haven's line between Meriden and Waterbury via Hanover and Millvale, Southington, West Cheshire, was discontinued on June 24, 1917, because of insufficient patronage.

H. F. F., Conley, Ga.—Southern Railway 1401 class has 27 x 28 cylinders, 73-inch drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 300,000 lbs. without tender and exerts 45,000 t. f. 4800 series has 27 x 32 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, 326,000 without tender, 59,900 lbs. t. f. 5200 series has 27 x 32 cylinders, 57-inch drivers,

Members of the "Bonus Army" Making Their Way to Washington on a B. & O. Box Car



All Soap and a Yard Wide—This Model Locomotive Was Demonstrated in Berlin by a German Manufacturer. Even the Windows Were of Glycerin Soap

200 lbs. pressure, 352,000 lbs. without tender and 69,000 lbs. t. f.

F. J. D., Batavia, Ill.—C&O No. 1100 is 2-8-8-2 type, has 23 x 32 cylinders and 57-inch drivers, 205 lbs. pressure, weighs 565,000 lbs. without tender and exerts 103,500 lbs. t. f.

An articulated engine is one which has more than one set of driving wheels and cylinders. Both are pivoted independently. Actually, then, an articulated locomotive is two or more locomotives with a single boiler. It is the same as the Mallet type with the exception that the term Mallet can be applied correctly only to compound locomotives. All Mallets are articulated, but not all articulated locomotives are Mallets.

E. C. T., Lowell, Wash.—The Great Northern S1 class, 4-8-4 type, Nos. 2550-2555, has practically the same dimensions as the Northern Pacific class A, 4-8-4 type, Nos. 2600-2611. Both have 28 x 30 cylinders, 73-inch drivers, but the GN engine has 250 lbs. pressure and exerts 67,000 lbs. t. f., while the NP has 210 lbs. pressure and exerts 57,500 lbs. t. f.—with booster, 68,900. The former weighs 472,120 lbs. without tender and the latter 426,000 lbs. without tender.

NP W3 class, 2-8-2, Nos. 1810-1834, has 28 x 30 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 550,700 lbs. with tender and exerts 63,460 lbs t. f. It can haul more than 100 loaded box cars on level track.

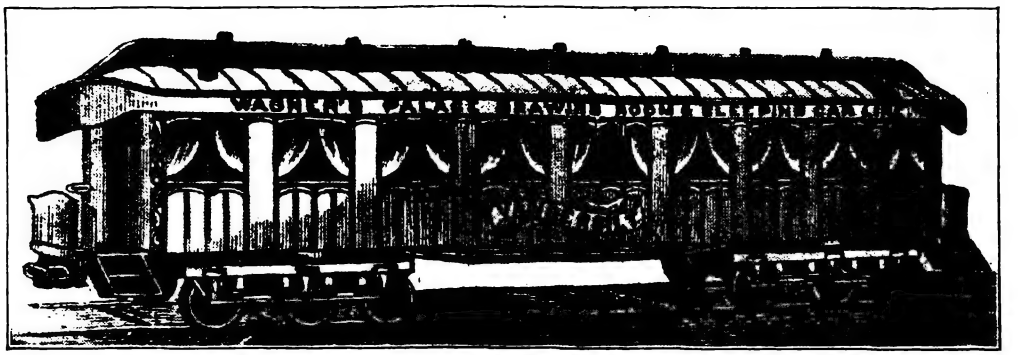
## OVERHEARD ON THE "BROADWAY LIMITED"

**THE late William Wrigley, millionaire chewing-gum king, attributed his success to advertising. Some time ago, while riding on the "Broadway Limited," he was asked why he continued to spend millions of dollars for advertising, when his gum was already so well known. After a moment's thought, Mr. Wrigley responded:**

**"How fast is this train going?"**

**"Fifty or sixty miles an hour," was the answer.**

**"Then why doesn't the Pennsylvania Railroad remove the engine," he retorted, "and let the train travel on its own momentum?"**



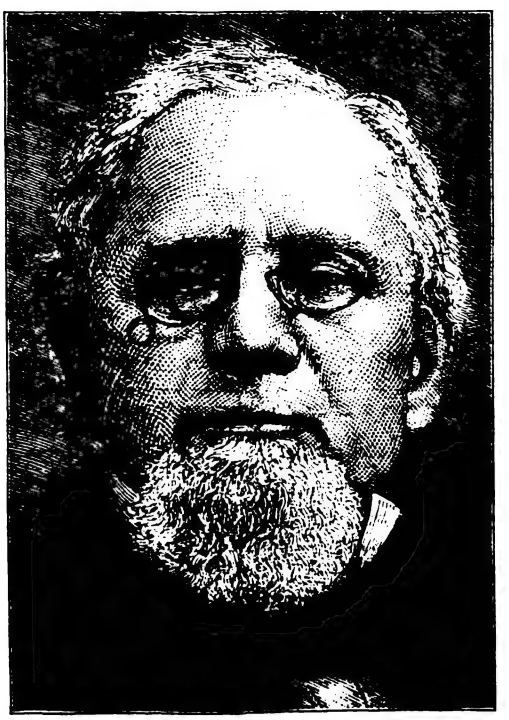
An Ancestor of the Modern Pullman Car on the Old Utica & Schenectady Railroad

# A BAD WRECK OF 1882

## *By E. J. Burns*

FIFTY years ago a terrible catastrophe on the Hudson River Railroad near Spuyten Duyvil, a few miles north of New York City, rolled up a heavy casualty list which included State Senator Webster Wagner, inventor of the sleeping car. One train ploughed into the rear of another, setting it afire, but who was responsible—engineer or flagman—is a mystery which probably will never be solved. The wreck occurred on the night of January 13, 1882, in a deep cut where in some places it was impossible for the engineer to see more than a hundred feet ahead. It was a pitiful sight.

Survivors were helpless to aid passengers imprisoned in the burning coaches, although they were within a few yards of water, the Hudson River. There were no buckets on the trains, and it was pitiful to see handfuls of snow flung on the flames in sheer desperation. Nor were there axes at hand to cut open the blazing cars.



He Invented the First Sleeping Car

A week later *Harper's Weekly* said in a scathing editorial: "A proper method of signaling in that dangerous locality would have prevented this calamity and saved

Survivors Were Helpless to Aid Passengers Imprisoned in the Burning Coaches

the lives which have been sacrificed by the parsimony of a great and wealthy corporation. It seems probable that nothing could have saved the life of Senator Wagner; but the newly married couple who perished side by side, and others who struggled vainly to escape, might have been rescued had the means been at hand. And but for the wretched parsimony of the company in heating the cars with stoves the train would not have taken fire."

The first sleeping car, designed by Senator Wagner, was put on the old Utica & Schenectady Railroad in the fall of 1858, the year before George Mortimer Pullman built the first Pullman car. It cost only $3,000, and was considered a wonder of comfort and elegance, although it had tin washbasins, wood-burning stoves, springless seats, virtually no ventilation—everything hard, rough, utilitarian. With all of that, Wagner's innovation was the first step toward the luxury of the modern Pullman.

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## TRAIN NAMED FOR OLD-TIME ACTRESS

**BACK in 1869, when the farmers of western Illinois were demanding an outlet for their products, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad began building what is now known as the Dolly Varden branch line. The "Dolly" runs through Illinois from Galva to New Boston and thence south along the Mississippi River to Burlington, Iowa. In those days there was much freight and passenger traffic on the Mississippi, and it was an advantage to the railroad to touch as many river towns as possible.**

**The Dolly line proper, from Burlington to Galva, is 86 miles long, but the train operates today as follows: Heading out of Burlington at 5.40 A. M., it arrives at Galva at 9.05, and operates via the main line of the "Q" from Galva down to Galesburg. Returning, it leaves Galesburg about four in the afternoon, runs via Galva, and arrives at Burlington about nine o'clock.**

**Old-timers recall the famous Dolly Varden, a darling of the footlights and a circus performer in the 80's and 90's. She set styles—the flowery Dolly Varden hats and dresses of grandma's day. Dolly was a great girl, and is yet! She is now living in a St. Louis suburb. And you can't guess what she is doing—running a prayer house for hobos! She is a wrinkled old woman now, but her heart is still as young as when she was the toast of Broadway.**

**Does any reader know of another train or railroad branch line which was named in honor of a woman?—Robert T. Glenn.**

# The Sunny Side of the Track

*Courtesy International Paper Company, New York*

CONDUCTOR: "Hey, Mike, what would you put down where it says, 'Disposition of Obstacle'?"

Hogger: "I'm no cowboy, but I'd put 'Mean.'"

* * *

### A Good Reason

THE train was making about sixty an hour. A passenger rushed excitedly along the aisle and burst in upon a fellow named Jones.

"Excuse me, but is your wife a rather heavy-set lady in a gray dress and brown hat?"

"Yes," replied the astonished Jones.

"Well, she's just fallen off the train."

"Good heavens!" shrieked Jones. "Pull the signal cord! She's got the tickets."

* * *

### The Brass Hat's Funeral

**THIS is the story of Mr. Blake,**
**Who was laid to rest without a wake.**
**Blake was as tight as an angle-bar;**
**Well, you know how some of the supers are.**
**He pulled off engines and cars and crews;**
**And all of his men sang the railroad blues.**

**Mr. Blake got sick on the road one day,**
**Gave a last order passing away:**
**"The lowest-priced casket is good enough;**
**And cut out the wake and the fancy stuff;**
**No flowers nor candlesticks for me;**
**And carve on my headstone: 'Economy.'"**

**The preacher sighed as he uttered praise,**
**He told of the super's big-hearted ways.**
**Mr. Blake sat up in the casket then,**
**"Say, what's the idea of all these men?"**
**The bones of the live ones chilled to the marrow.**
**"One pallbearer's plenty—use a wheelbarrow!"**

—THOMAS ROONEY.

### Side-Door Pullman

**WE got too confident, and had to sing:**
**We sang above the box cars' rumbling noise,**
**For there was one of us who had a voice;**
**The rest of us could just keep up a tune;**
**And fools have always got to have their fling—**
**Especially when they're care-free, and it's June.**

**Then suddenly we lumbered through a town**
**And found no time to bring our voices down.**
**The station master pantomimed the news**
**To the boys in the little red caboose:**
**One empty had a bunch of bums inside;**
**They danced and shouted, and the door was wide!**
**Those shacks were sore, because they'd let us ride.**
**Bums have no sense; they never take a break,**
**Nor give one, either; it was our mistake!**

**We hit the grit while hearty brake sticks flew:**
**They were too many, or we were too few!**
**(Which is a lie, for we were three to one;**
**But waltzing to a brake stick is no fun!)**
**We lost that freight. It ambled on through June.**
**We let it go. We picked the cinders out**
**Of shin and elbow, while we loafed about,**
**Knowing that there would be a local soon.**
**Bums should lie low and keep their voices down,**
**Especially when riding through a town!**

—HARRY KEMP

* * *

### Overheard Between Trains

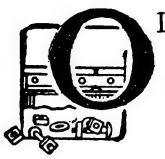
TRAVELER (in railroad beanery): "Why did you give me this measly little steak, when you bring a big one to that Chicago drummer?"

Waiter: "Well, I knew you had only five minutes till your train came, and he has twenty minutes."

# BONEHEAD

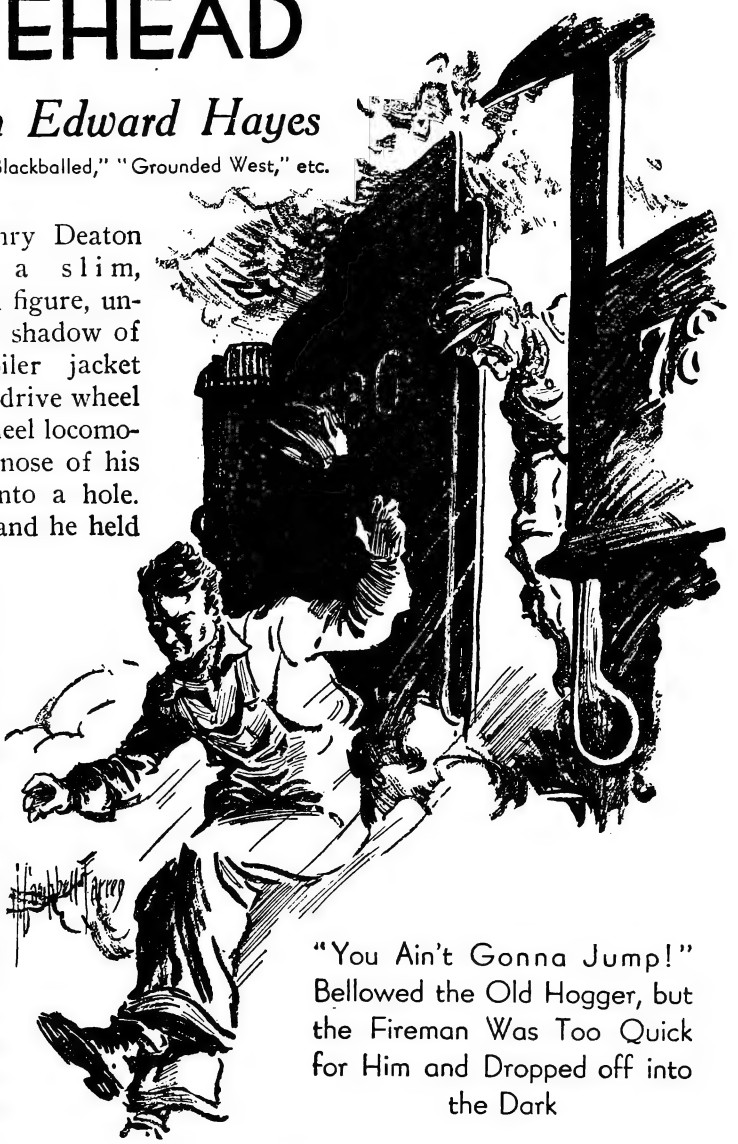
## *By William Edward Hayes*

Boomer Bill, Author of "Blackballed," "Grounded West," etc.



OLD Henry Deaton stood, a slim, stooped figure, under the shadow of the boiler jacket by the forward right drive wheel of the ancient ten-wheel locomotive. He poked the nose of his long-necked oilcan into a hole. In his gnarled left hand he held a flickering torch.

He paused presently, his head bowed, his chin resting above the bib of soiled and faded overalls. In all his fifty years on the roaring steel—a half century in locomotive cabs—old Henry had never realized what it would be to come to the end of the long, long run. And yet here he stood facing the hardest task of his full and eventful years—the last run of his life.



"You Ain't Gonna Jump!" Bellowed the Old Hogger, but the Fireman Was Too Quick for Him and Dropped off into the Dark

"Yuh ain't a-prayin', are yuh, Hennery?" inquired Sam Wiley, the conductor, clad in faded blue, buttoned in tarnished brass—as old and as wrinkled as his engineer. Sam carried his lantern in the crook of his lean left arm and a sheaf of order tissues in his hand.

"Prayin'?" The engineer pulled himself suddenly erect. "Me? Prayin'? Say, Sam, I'm—why, I'm jest tickled stiff at gettin' away from this here game."

"You'll set on the porch an' enjoy life, I guess," Sam commented. "Like hell yuh will. Don't tell me, Hennery. I see these old guys makin' their last trip an' then, instead uh stayin' home an' enjoyin' things, why, they're settin'

down in the yards in a switch shanty an' tellin' the young heads how it usta be in the old days. Yeh. I know."

" Maybe you're right, Sam," Henry said fiercely. " But me, I'm tellin' you, Sam. When I get to Tunison tonight I'm layin' down this here oil can, an' I'm peelin' off these here overalls, an'—why, I'm gonna start livin'. That's what I'm gonna do."

Henry was bravely lying, and his skipper, who wasn't far behind in age and service, couldn't help but know it. The engineer didn't want Sam to see he was taking it so hard. He didn't want anyone to see.

He compared his watch with Sam's and tried to keep the tremor from his toil-worn fingers. Finally he extinguished his torch, threw it with his oil-can up to the deck and climbed up behind them to his cab. He perched himself on his leather cushion, looked mechanically over his various gages, tried the cocks at the side of the water glass. Then he turned and gazed at the straggling passengers who now were coming up to board the Sibla branch line local.

The back of his gnarled right hand brushed over the pale eyes. Then he straightened in his seat. A lantern back along the coaches had swung upward. Henry reached for the whistle cord, pulled it twice, opened his throttle.

The high green eye of the semaphore, down at the end of the yards, beckoned the engineer on. He saw it and called it to his fireman, who repeated across the dim cab in vibrant tone, " All clear!"

A wider latch now, a faster pace, the old ten-wheeler thundering out. The pale eyes followed the silver finger of the headlight, gazed wistfully at the old familiar scenes that came swiftly up to meet them, so it seemed.

Henry presently straightened a little, clamped his jaws. He said to himself, " There's gotta be a end to everything. Why, Marty Hines was retired last week, an' the week before that they give Bull Johnson the rockin' chair. Betcha they didn't go moanin' about it like a old woman. They got their pensions an' their praise an'—"

Their praise! There was bitterness in the grim little smile that played about the engineer's wide and shapeless lips. Praise is one thing Henry wouldn't get, he thought. Not with his record.

Marty and Bull had been hoggers for the company to brag about. Years and years and years without an accident or delay worth mentioning. They'd never killed a fellow employee, never wrecked company property, never had invoked the wrath of the big bosses.

Good engineers. Old buddies, too. They were given a piece in the paper, citing their flawless records. They'd pulled the main line steppers. They'd laid down wrench and oilcan from the finest locomotives on the road. They didn't come to the end at the throttle of a branch line antique.

There'd be no piece in the paper about Henry Deaton. The company wouldn't stand for that kind of publicity. Henry's record would never be mentioned anywhere unless Colcroft wanted to use it as a dreadful warning to the younger engineers.

Wrecks, spills, wild chances, bonehead plays—those were the high points in Henry's career. Exciting years of engine service punctuated all too frequently with demerit marks and vacations without pay.

It seemed to him that the one thing most desired was to be able to climb

down from a high-wheeler's deck as his farewell railroad gesture—but five years back he had turned over with No. 1 because of excessive speed on Big Water Bend, which disqualified him forever for main line running. That's why Henry was nursing this ancient ten-wheeler along the Sibla branch. Starting and stopping, picking up and setting off passengers at each desolate village.

So Colcroft, the young super, a hound for rules and efficiency, and a harsh man with his discipline, wouldn't even be at the Tunison station to wish his retiring branch line hogger farewell. That very morning, at the start of the eastward trip to Sibla, Colcroft had seen Henry on the Tunison platform and had said with a thin-lipped smile:

"Well, old-timer, I guess you're glad to be getting out of it. You've been wrong just once in your life. That's when you went railroading. But you've been a good engineer, Henry, in spite of everything. Only one more trip, so if there are any bonehead plays left in your system, you haven't much time to get 'em out." He laughed. "Well, good luck! The boys will miss you up and down the line."

Bonehead plays, eh? Just like Colcroft. He always said what was on his mind. But he said it to a man's face, and not to anybody else. And that was nice what he said about being "a good engineer, in spite of everything." Maybe something human in the gray-eyed buzzard after all.

## II

THE wild bellowing of a freight engine's whistle broke into his reverie. Henry started forward, saw the headlight dim in a siding. The whistle was a farewell salute. A moist gleam came into his pale eyes. Henry answered with a mighty blast; then the dim line of rust-red cars rattled by the window of his cab. A lantern waved lustily from the squat caboose, and he went rolling on.

Well, no matter what the dried-up officials thought of Henry Deaton, the boys were all his friends. Even Colcroft admitted it. That was a big help. Just to be going out with the brothers all swearing by him.

And thus he approached Kilgore cabin, a little frame shack at the point where the branch line joined the main. The main line came out of the west at this junction and curved off to the northeast while the Sibla branch headed out to the southeast.

Kilgore had been a telegraph job once, but now it was only a register point—a place where eastward passenger trains paused momentarily to allow the conductors to sign their train numbers, their names and the time of arrival on the page of a grimy old book. This procedure was necessary so that trains heading westward from the branch might know if the eastward main line passenger trains had come and gone.

Henry stopped near the cabin door, dropped from his engine and walked slowly across the little stretch of gravel to the structure. A stiff wind blowing from the west felt cool against his feverish face and smarting eyes. For five years it had been his practice to stop there and examine the register to see if No. 4, the "North States Limited," had signed the page of the day.

Henry opened the door, went inside and saw the open book on the counter. Down at the bottom of the page was this inscription in a blunt and heavy scrawl:

No. 4, Engine 3833, Condr. Hardy, arrived 10.57 p. m.

He went back to the gravel. The brakeman from the head coach was at his side.

"Four on time," Henry said simply, and saw the brakeman run for the main line switch while he climbed back to his cab.

The eye in the switch target changed from red to green; the lantern gave a signal. The veteran hogger opened his throttle and curved his Sibla local into the points and onto the main. He drifted slowly, watching back, and saw the switch light turn to normal. Then the brakeman ran, caught on, waved him on his way.

## III

Two miles of curving railroad followed. Then the engine nosed upward on a two per cent grade that was mostly straight. At this point the track reached upward in a northwestern direction, aiming straight at the face of a huge black cliff known as Karger Rock. Near the base of the precipice the track swung into a left curve and headed down the other side of the ridge toward the southwest.

As he pounded on, making less than thirty miles an hour, Henry watched the beam of his headlight touch Karger Rock faintly, then glow like a silver bar across it.

Suddenly he came up from his seat with staring eyes that no longer smarted under the persistent mist. He stood at his open throttle with a strange fright gripping every nerve and muscle. Across the face of the cliff another blade of light pointed—a broad, wavering finger that seemed to be writing a warning of death!

Something coming from the west! Somebody plowing up the other side of the Ridge! His mind groped back to the page in the register book. No. 4. It couldn't be No. 4! Some freight crew must have forgotten—must have made a stabbing bonehead play.

Henry stood there and stared, lips apart, eyes bulging glassily, and watched the wavering beam that crossed his headlight finger. Suddenly it shot a weird, fantastic gleam up the great rock, then down, then up again. Once before in his life old Henry had seen such an apparition. Only he'd seen just a part of it, and that from his own headlight and his own suddenly careening cab. A hand tugged frantically at his sleeve.

"Great God!" The cry came spurting from his fireman's throat. "We—we're into somethin', Henry! Looka that!"

But Henry made no answer to the sweating younger man who now stood crouched motionless at his side. Instead, the ancient engineer widened on his throttle, set his reverse lever down another notch on its quadrant, and then turned to his cab companion.

"We ain't into anything, boy!" Henry barked over his shoulder in a shrill high voice. "Steam. Gimme steam, boy!"

"Hey! You gone crazy?" The fireman shook Henry's thin shoulder. "There's a engine comin' up the other side. Kick on your air! I'm gettin' ready to jump!"

"I know what I'm doin'," was the reply. "I ain't crazy!"

The fireman made a dash for the gangway. Obviously he had decided he wasn't going to be around there when the engines hit. Age dropped from Henry like a discarded cloak, and he was after the fireman. He caught

the thick-shouldered fellow by the seat of his pants.

"You ain't gonna jump," the hogger bellowed, tears of rage now in his pale eyes. "Put in fire, I tell yuh!"

Henry swung a wrench above his head, while his companion regarded him as somebody gone mad. Then the fireman broke from Henry's grip, scrambled back down the gangway steps and dropped off into the dark.

The grizzled veteran flung the wrench to the floor, squinted at the fire, applied a few scoops of coal. Then he crawled back to his seat and kept his eye on that beam of light.

Over the brow of the hill at the base of Karger Rock the Sibla local thundered. It swung into the curve and headed downward. Henry, leaning far out the window, peered into the night and smiled.

A red flare waved wildly at him, swinging back and forth across the track in a wide inverted arc. Henry stopped more or less in a bunch. He jumped to the ground, where a man in uniform was standing. A lantern came then, bobbing up from behind, and Sam Wiley was on the scene.

"Hey! Why—who the hell are you an' what you doin' here?" the man with the fusee bawled. "My God, we ain't got trouble enough but what some bonehead—"

"Who are you?" Henry flung back.

"We're Number Four," the man with the torch yelled. "Four, an'—"

"Wait a minnit." Sam was doing the yelling now. "Henry! My Lord! Didn't you check the register back at Kilgore?"

Henry blinked. Had he only imagined he'd seen the register inscription that indicated No. 4 had gone? Dazed, he opened his mouth, answered weakly. "Guess—guess I slopped over, Sam. I thought I saw where Four was by, but—"

"I'll say you slopped over," retorted the man with the flare. "But we—you guys can fix up your alibi later. We need help. We're in the ditch bad. Turned over, runnin' like hell to make up lost time."

"I—I know," Henry said slowly. "I—I seen your headlight, an' I knew I was into somethin' an'—an' then I seen the headlight do a trick like it did that night I turned over with one at Big Water Bend. That's why I kept on a-comin'."

But, as No. 4's brakeman had said, the time for fixing alibis could be postponed. No. 4 was in a bad mess. Henry, for the moment, put the mix-up from his mind. He dived in with Sam and the rest of his crew.

The engine was on its back with the tender. The mail, baggage and two day coaches were on their sides in the ditch. Four Pullmans stood on the main. The track, strangely enough, was but little impaired at the point of derailment.

Henry worked alongside No. 4's conductor, a man by the name of Bruce, and with the aid of every available man, the injured and maimed were taken from the overturned coaches and placed in Sam's cars back of Henry's engine.

It took the sweating toilers, there in the mountain night, less than forty minutes to get the casualties out. Then Sam got on the engine with Henry, who ran slowly ahead until he coupled into the upright Pullmans. These he shoved ahead of him and opened up for the last leg of his farewell run. Twenty-two miles down to Tunison.

"Well," Sam said presently, talking into Henry's ear, "what the hell we gonna tell Colcroft? We gotta fix this

up if we can. We—you—you slipped at Kilgore on that register, Henry. You lost your fireman. Say, listen—"

Sam suddenly got an idea and fed it to Henry. They'd report they had seen the headlight episode on the face of Karger Rock and had proceeded under flag, expecting to find trouble.

"Sounds kinda thin," Sam added, "but maybe we can make it stick."

Henry agreed weakly. It did sound thin. Colcroft. He'd see through it. And Henry. He'd go out to his retirement with a mark so black that life—well, life just wouldn't be worth while. Piece in the paper! Lord!

They picked up No. 4's flagman down the road. The flagman had been trudging back to the nearest open office on a half broken leg to call for the wrecker. Henry and Sam relieved the man of his task, made a stop, and Sam talked breathlessly to the operator at the lonely little station, four miles from the mess.

The operator, in turn, talked breathlessly into the phone to the dispatcher. The dispatcher gave orders to get the Pullmans behind the engine. Henry and the brakeman made the move while Sam got further orders. This time the railroad was Henry's, the dispatcher telling him to throw speed restrictions to the winds and get the victims into town.

## IV

Old Henry Deaton made his farewell railroad gesture in one fine style. With main line Pullmans tied to his tail, he rolled down the steel, beating the ancient ten-wheeler on the back, while a uniformed brakeman stood by the fire. At least he was getting one wish—to finish up with a bon ton high-wheeler.

And before he was another three hours older there was a piece in the paper, too. Not only in the Tunison *Herald,* but on front pages from Chicago to the coast. In Tunison it amounted to a column. And there was handshaking, and words of praise from the thin-lipped Colcroft. Yes, sir, he stepped out with colors flying.

It was all pretty hazy to Henry. He tried to smile and accept the congratulations. The call from Colcroft, however, didn't come. Henry was put on the railroad's honor roll, and he reigned a hero for an agonizing period.

Then he met Colcroft on the street. It was noon, and the superintendent invited Henry into the Tunison House for a bite of lunch. Henry couldn't plead off. He went with quaking knees.

Colcroft talked amiably about many things, and Henry sat there in a vast and ominous suspense. Presently the super cleared his throat as Henry had heard him clear it many times before.

"And now, Henry," he said, fixing the ancient veteran with his steely gray eyes, "since the noise has all died down, and you're more or less of a national hero, I want you to tell me something. I want you to tell why—wait a minute, Henry. Let me finish. No use you lying to me. I want you to tell me, man to man, what in the name of heaven you were doing that night on the main line in face of No. 4."

"I saw the light—"

Colcroft held up his hand. The smile was on his thin lips.

"I know, Henry," he said. "You want to tell me that you were waiting at Kilgore and you saw the headlight on Karger Rock, and since the same thing that happened to Number Four happened to you on One, you knew there had been a derailment and you

went to the rescue. Your fireman was over in the shanty, and you didn't even wait for him. I know. That's the story that you and Sam — and later your fireman — stuck to, and — well, that's the story on the record. What I want is the true facts, Henry. Come across."

"I don't know the true facts," Henry finally said with a deep sigh. "I—I only know I seen Four on the record—the register at Kilgore. I seen it when I went in. Seen it was signed Hardy. I got on the main line. When I got to the wreck I seen it was Bruce who was conductor, an' not Hardy. I guess—well, I should 'a' made a clean breast, I guess. Bonehead somewhere on my part. Don't know how."

"I'll tell you how, Henry," Colcroft said in a low tone. "There was a pretty stiff wind that night at Kilgore. Remember? You opened the door. The wind turned the page over in the register book so that you saw the register of the previous day, and you didn't stop long enough to look at the top of the page and see the date. Had you done that—well, you wouldn't have pulled a boner and you wouldn't have gone out a hero.

"I knew you and Sam and the fireman were lying, because I went out to Kilgore on three different nights and watched to see if I could spot Four's headlight on the face of that bowlder from the junction. The only place I could see it was a half mile west of the hut at the junction, out on the main line.

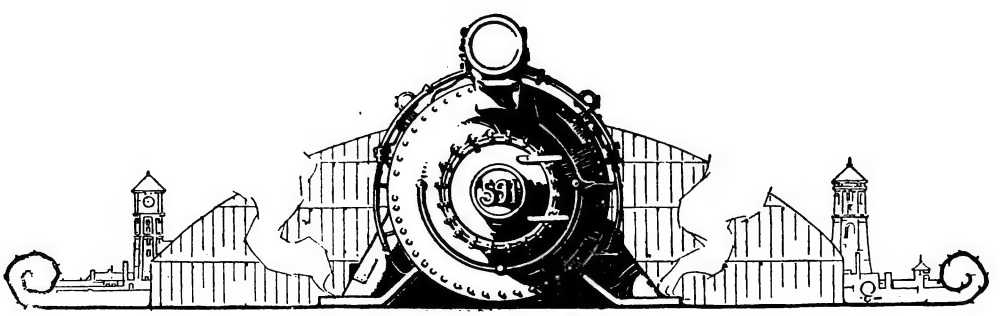
"Then I stood in the door, and the wind did the same trick for me that it must have done for you. You made a swell play, Henry, on that last trip of yours, and you saved lives by getting those people into town like you did. You saved the company money, too."

Henry was trembling in his legs as Colcroft finished. His eyes were misty again. Now there'd be another piece in the paper, and Sam would be getting in trouble. Sam and the fireman. Henry had known all along that their story would never get by.

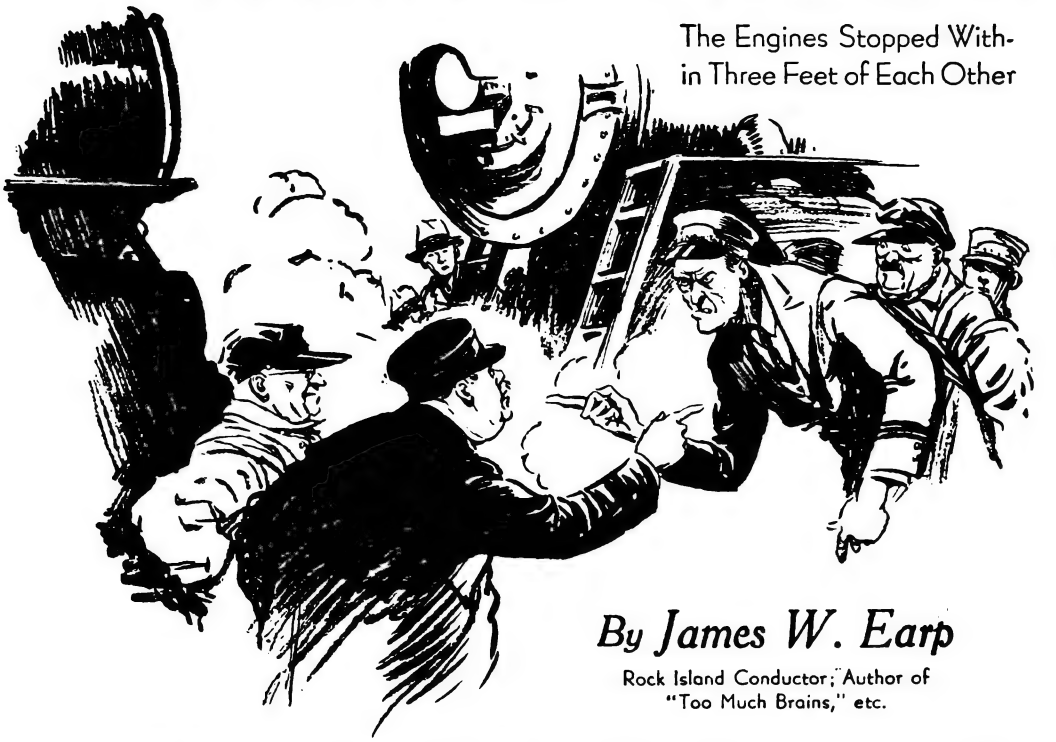
"Listen, Mr. Colcroft," he said feebly. "I'm—I'm takin' the whole blame. It wasn't Sam's fault. That story we told. I cooked it up."

"It was a good story, Henry," Colcroft returned. "It's in the record. It looks good on paper, and—well, Henry, I'll be damned if I change it for you. Anyhow, we're just a couple of friends. Just having a little talk on old times. What the hell."

Henry somehow got hold of the hand the super offered. He felt the strong grip of Colcroft's capable paw. He gulped, then threw out his chest. Colcroft, the gray-eyed buzzard, was pretty human after all.



# TIMETABLE TROUBLES



The Engines Stopped Within Three Feet of Each Other

*By James W. Earp*

Rock Island Conductor; Author of "Too Much Brains," etc.

"WHAT is a timetable?" asked the train rules examiner of the wandering brakeman who was in the class taking the examination.

"A bureau of information," replied the brakeman knowingly, "and the biggest trouble trap on the railroad."

"Next," was the reply.

"That boomer sure was right when he said it was a trouble trap," moaned an old engineer, after the exam.

"No doubt," spoke up another man, a stranger to all of the gathering. "Many men have run trains in the past with very little knowledge of timetables. On a single-track railroad where I once worked, the coming of a new timetable was little short of a catastrophe in the lives of engineers and conductors there, not to mention dispatchers."

And he launched into a story.

II

You couldn't blame them. A change of timetable always meant trouble and loss of jobs or time. Finally a new super hit upon the bright idea of annuling all the regular trains on the night of a new timetable and running every train as an extra. He figured it would do away with the necessity of conductors, engineers, dispatchers and others worrying over whether a train could or could not run on the new timetable.

His plan was put into effect with the next card. Engineers, conductors and officials were jubilant. The only man who wasn't glad was the third

trick dispatcher on the Eastern Division. For him it was a sack of grief. On his trick he had six passenger and eight freight trains. The latter ran in anywhere from three to five sections each.

By the next morning, if the train sheet were to be believed, not one train had run less than two hours late, and some of them were still on sidings waiting for relief crews.

Everything was in a mess.

The officials held a meeting to decide what could be done. One general manager expressed his opinion that the fear of the men in adopting a new timetable was due to its taking effect after midnight. He was positive that if the time were changed so that the timetable took effect at noon all trouble would be eliminated.

His idea was approved and taken up. The next timetable was drafted accordingly. Now on the old card, No. 24 was due out of its initial station at 8.00 A.M. On the new card it was due out at 12.30 P.M. Since only one schedule of any train can be run on any given day, and the officials wanted this train to begin its run on the new card, an order was put out that read like this: "No. 24 run four hours and thirty minutes late Carleton to Appleton."

Barney Simond was the conductor. Peter Aimes was the engineer. They read the orders and agreed on them. No. 24 waited at Carleton until 12.30 P.M. and then departed. Two stations out they whipped around a bad curve at sixty miles per and came face to face with a westward extra.

It was a main line meet, but fast thinking and quick work averted what might otherwise have been a disastrous wreck. As it was, the passengers were badly shaken up. The two engines stopped within three feet of each other!

Of course there began a rag-chewing between the crews. Each man was sure the other fellow was wrong.

"My orders say you will run four hours and thirty minutes late," explained the conductor on the extra. "And according to that, you're not due out of Busby until 5.22 P.M. If you can figure anything else out of it, I'll buy you a box of cigars."

"You're bugs!" declared Barney Simond elegantly. "That order was put out before the new timetable went into effect. It was done to put us on the new time, not the old. Back up to the station you just left and let us go. You're only making more trouble for yourselves by delaying us."

"And have some guy behind us ruin my rear car!" raged the conductor on the extra. "Not me, kid. I'm a railroad man and I railroad. You'll back up if anybody does. Either that or we stay here all day and night."

It was Barney who backed up, much against his will. By the time they got back to Busby the wires were hot and the dispatcher had already ordered out the wrecker. On their arrival at Carleton they found the super waiting for them with blood in his eye.

"Can't you fellows read orders?" was his first question, shot at them like an angry bullet.

"We sure can," Barney replied. "We can obey them, too. That's more than these other fellows can do."

"Well, why didn't you clear Number Twenty-four on that order?"

Barney answered calmly: "Because they were running ahead of time. They were not due out of Busby on that order until 5.22. They couldn't leave Carleton until five o'clock, and we had planned to go to Carleton. That order

said they would run four hours and thirty minutes late." The conductor gestured. "I've got the order in my pocket."

The super caught his breath.

"And you are right," he said after a momentary pause. "As right as can be. I'm as much to blame as the dispatcher. He was wrong in putting out such an order. He should have said that Twenty-four would wait at Carleton until 12.30 P.M."

That was the last time on that road that a timetable took effect at noon. The next one saw them back at the old 12.01 A.M. figures. But just before it went into effect a new official came into our midst. He carried the title of train rules examiner and reported to nobody but the president. His mission was to see that every man whose duties demanded the handling or giving of orders knew all about train orders and the whys and wherefores in a change of timetables.

He stayed a month on our division. And a sorry month it was for all of us. When you failed you had to go back for a second session. The one spot of humor in the whole thing was that the trainmasters and superintendent had to go back three times before they could get by, and some of the dispatchers were even worse.

But in the end we all passed and got our cards. Then I quit and went with another road.

I had been on my new job almost a year when a wrinkle showed up in timetables which was new to me. By that time I was holding down a regular run as conductor. We were laying over at Mansfield. The call boy came around to the caboose to tell me that the conductor on No. 101 was sick, and that I would have to take it out.

I did, and made the round trip on it. When I got back the conductor was still off, so I was notified to stay on until relieved. It was the last trip I made on the run that saw a new timetable. On the old card No. 101 was due out of Mansfield at 10.30 P.M. On the new it was due out at 12.15 A.M.

We left at 10.30 P.M.—on time. The night was Saturday. We made Jonesbury at exactly 12.01 A.M., our time there. But we were not due out of there until 1.40 A.M. on the new card. To save worry and the trouble of making the flagman protect the train, we headed in to wait until time to go.

While we were waiting, I got the hunch that was to mean so much to me later on. Pulling out the two timetables I compared them. A moment later I got down on the ground and went over to the telegraph office. The engineer followed me. The semaphore was clear and the operator was smoking his pipe.

"Ask the dispatcher what he's got for us," I ordered the operator.

"Nothing," replied the operator. "What did you think he would have?"

"Well, how does he expect me to get out of here?" I demanded. "You tell him I want running orders before I leave here."

The operator did, finally to turn back to me with a sneer on his face. "The dispatcher says you got a timetable schedule on the new just as you have on the old."

"Running orders!" exclaimed the old engineer just then. "Why, we don't need running orders."

"But we do," I replied. "We're dead here on our old schedule, and we can't go on the new schedule without running orders."

Both the engineer, Bill Warden, and the operator looked at me as if they thought I were crazy. The engineer

protested. Warden was a good old soul and he meant well. I doubt that in all his years of railroading that this particular problem had been brought up to him.

Proud of my knowledge, I went into details. "When did you leave Mansfield? What day?"

"Saturday," he answered.

"And what time are you due here?"

"At 12.01 A.M."

"Saturday or Sunday morning?" I inquired.

He studied for a moment. "Sunday," said Warden.

"Fine. And what time is 101 due out of Mansfield on the new timetable?"

He blinked. Finally he decided it was due out of there at 12.15 Sunday morning.

"Of course," I said. "And you couldn't use a Sunday schedule without being authorized, would you?" I countered. "You are No. 101 of Saturday. You'll have to use the Saturday schedule, if any. What time would it put you here at Jonesbury?"

Warden was stumped.

"Supposing this was next Saturday," I went on. "You are leaving Mansfield on No. 101 at 12.15 A.M. What time would it put you here on the new timetable?"

That was easy. "At one forty in the morning, of course."

"Right," I agreed. "And our No. 101 is No. 101 of Saturday. We are due here on the new card at one-forty in the morning on Saturday. It is now almost one o'clock Sunday morning. According to that, we are over twenty-three hours late on our Saturday schedule!"

Warden looked puzzled. Once more I sketched the example for him. By this time the operator was interested.

"By gosh, son!" he exclaimed. "I had never thought of that part of it. I believe you're right. I know darned well you are right. You bet we'll have to have running orders to leave here."

At last they understood.

To make a long story short, we finally got the orders. But not until the dispatcher had threatened us with many things if we refused to go without them. Later on we learned that he had annulled No. 101 of Sunday between Mansfield and Jonesbury.

## III

THE speaker paused to smile. All about the men were looking at him curiously. For the first time they saw him as a stranger, perhaps an official. The brakeman who wanted to be a conductor got to his feet in the first move.

"Brother," said the brakeman with feeling, "I don't know who you are, but I want to say that you've told me more about timetables than I ever knew before. What you were telling about that No. 101 train is what has always caused me to fall down in the examinations."

"Two of us," grinned the old engineer. "I think I can pass that exam myself. You do a darn good job explaining things. You working for this road now?"

The stranger shook his head. "No, I work for the C., R. & N. I just dropped over to visit with your train rules examiner. Used to know him when I was with that road I was telling you about."

"And what are you doing over there now?" the old engineer wanted to know.

Once more the stranger smiled.

"I am the train rules examiner over there," he said.

Through the Dense Clouds of Smoke They Suddenly Saw Two Figures Commanding Them to Stop

# DANGER SIGNALS

## *By John Johns*

New York Central Conductor; Author of "Wolves of the Rail," "Road to Glory," etc.

SAM McGOWAN was an engineer on the N. S. & W. back in the eighties, in the link-and-pin days. He was a close friend of Conductor Jim Daly, but both loved the same girl, Muriel Chalmers.

"Within a year," she said, "I will decide which of you two boys I want to spend the rest of my life with."

Sam's mother was dead and his father, Ike McGowan, had disappeared at the time Sam was a small boy. The fact was that Ike had contracted the yellow fever while in Mexico and had lost his memory. Now he was none other than the famous railroad builder, Frederick Maddock! Vainly he tried to recall his past; all he knew was that he had acquired wealth and fame.

Meanwhile, Sam and Jim had another rival in the person of Jess Mortimer, the assistant superintendent. He had discharged Sam for plowing into the rear end of another train. What actually happened was that the towerman had fallen asleep and neglected to set the signal red when the train ahead of Sam went by. Mortimer, however, happened to be near-by, and he awakened the towerman, threw the signal to red *after the trains had crashed,* and protected Towerman Wagoner.

Disgraced, Sam left Middleburg for the West. Thinking that Muriel had chosen Jim, he went without even saying goodby to her. On the way to Chicago he met a former Lake Shore & Michigan Southern engineer who was retiring for life on a ranch. To him Sam told his story.

"The N. S. &. W. will have you blackballed all over," replied the engineer, whose name was Percy Hornby. "You'll never get a job as McGowan. Why not use my references and my name?"

The young man did. He went to Arkansas and got a job as engineer on the A. & O., running between Gattle, Ark., and Prairie Junction, Okla.

Right at the start he got in good with the townspeople by rescuing a child from an oncoming train, but he antagonized Tex Cornelius, manager of the combination saloon, dance hall and gambling house. Tex was the town's all-round bad man. He was furious because Sam had been stepping out with one of his favorite girls, Blossom Horace. Things went so far that Cornelius was killed by the soldiers just as he was about to shoot Sam's friend, Conductor Jim Malloy. Apparently that ended the affair, al-

know about you," he said, "is what I told you once before in the hotel. And, by the way, I'm resigning this job before you or anyone else can fire me."

Without another word, Sam wheeled about and left the office.

Although the young man did not know it, Maddock was his own father. In that sunburned, wind-bitten face, with its long, flowing beard, there was no resemblance to the handsome passenger conductor who had mysteriously departed from Middleburg long ago.

Sam was busily engaged in packing his bags when Malloy came into the room. They discussed what had just happened.

"I'm certainly sorry to hear this," said Malloy. "What are you going to do, Sam? Where are you going?"

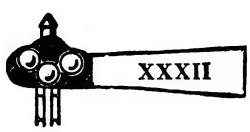
Sam tossed some shirts into the bag. "I don't know. I'll find a job some place. As soon as I'm settled I'll write you."

"But what about Blossom?"

"I'll stop off at Gattle and explain everything to her. After I've gone I wish you'd sort of keep an eye on Blossom. See that nothing happens to her. I'll leave some money for you—"

"Never mind that," said Malloy hastily. "Sure, I'll watch out for her. Glad to do it."

Malloy shook the engineer's hand and went away.




## BAD NEWS FOR MORTIMER

EVERY day Muriel Chambers asked Jim Daly if he had heard from Sam. Jim was still writing letters and inquiring of the boomers who passed through River Junction if any of them had run across a fireman or engineer by the name of Sam McGowan. But no one had.

Sam was gone from the A. & O. road about two weeks when Sparks received the following letter:

> DEAR SIR:
>
> Our master mechanic here on the N. S. & W., Otto Rumberg, says that several years ago you worked on this road and that you resigned on the day a train on which you were brakeman ran away on Rock Hill. The name of the flagman was Sam McGowan, who later became an engineer.
>
> McGowan was discharged four months ago, charged with running a signal and having a wreck. I am writing you this letter to learn if McGowan by any chance is working for you or if you have seen him recently. He may be using another name, but you know the McGowan that I mean. I would like to get in touch with him immediately.
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> JIM DALY.

Sparks answered the letter, explaining that Sam had been working recently on the A. & O., but he did not know where the engineer was now. He added that Sam was going to write, so there might be news later on.

"Now we're getting somewhere," said Jim gleefully, showing Muriel the master-mechanic's letter. "Inside of a month we'll have Sam back with us."

The girl brightened. "I wonder if he is thinking of me?"

"Sure. But I guess he thinks you and I are married," Jim reminded her.

Meanwhile, Jess Mortimer, the assistant superintendent of Sam's old division on the N. S. & W., continued to call on Muriel. Knowing of her love for Sam and that she was melancholy over the separation, Mortimer said one day:

"Muriel, you can't continue like this forever. Sentiment has permitted tragedy to enter your life. Sam McGowan isn't worth it. You think he loves you? If he did—"

The girl flared up. "You know nothing of what happened. How dare you say such a thing?"

"Very well, my dear Miss Chalmers," smiled Mortimer, instantly changing the line of attack. "For myself I can only promise an undying love. Within the year I expect to be superintendent of the River Division. That will mean a substantial increase in salary. We will have a honeymoon in Europe. And when we return I have a brownstone house and garden—"

"No, no," protested Muriel. "You and I will just be friends."

Returning to the city that evening, Mortimer met Wagoner, who was now night dispatcher's copier.

"I'm afraid there's gonna be trouble," began Wagoner.

"Why, what's happened?" asked Mortimer in amazement.

"Jim Daly is going around trying to find Sam McGowan," said the former towerman at Green Center. "He was up in the office tonight asking everybody to inquire of all boomer ops if they'd seen or heard of McGowan."

Mortimer forced a laugh. "That's nothing. Daly wants McGowan to come home because of the girl friend."

"I know all about that," protested Wagoner. "Just the same, I have an idea Daly wants the engineer back for the other reason, too. Maybe Daly has discovered that McGowan was framed to take the blame for the wreck at Green Center. How do you know but that some farmer, or a tramp, or someone saw that the signal was clear?"

"What about it?" demanded Mortimer, alarmed in spite of himself.

Wagoner continued:

"And that same person saw Second Eighty-three go roaring through on what was supposed to be a clear block? Now then, Jim Daly has been busy ever since. Suppose he stumbled across some silent witness?"

Mortimer stared at Wagoner. It was true that Daly was leaving no stone unturned in his endeavors to locate the missing engineer. If the news should come out that McGowan was framed—

"Don't say a word about this," said the assistant superintendent. "I'll keep an eye on Daly and find out how much he knows. The moment anyone hears where McGowan is, tell me immediately."

THE LIFE OF A BOOMER

LEAVING the A. & O. Railroad, Sam wandered about for two weeks. In that time he had applied to no less than twenty roads. Some of them didn't need engineers. The others wouldn't hire him upon learning that he had run a signal on the N. S. & W. The Eastern road had blackballed him. So the boomer decided to use a false name. He tried it the first time on a road running out of Denver. The master mechanic, Charlie Munson, looked him over with a critical eye.

"Yes, I can use an engineer or two right now," he said. "Most of the firemen are boomers. I got to have experienced men running my engines, and the only way I can have them is to hire them. How long did you run an engine?"

"Five years," Sam answered.

"What road did you work on?"

"The New York & New England," lied Sam.

"Where was your terminal?"

Sam told him. And he gave the name of the master mechanic, too. From a

boomer fireman with whom he had talked recently he learned the names of several division master mechanics on the N. Y. & N. E.

"Well, what's your name, brother?"

"Sam Stevens."

Munson cleared his throat.

"Did you quit the New England road or was you asked to leave?"

"I got a leave to come out West for my health," was the reply.

"Got your clearance with you?" Munson asked.

"No. Lost 'em."

"Well." The master mechanic was dubious. "Well, I guess we'll give you a trial."

Sam learned the road and went to work. Three weeks passed. One day Munson sent for him.

"There's some sort of mistake," said the master mechanic when Sam stood before him in the dingy office. "I wrote the New York & New England, but they said no one with your name ever worked on the line."

"Mighty strange, all right," responded Sam. "I worked on the old New England seven years altogether. Are you sure you didn't make a mistake?"

"I asked them if a Samuel Stevens ever worked for them, and they said no."

"Oh, there's the mistake," rapped out Sam, inspired. "I worked there under the name of Jacob S. Stevens. You see, my full name is Jacob Samuel Stevens. I don't like the name Jacob, so years ago I dropped it, and called myself Sam Stevens."

Munson looked suspicious, but the engineer stared right back at him.

"I'm glad to hear that," he smiled. "You've made good here, and I want to see you stay. I'll write again."

Sam went back to work. Four weeks later Munson again summoned him to the office. There was no smile this time.

"I just received another letter from New England."

The engineer gulped. "I see. All right, sir."

"And they did have Jacob Stevens," went on the master mechanic. "He was an engineer on the Lowland Division."

Sam brightened. Chance had played into his hand. He would be Jacob Stevens, after all.

"I told you there had been a mistake."

"There was, hey?" roared Munson, bringing his fist down on the desk. "Well, you're pretty good as a corpse. Jacob Stevens has been dead three years! How do you like that?"

Sam took the blow. "It's all right, sir. I'm sorry. There's no other way I can get work."

"Don't cry on my shoulder," said Munson coldly. "Go draw your time!"

From the Denver Great Western Sam wandered around until he found himself in Canada. The Grand Trunk Pacific was pushing its rails from Winnipeg to the West. Steel rails and the iron horse were opening up a new and wonderful empire.

Sam dropped off a G. T. P. train at Three Rivers. It was the division point for the Rocky division. Just west of the station no more than two hundred feet was located the roundhouse. He went right to the master mechanic's office.

"My name's McGowan," he announced. "And I'm looking for a job."

The officer stroked his beard before making a reply.

"What are you—a machinist, boilermaker or fireman?"

"I was an engineer, but—" Sam faltered. The master mechanic stared at him, and his kind blue eyes told Sam in an instant that here was a man with a heart.

"You were discharged, son?"

"Yes, sir. I ran a board on the N. S. & W. and had a wreck." Sam told the whole story. Angus McIntosh was the master mechanic's name, Sam learned. And once he, too, had had a wreck of the same kind.

"I haven't been in the habit of hiring runners," he explained. "You see, I like to give my firemen a chance. Western Canada is growing and I want the boys to settle and grow up with it. But I'll give you a job firing now and in a few months or so, if you know your stuff, I'll set you up running. How's that?"

"Fine!" responded Sam.

So Sam McGowan, ex-hoghead from the N. S. & W., again took up the dangling ends of life and settled in Three Rivers, Canada.

It was the middle of August, almost four months since he had left Prairie Junction and the A. & O. This time there would be no comeback about references. McIntosh had his true name, and knew of his disgrace back on the Eastern road. Here on the Grand Trunk Pacific he would undoubtedly spend his life. That night he wrote to Blossom and to Malloy.

## NEWS FROM MIDDLEBURG

MADDOCK remained in Prairie Junction, making it his headquarters while he sent his rails creeping across Oklahoma, which was now rapidly being settled. One evening he was seated on the porch of the Star Hotel with Carroll, his assistant. Both men were smoking in silence. It had been a hot day, and one of the fills was using more dirt than they had anticipated. Every hour counted. To spend an extra day on filling a cut meant working overtime until the lost time was made up.

The railroad builder removed his cigar and turned to his companion.

"I was just thinking of that engineer," he began.

Carroll looked at him. "The fellow who was supposed to have been from Cleveland?"

"Yeh. I should never have permitted him to slip through my fingers. You can say what you please—that man knows something about my life before the time I lost my memory."

"But he denied any knowledge," Carroll reminded him.

"Naturally. His dislike for me is so violent he won't give me the satisfaction of knowing, of learning anything," went on Maddock. "I wish I knew where he went. You can depend that if I ever locate him that fellow and I will settle the matter."

"If I remember right, there's a passenger conductor stopping at the hotel here who was rather chummy with him," said Carroll. "Maybe he can help you. Why, here he comes now."

Malloy was climbing the steps of the hotel. Carroll hailed him. The conductor strolled over to the two men. Maddock got to the point.

"My assistant tells me that you and Mr. Hornby were friends."

"Yes—" Malloy started to reply.

"I would like to communicate with him. Do you know his address?"

"No, I don't," was Malloy's answer. "As a matter of fact, I received several letters from him, but he was always

traveling. But if I ever get an address that will enable you to reach him, I'll gladly give it to you."

Maddock thanked him, and the conductor continued into the hotel.

Malloy stopped at the desk for his room key. When he did the clerk handed him a letter. It was from Sam, and postmarked Three Rivers, Canada. Opening it, Malloy read that Sam had secured a job that looked like a steady thing. There were questions about Blossom.

But since Sam's departure Malloy had been seeing her regularly. And to any observer it was evident that the conductor had fallen hopelessly in love with the girl.

He sat on the edge of the bed in his room and pondered on the wisdom of telling Maddock that Sam was located in Canada. The man had once already caused the dismissal of his friend from one railroad.

No, Malloy finally decided, it was best not to tell Maddock of Sam's whereabouts. The sensible procedure would be to write and ask Sam about it. He did.

A week later Sparks met Malloy on the street in Gattle and asked:

"Say, what the devil's become of Sam?"

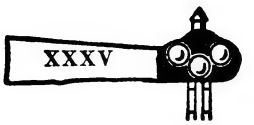
"I just got word from him," replied Malloy.

"Where is he, anyway?"

When the conductor told him, Sparks explained about the urgent appeal he had received from Jim Daly some weeks previous. "That friend of his back East has been bothering me every week, asking if I've heard from Sam."

"Maybe he is going to get his job back," offered the conductor.

"Maybe that's what it is," agreed the master mechanic. But he realized that it was on account of a girl. And he was glad, for in a week's time Jim would know where Sam was.




## BURNING MOUNTAIN

IT was the first week in September. Maddock had received a wire from the operating vice president of the Grank Trunk Pacific calling him to White Pass. The town was two hundred miles west of Three Rivers, and was to be the point from which he was to begin his next railroad, a line into the States. He left everything in the hands of his assistant and started for White Pass.

Sam was getting along splendidly. Three Rivers was the cleanest railroad town he had ever known. For the first time since his discharge off the N. S. & W. he felt contented. In another month, McIntosh promised, he would have an engine.

Working out of Three Rivers as a fireman, he had already grown to love the Canadian country. Muriel would have liked the place. But now Blossom was on his mind. It was not love that he felt toward her, but pity, sympathy and affection born of loneliness.

One morning he received a frank letter from Malloy. The conductor admitted having fallen in love with Blossom, and asked Sam what he was intending to do about her.

Sam wrote a long reply. It was all about Muriel, Middleburg and the East. He wound it up by telling the conductor that he had never felt more than friendship for Blossom. He wished Malloy much happiness.

For two months there had been no rain in that section. The countryside west of Three Rivers was as dry as

tinder. McIntosh kept after the roundhouse force to pay particular attention to the spark arresters on the engines.

"All we need is one spark thrown into them trees and brush on Bald Mountain," he would say, "and by the jumping Jupiter, you'll see a fire break out like burning gunpowder."

How it started no one knew. But Bald Mountain burst into flames. For two days it raged, fanned by a brisk wind.

Sam was in Yellow Canyon, the end of the first subdivision, 110 miles west of Three Rivers, ready to start east with a local freight. The conductor climbed up into the engine cab.

"I guess this is going to be our last trip for some time to come," he said for the benefit of Sam and the engineer, Art Oakley.

"How's that?" inquired Sam.

"The fire is going to knock everything to pieces by this afternoon, unless the wind changes," he explained. "Well, we're all set. Let's get out of town."

"What's the first stop?" Oakley asked, standing up and throwing over the reverse lever.

"High Pine," replied the conductor, looking at his watch.

By three o'clock that afternoon the wind had not changed. Sam and his crew were on the siding at Big Eagle, 25 miles from Three Rivers, waiting for a manifest freight and Train No. 2.

The latter was the eastbound "Transcontinental Limited," the pride and joy of the road. But today it was playing another rôle. From North Branch, just west of the fire zone, it was stopping to pick up refugees, and would continue to do so at every station until it reached Big Eagle, the eastern end.

No. 2 was in the middle of the fire zone, and pulling into the station at Bluff Echo when the hose connection between engine and tender broke. Water from the tender was flowing to the track.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed the fireman. "We're losing all our water!"

Loftus, the engineer, rolled into the station and stopped. Then he jumped to the ground and started repairing the leak. Forty men, women and children ran blindly through the heavy pall of smoke and climbed aboard the coaches.

The operator-agent locked the station and came over to the engine. Loftus fixed the tank hose and called to the fireman to go back and look at the water.

"Less than a foot," he replied, slamming the small manhole cover down with a bang.

"We'll get some here," declared the hoghead. "Stay where you are and I'll pull down to the plug."

"You can't get water here," said the operator.

"Why not?"

"Because there ain't none. The tank's dry. We ain't had rain in weeks. An extra went up this mornin' an' drained the last drop."

"No water?" repeated the engineer, staring at the man. "Why, there ain't enough in the tender to take us ten miles. Is there any at Flat Rock?"

"No. That went dry at noon," answered the operator. "The men fightin' the fire have been usin' it an'—"

"Good God, we're trapped!"

"Can't you back up to Featherbow?"

Loftus shook his head. "The fire's closed in behind us. It would be like going through a sheet of flame. Can you get the dispatcher at Three Rivers?"

"I could five minutes ago."

"Try it," urged Loftus. "Tell him of our predicament. I'll do the best I can, tell him, but I can't get beyond Flat Rock."

"What do you want him to do?"

The engineer was impatient. "Send an engine to meet us at Flat Rock. And tell him for God's sake to hurry."

Loftus climbed into the cab just as the fireman scrambled down over the coal, exclaiming:

"We can't go without water!"

"There ain't any water here," replied Loftus, leaning out his window and watching for the return of the operator.

"But what are we going to do without it?

"When the water's gone, we'll dump the fire and run on what steam is left in the boiler."

"That won't get us out of the fire zone," countered the fireman gravely. "We'll run out of steam and stop right in the path of the flames."

"I've sent a message to the dispatcher," said Loftus, without the slightest trace of fear. "If he'll send an engine to Flat Rock we're saved. But if the wires are down—"

At that instant the operator appeared out of the smoke and stopped beneath the engine cab.

"All right," he shouted. "I got the message through. The dispatcher said try an' make Flat Rock an' he'll have an engine come for you."

On the rear of the train was a private car belonging to the vice president of the railroad. With him was Maddock, the railroad builder, returning from the trip to White Pass.

The engineer got the heavy train started. As they roared out of town he turned to the fireman. "Just keep firing like you would under normal circumstances, until the water is gone from the tank. But whatever you do, don't let her pop off. We can't afford to waste a pound of steam."

Flat Rock was eight miles from Bluff Echo. Five miles were traveled when the water disappeared in the tank. Loftus leaped to his feet, leaving the throttle open.

"We'll dump the fire," he ordered. "How much water you got in the glass?"

"She's full."

"Wait until half the water is gone from the boiler," the engineer directed. "Then we'll dump her. Keep your eye on the water glass."

He again sat down and peered through the blanket of smoke. It was impossible to see beyond the front end of the locomotive. Shortly afterward they killed the fire.

"How far will this steam take us?" the fireman anxiously wanted to know.

"It ought to take us to Flat Rock," returned the engineer. "We're near Flat Rock, but it's gonna be close. Our only hope is that that engine gets to us in time."

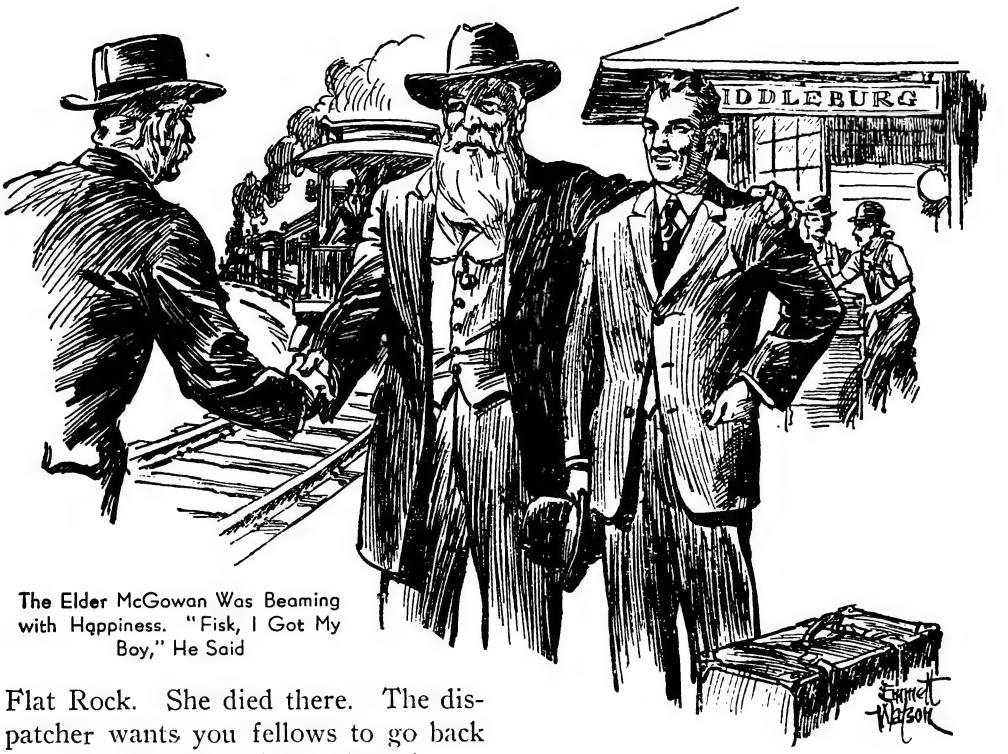
A DASH THROUGH FIRE

MEANWHILE the local freight on the Big Eagle siding made ready to move as soon as No. 2 thundered past. Sam was on the engine, building up his fire, when the operator ran over and yelled:

"Quick. Where's the rest of your crew?"

"They're over at that farmhouse helping the family to move their belongings," replied Sam. "What do you want with them?"

"Two's engine is out of steam at




The Elder McGowan Was Beaming with Happiness. "Fisk, I Got My Boy," He Said

Flat Rock. She died there. The dispatcher wants you fellows to go back and pull her into Three Rivers."

"Have we a clear track back to Flat Rock?"

"Yes."

"Tell the dispatcher we've gone back for Two," said Sam. Turning to the brakeman, he ordered that the switch be thrown to let him out on the main.

"What about Riley and the hog-head?" the brakeman inquired.

"We can't waste time to wait for them," was the reply. "Anyway, you and I are enough."

Without a word the brakeman removed his coat, grabbed the shovel and, as expertly as a fireman, put a fire in the engine.

First they turned the engine around on the wye near Big Eagle and then headed west on the main.

"It's eleven miles to Flat Rock," said Sam, looking at his watch. "We gotta make it in eleven minutes."

The iron horse rocked and swayed. Billows of smoke poured into the cab. It was suffocating. Sam peered ahead. They rattled over a switch.

"The west end of the passing siding at Flat Rock!" cried the brakeman, recognizing the town by the switch. Sam jammed in the throttle and applied the brakes. At reduced speed he felt his way, expecting to meet No. 2.

At the station he heard shouts. Through a rift in the smoke he glimpsed Loftus and the conductor waving their hands for him to stop. Sam ground the 640 to a halt no more than a foot away from the pilot of No. 2's engine. When he swung out of the cab Loftus and the conductor met him and explained what had happened.

"Set our engine over on the spur out of the way," said the passenger train's conductor. "She's dead, and

with the heavy train we got you won't have that thing anchoring you down."

At that instant Maddock came up, choking from the smoke.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" he cried, holding his handkerchief over his mouth and nose. Then he spied Sam. "You?" he cried.

"Never mind me," Sam grumbled. Quickly they made the coupling and Sam climbed into the cab.

"Highball!" shouted the brakeman. Sam whistled off to go. Maddock shot one look at him and hastened back to the cars.

The train had left Flat Rock four miles behind when Sam, his gaze riveted on the track ahead, happened to glimpse through a rift in the billows of smoke, something on the track. It was a tree! Swiftly he closed the throttle and set the engine brake.

It was impossible to stop in time. Had it been a large obstruction the train might have been wrecked. Fortunately it was only a limb. With a dull thud the cowcatcher struck the obstacle and tossed it from the track.

Young McGowan heaved a sigh of relief and opened the throttle. The 640 again settled to her stride. A few minutes later the station at Eagle came in sight. Reaching for the whistle rope, he blew for the board. It went clear. As he thundered by he saw his engineless train, and Riley and Oakley staring at him at they stood near the head end.

Sam was given a lusty ovation when he brought No. 2 into Three Rivers. He and the brakeman were the heroes of the Rocky division. Angus McIntosh was the first to shake Sam's hand.

"Son, I'm going to give you an engine of your own tomorrow," he said. "We're all proud of you!"

Tomorrow he would be an engineer again! But a shadow crossed Sam's face. Maddock had found him. Maybe that would mean losing his job. He glanced back along the train. Passengers were pouring from the cars. In the midst of them appeared two men carrying someone on a stretcher toward the Elk Hotel. At that moment No. 2's conductor came up to the engine.

"Who's hurt?" Sam inquired.

The conductor shook his head. "Too bad. The only unfortunate thing in the whole trip. And it had to happen to Maddock."

"How's that?"

"You remember that sudden shut-off you made after leaving Flat Rock?"

"Yes," said Sam. "A tree was on the track. I thought it would ditch us."

"Well, Mr. Maddock was stooped over," went on the conductor. "The jar sent him headlong across the car. He landed against a window sill, striking his head a terrible blow. Knocked him unconscious. And he hasn't come to since."

The conductor resumed his journey to the telegraph office. Sam, regretting the accident, climbed into the cab of the 640 to run the engine to the roundhouse. Another locomotive and crew went back for the freight at Eagle.

## THE END OF THE TRAIL

AN hour later Sam stopped at the desk in the Elk Hotel for the key to his room. The clerk handed him a telegram.

"It come this morning. The telegrapher brought it over from the station."

Young McGowan read the message. He read it again. And, to make certain he hadn't gone crazy, he read it the third time.

SAM:
JUST LEARNED YOUR ADDRESS. RETURN TO MIDDLEBURG AT ONCE. MURIEL WAITING FOR YOU. YOU WIN. CONGRATULATIONS.

JIM

The words raced before his eyes. Sam wanted to shout with joy. The next morning at breakfast he learned that the wind had changed shortly after midnight. By noon the fire would be under control. Going over to the roundhouse, McIntosh told him that no train would run until the fire was extinguished. Rain was expected by sunset.

"All new track will have to be laid," went on the master mechanic, stroking his beard. "And that will take the best part of a month. Soon as we're sure the fire isn't going to beat back over the railroad work trains will be sent up to repair the track and stations."

But Sam decided to ask for time off, and McIntosh consented. Sam looked at his watch. In two hours he would be on No. 2. The fast "Trans-Continental Limited" would speed him halfway across the continent. Then a change to the St. Paul road, next Chicago; the Lake Shore to Buffalo—

Meanwhile, in the same hotel, Maddock was propped up in bed. Three doctors and the vice president of the road were in the room with him.

"Everything is as clear to me as if it happened yesterday," Maddock was saying. "I can even tell you how my little boy looked, the clothes he was wearing the day I left Middleburg."

A miracle had occurred. Maddock had regained his memory! It happened as the result of the blow on the head when he was thrown against the window sill in the private car.

"So I am Ike McGowan!" he mused. "And Sam—I wonder how my boy has grown. Little Sam!"

Through the open window floated in the noise of the departing eastbound No. 2.

Maddock looked at the vice president. "I'd like to be on her."

The railroader smiled. "The doctors say you'll be able to travel after a few hours. I've ordered a special for ten tonight, and it will overtake the Limited at Lake Lola. From there you will be run as a section of Two until you're switched to the other road. The Fast Mail will haul you on into Chicago, and from there the Lake Shore road will take care of you."

Before Maddock left Three Rivers that night he sent for McIntosh.

"I understand you have an engineer working for you by the name of McGowan?" he inquired eagerly when the old master mechanic stood before him. "Where is he?"

"He left for the East some time between yesterday morning and today," said McIntosh. "I can't tell you when."

When Maddock made inquiries no one except the baggage agent remembered Sam's leaving town.

"I'm sure I saw him go east on the mail yesterday morning," he said.

"Yes," offered the telegrapher. "He got a message from some place in New York telling him to go there right away."

When the Fast Mail on the St. Paul road pulled out of Minneapolis, Sam was riding in the coach on the train, while Maddock, unaware of his son's proximity, lounged in the private car hooked onto the rear.

Fate kept father and son apart all the way east. At River Junction the

private car was on the rear of train 16. Sam was in the smoker on the head end.

Jess Mortimer, now division superintendent, climbed the steps of Maddock's car, entered the lounge and introduced himself to the great railroad builder.

"Mr. Fisk, our general manager, suggested that I accompany the train over the division that you might be assured of every courtesy," explained Mortimer, in his suave way.

"Yes, Fisk and I were friends when I was a conductor on this very division," Maddock smiled, passing the cigar humidor to the superintendent.

No. 16 had wormed its way through the yards at River Junction, and was beating out the miles toward Middleburg.

"How long have you been an official, Mr. Mortimer?"

"Four years," was the answer.

"Then you must have known Sam McGowan," beamed Maddock. "He worked on this division as an engineer."

"Yes, I knew him," Mortimer replied, disconcerted.

"He is my son!" Maddock proudly admitted.

The superintendent nearly fell out of his chair. He stared. His lips twitched. His mouth was dry.

Maddock had wired Muriel's father, Mr. Chalmers, to meet him at the station. And when No. 16 arrived he was there. And so were Muriel and Jim. When Sam descended from the smoking car platform he stepped face to face with the trio. It was a moment of wild rejoicing.

"Where's your father, Sam?" asked Mr. Chalmers, looking around for the elder McGowan.

"My father?" repeated Sam incredulously. "My father, is that what you said?" Sam stared blankly.

Chalmers smiled. "I thought you knew, already. Mr. Maddock is your father. I got a wire from him early this morning," and Sam was briefly given a sketch of his father's activities all those years.

The young man was speechless. His father! All the ill feelings melted. Maddock was his father. The man who used to take him on his knee.

Then Maddock and Mortimer came out of the car and over to the depot. Chalmers stared hard. "By, jiminies, Ike McGowan!" he cried, recognizing the one-time resident of Middleburg.

There was a grand reunion. And was still in full blast when train 7 rolled into the station and stopped. General Manager Fisk was one of the passengers.

"Ike, I wanted to be here in time to welcome you," he greeted, ringing his old friend's hand, "but a freight broke in two and delayed us."

The elder McGowan was beaming with happiness. "Fisk, I got my boy."

It was a great day in Middleburg. Never had it seen such a celebration.

Meanwhile, sure in his belief that Sam knew how he had been framed, Wagoner wrote a note to Mortimer telling him that he had confessed. Mortimer resigned before Wagoner had a chance to see Fisk. Although Wagoner, too, had to "resign," he was given a good job on a subsidiary road.

For Sam and Muriel the signals were clear. They were to be married within a week.

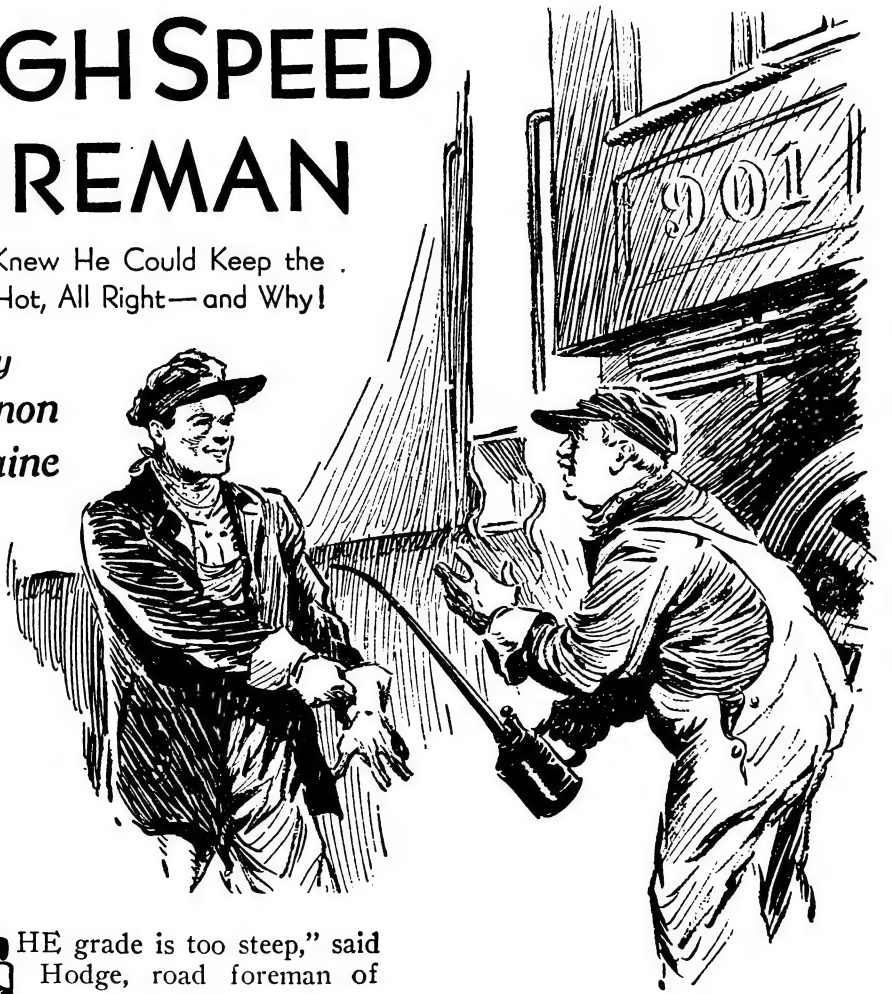
"And when it's all over, Sam," his father declared, "I want you to come out West. We're building another new railroad out there, and we'll both have a lot of work to do."

THE END

# HIGH SPEED FIREMAN

## He Knew He Could Keep the 901 Hot, All Right—and Why!

*By Vernon Swaine*




"THE grade is too steep," said Hodge, road foreman of engines. "If you want 901 to hit the ball you'll have to lengthen her time."

The superintendent reached for a letter on his desk. "It's O. K. with me," he replied, "but see for yourself what the old man thinks about it."

Hodge scowled as he glanced at the president's signature and read aloud:

> The detention of train No. 901 is a disgrace. When I started to railroad there were wooden coaches and iron men. We now have steel cars and wooden men. A change in the locomotive department will be made unless there is a better showing at once in the reports of this run.

"I suppose that means another road foreman of engines," Hodge remarked with a note of anxiety. "Wooden coaches are a lot lighter than steel. You could pull those old-fashioned cheese boxes with a hand car. It's easy for him to railroad in an office!"

"Have you rode the job or sent the traveling fireman?"

"Both. The new schedule calls for 901 to wait for a local at Glen Junction and pick up three baggage cars. This extra move causes them to leave nearly ten minutes late. How can the engineer make it up? A camelback

will just about drag eleven cars up the hill to Mantucka on running time."

The superintendent nodded. "Do the firemen have any trouble keeping 'er hot?"

"A man would have to have the strength of a gorilla and the endurance of an army mule to keep the engine red hot," the foreman said. "Maybe we have a fireman by the name of Hercules somewhere on the extra list."

Accordingly, the vacancy of fireman on train 901 was advertised by a special bulletin. Only one of over three hundred available men put in a bid, and "Sleepy" Hines got the job.

At 3.37 A.M., an hour before leaving time, on the morning following the dispatcher's announcement, Engineer Ferguson, the steady hoghead of the run, started to oil his engine. He was accustomed to a different fireman every trip, and did not take particular notice when Sleepy Hines climbed up on the tank and turned on the blower.

"How many cars do we have on this job?" he yelled.

"Eight to start with and three more at the junction. The eleven drag like a hundred behind this damn camelback goin' up the hill to Mantucka!"

"That's where I live," said Hines.

"Well, you know how tough it is without me sayin' anything, then," Ferguson drawled. "How long have you been firin'?"

"'Bout a year and a half."

"What?" the engineer exclaimed. "Go right over and tell the dispatcher to send me a fireman who can keep 'er hot. This ain't a job for practicing!"

"Nothing doing," retorted Hines. "I'm the assigned man. Didn't you see the bulletin?"

A few minutes later the engine barked out of the train shed into the yard. Hines felt the temptation to shovel coal when the steam dropped back a few pounds, but green coal would only reduce the heat and he very wisely used the hook instead. Then when every inch of the fire was bright, he sprinkled the center and shoveled heavily on the sides and back.

Hines glanced at the gage as they left the yard. The hand seemed glued at 190. He shoveled steadily, and rapidly shut the door after each scoop. The hand very slowly crawled up. They were now roaring at full speed. He heard the injector go on. The steam was back to 200 and Ferguson had hooked 'er up.

Encouraged by not losing steam the first few miles, the fireman worked furiously. He was too busy to watch the gage and wound the blower on the instant Ferguson shut off going into Glen Junction. The pop howled as the engine pulled up to the crossing.

"What do you think of your new fireman?" the man in the left side of the cab hollered over the boiler.

"Hodge!" replied Ferguson, recognizing the voice. "What the devil are you doing over there?"

"Oh, I came out to fire this engine for Sleepy Hines, but I guess he's doing better than I could myself."

Fifteen miles of fast running had worked the fire to an excellent condition. Hines did little except smooth off a few rough spots. The heavy gas floated evenly toward the flues; the center had not clinkered, and the sides were a uniform mass of red hot coal.

They were now within two miles of the tower at the top of Mantucka hill. Ferguson opened the throttle a few notches more. The engine groaned and swayed. Fire spurted from the stack faster than Hines could bale the coal. He shoveled frantically and swore at the hand of the gage, which

dropped to 175 by the time they had climbed the hill.

Then the engineer abruptly shut off and 901 rolled into Mantucka on time.

The road foreman went back on the tank. "No use of me riding any farther. The rest of the trip is a level road. Tell me, Hines, where did you get the ambition to fire this job?" asked Hodge, smilingly.

"Do you see that blonde getting off the train?" Hines said. Hodge nodded.

"She's a waitress in the restaurant where I eat," the fireman continued. "Her home is in Glen Junction and she has been riding on the bus on account of this train being late. I wanted a date and she agreed to give me one if I fired the train and got her to work on time. Ain't she a knockout?"

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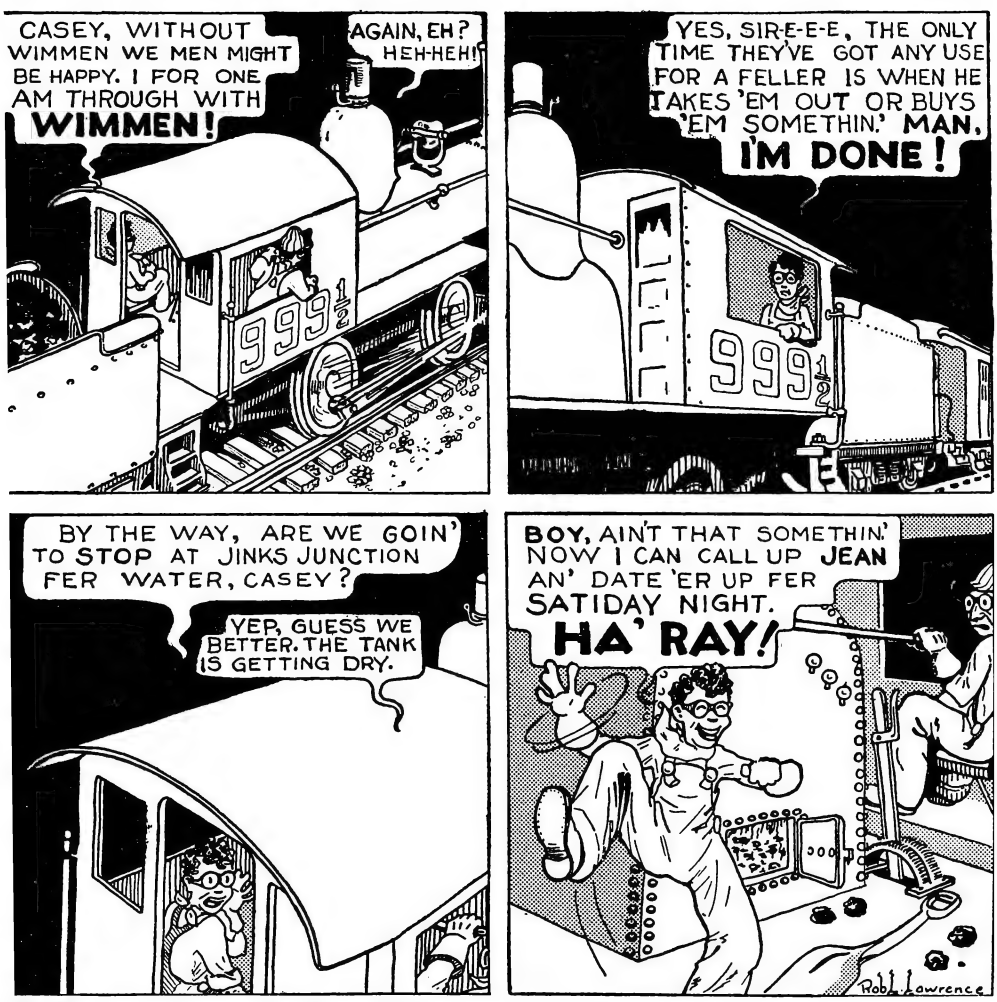
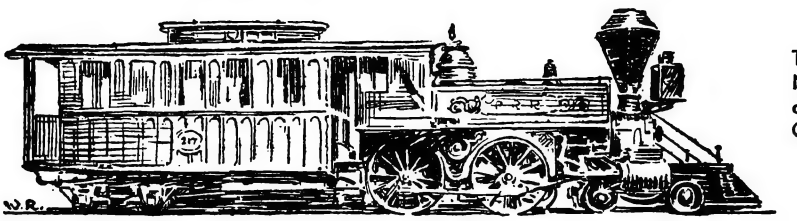
# CASEY IN THE CAB

By Rob L. Lawrence
*Ex-Fireman, Staten Island Ry.*


CASEY, WITHOUT WIMMEN WE MEN MIGHT BE HAPPY. I FOR ONE AM THROUGH WITH WIMMEN!
AGAIN, EH? HEH-HEH!
YES, SIR-E-E-E, THE ONLY TIME THEY'VE GOT ANY USE FOR A FELLER IS WHEN HE TAKES 'EM OUT OR BUYS 'EM SOMETHIN.' MAN, I'M DONE!
BY THE WAY, ARE WE GOIN' TO STOP AT JINKS JUNCTION FER WATER, CASEY?
YEP, GUESS WE BETTER. THE TANK IS GETTING DRY.
BOY, AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN.' NOW I CAN CALL UP JEAN AN' DATE 'ER UP FER SATIDAY NIGHT. HA' RAY!
Rob L. Lawrence

© 1932 by Robert L. Lawrence, East Orange, N. J.

# International Engine Picture Club



This Queer Looking Mill Hauled Directors of the Pennsylvania Over the Line Sixty Years Ago

THESE are good days for photographers and collectors. Almost half the engines of every railroad are now standing on the dead lines, and in most cases are easy to snap. In a short time the oldest ones will be scrapped, so now is the time for photos!

Following are the branch lines now being abandoned: St. Louis & Hannibal, 53 miles between Bowling Green and Gilmore, Mo.; Southern, 11 miles between Rexford and Buladeen, Tenn.; Texas & New Orleans and Houston & Texas Central, 94 miles between Nellava Junction and Mexia Junction, Tex.; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, 11 miles between Oregon and Forreston, Ill.; New York, New Haven & Hartford, 36 miles leased from the Hartford & Connecticut Western; New York Central, the line of the old Detroit, Toledo & Milwaukee between Morgan Park and Dundee, Mich.

The old-time scene in Birmingham, Ala., which appeared in this department of our July issue, showed the old "Bessemer Dummy," according to A. A. Woods, 2729 31st Ave. N., Birmingham, Ala. This dummy ran from Birmingham to Bessemer, Ala., in the 1890's, before street cars came into general use.

Joseph Lavelle, well known engine picture collector, is now on an eight-weeks' picture-taking tour of the Northwest and Southwest, and will not be home until the middle of September.

He will appreciate it if club members will wait until then before sending in new orders for photos.

Readers who collect, buy, sell, exchange or make pictures of locomotives, trains, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees and no dues. Address Engine Picture Editor, RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee. Coupons entitling you to a free membership pin appeared in June and August.

LOCOMOTIVE PHOTOGRAPH CO., Box 6354, West Market St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa., announces special price on set of Cotton Belt photos, size 2½ x 7½ inches: Nos. 802, 659, 255, 604, 427, 529, and 759—all for $1.00. Also special set of nine small-size photos of camel-back engines from various roads; types: 0-6-0, 0-8-0, 2-6-0, 4-4-0, 4-4-2, 4-6-0, 4-6-2, 2-8-0, and 0-8-8-0—all for $1.00.

CHARLES P. ATHERTON, 849 Humphrey St., Swampscott, Mass., has 3¼ x 4¼ and 3¼ x 5½ clear photos for sale or exchange of: B&M, MeC, CV, SAL, Norfolk Southern, Aberdeen & Rockfish, NC&StL, Moore Central, Atlantic & Yadkin. Wants photos of small roads in South and Northwest: FEC, SA&AP, AT&N, AB&C, CC&O, M&NA, M&StL, MN&S, DSS&A, DM&N, SP&S D&IR, DW&P. Send list. Prompt answers.

F. O. SEYMOUR, 1011 Moores River Drive, Lansing, Mich., has clear postcard photos of PM, Ann Arbor, Wabash, Big Four, TSt.L&W, MC, at 10c. each plus postage; no exchange.

G. W. CONRAD, Box 782, Kentville, N. S., Canada, has photos of Dominion Atlantic engines.

J. MOCCIA, 717 Jackson Ave., New York City, wants photos of Nickel Plate, D&H, and Milwaukee electrics.

E. C. ARMSTRONG, Wingdale, N. Y., has set of clear photos from 78 different roads for sale at $5.00—first come, first served.

L. F. MORITZ, Rolling Bay, Wash., will buy any kind of railroad print.

C. E. SENSENY, 778 Cleveland Ave., Chambersburg, Pa., has 2½ x 4¼ photos at 3 for 25c.; send stamped envelope for free list. Wants photos of old Cumberland Valley.

F. STINDT, 1517 Paru St., Alameda, Calif., has photos of most Pacific coast SP types to trade for SP photos in Texas and Louisiana.

R. GRONSKY, 1008 Mary St., Utica, N. Y., has photos of NYC engines, 2½ x 4¼ at 10c. each; money refunded if not satisfied. Send stamp for free list.

A. TOWLE, Rm. 154, Pennsylvania Station, New York City, is starting collection.

F. H. E. KING, State Forest Service, Nelson, New Zealand, will supply copies of New Zealand

Railways Magazine and New Zealand timetables for 15c. each.

A. P. SITZER, Rm. 154, Pennsylvania Station, New York City, wants to exchange photos, interested in NYC and NYNH&H.

W. E. MOORE, 3670a Shaw Ave., St. Louis, Mo., has old Baldwin photos to trade for new builder's photos of later than 1920; wants MoP pictures.

W. R. HELLER, 1232 Jackson Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, has many postcard photos of B&O, Erie, W&LE and Pennsy 0-8-0 for sale at 10c. each; wants snaps of DT&I.

H. D. BARROWMAN, Railroad Y. M. C. A., St. Louis, Mo., has large collection, sizes 4 x 7 to 6 x 14; will furnish big list for 5c.

J. A. LEWIS, 509 Third Ave., West Haven, Conn., wants New Haven 1000, 1100, 1200, 1500 series and local ten-wheelers out of Boston. Also engines of the old Meriden, Waterbury & Connecticut River R. R.

J. M. KUCZKO, 88 Houston St., Newark, N. J., has few photos for sale, list free.

P. B. PATTERSON, 2573 Cabot, Detroit, Mich., has just returned from a trip on which he took photos of many narrow gage roads; send for details.

D. SCHOCH, 3997 South Budlong Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., wants to exchange, not buy, modern photos.

R. J. FOSTER, 625 N. 8th St., E. St. Louis, Ill., has large collection of 2½ x 4¼ of many railroads around St. Louis, for trade or sale at 10c.; send for list.

L. S. GILLUM, 519 Claremont Ave, West Chicago, Ill., has snaps of C&NW to exchange for narrow gage photos; especially wants FC&G, B&NW, and B&W.

E. F. DUNLAP, 5203 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill., has 7 Illinois Central Magazines and 5 old Railroad Man's Magazines for sale at $2.50; has many clippings.

E. BARLOW, 52 E. Highland, Sierra Madre, Calif., will pay any reasonable price for Santa Fe Consolidation, Decapod and Articulated engines.

G. LOKE, 1 Fabre St., Sherbrooke, Que., Canada, buys or trades railroad photos of any sort; has mostly Quebec Central and Canadian Pacific; specializes in trains in motion.

B. MASTROW, 747 No. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill.

M. DUNCAN, General Delivery, Retsil, Wash., will sell Mallet drawings for 5c. each; has newspaper comic strip; will send week's supply for 10c. in stamps.

F. CONAT, St. Clair, Mich., wants electric engine photos; has many steam engine photos.

L. M. STANLEY, 902 W. 53rd St., Los Angeles, Calif., will sell or exchange pen and ink drawings of locomotives and trains.

E. W. WAY, 5 Virginia Rd., Bellerose, L. I., N.Y.

L. J. CIAPPONI, 1510 98th Ave., Oakland, Calif., has pictures of every railroad operating in California since 1926.

WM. CLIFFORD, 220 Miami St., Buffalo, N. Y., interested in all types of engines.

G. MERCER, St. Marys, Ont., Canada.

F. O. KELLEY, R.F.D. No. 6, Topeka, Kan., will exchange good 2½ x 4 photos of UP 9000 class for other photos, either modern or old-time.

L. W. MILLER, Valparaiso, Ind., has 2¼ x 4½ snaps of Pennsy and Nickel Plate.

G. B. SLINGERLAND, Box 60, Ticonderoga, N. Y., is interested in old-time photos in Colorado.

W. D. STOWMAN, 7444 Forrest Ave., E. Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., has 2½ x 3¼ snaps of Reading camelbacks for trade or sale at 5c. each.

C. P. MATTY, 8 Butternut St., Lyons, N. Y., buys railroad calendars.

L. G. ADEN, Box 445, Granville, Ill., wants photos of OR&C, O&K, OR, OS, F&C, Big Four 4-4-0 types and any 4-4-0 of old CH&D, TF, MC, BC, CR, D&R, T&G, P&NW, RCBH&W, L&E, U&N, V&T, IV, and WA.

W. W. ADAMS, Verona, N. D., has Oct., 1923, and Oct., 1924, issues of Baldwin Locomotives for sale, also 115 good clippings from locomotive magazines.

F. B. NEWTON, 3421 Burt St., Omaha, Neb., has a few UP photos to trade for Pennsy or WM old-timers.

W. J. MOORE, R. D. 1, Box 72, Lincoln University, Pa., interested in timetables; write.

C. A. FELTES, 2026 Cullom Ave., Chicago, Ill., collects transfers; also photos.

R. O. WATERS, DeWitt, N. Y., interested in only interurban electric photos, 8 x 10 preferred; can supply this size in abandoned New York interurbans; wants especially Cleveland & Erie, Cleveland Southwestern, WB&A, THI&E.

W. B. COX, 7259 Phillips Ave., Chicago, Ill., will buy, sell or trade photos of heavy interurban cars.

R. W. SPRANG, 1007 E. State St., Fremont, Ohio, is especially interested in wreck and freak pictures; will sell pen and ink drawing of UP 9000 class or will draw a locomotive from photo for reasonable price.

B. H. BAAKE, JR., R.F.D., Fullerton, Md., wants transportation tokens, U.S. and foreign; will pay fare rate and postage.

M. REYNER, 215 Wesley St., Petoskey, Mich., has small prints of Pennsy and Pere Marquette at 6c. each, also 100 engine numbers for photos; write.

I. SELAND, 4212 Russell Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn., has 250 different kinds of street car transfers for best offer.

W. A. BROWN, 1713 Jefferson Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., has employees' timetables; will swap duplicates; especially interested in terminal timetables in Chicago and Belt Lines around it.

T. W. SOLOMON, Box 126, Headland, Alabama, will paint pictures at $4.50 each including frame and mailing, size 14 x 28. Also a few ACL photos at 8c. each.

E. WEBB, 1705 Woodlawn Ave., Logansport, Ind., will draw cartoon of yourself in cab, 3 for 25c. Letterheads of big roads 5 for 10c.

## Book for Railroad Fans

Railroad fans who want a handy volume of reference would enjoy "Trains, Tracks and Travel," by T. W. Van Metre, professor of transportation, Columbia University, with hundreds of illustrations, photos of motive power, rolling stock, stations, semaphores, bridges, etc. It is the most readable book of its kind we have ever seen, telling how American railroads operate, in plain language that even a child can understand. We recommend it as a birthday present for a locomotive engineer to give his son. Simmons-Boardman Pub. Co., 30 Church St., New York City; $3 a copy, 268 large pages, third edition revised up to Dec., 1931.

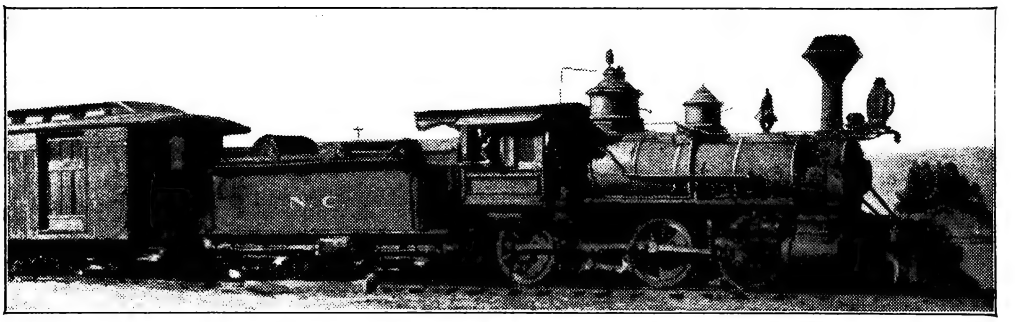


*Photo by R. L. Ives, 32 Laurel Pl., Upper Montclair, N. J.*

Baldwin Loco, Built in 1881, Still Running on the Nevada Central R. R., Three-Foot Gage

# On the Spot

THIS is essentially a man's magazine, with very little feminine interest. But we wouldn't drop "woman stuff" altogether, in fairness to the majority who like touches of railroad romance. The same applies to crime stories. Cutting out love and crime would be like single-tracking a great railroad system. The brothers are not all bachelors, and they're not "goody-goody."

Some object to sensational front covers. They argue that guns are out of place in this book. The argument sounds reasonable enough, so we made June and July covers without guns, by way of variety. But weapons were conspicuous in the Canyon War and in Jesse James's career; we used those subjects because they were authentic bits of railroad history.

One reader said: "Your covers should show views of famous American trains." That would be O. K. if the majority wanted 'em. But they don't! Comparatively few "rails" enjoy lectures or educational movies; they prefer thrills and excitement.

When a fellow goes to a news-stand, he naturally picks out what looks like good live reading matter—and we want him to pick RAILROAD STORIES every time! A train photo attracts engine picture fans, yes. But to the rest of the world it suggests merely a technical journal of limited appeal.

This book deals with the human side of railroading as well as the technical side. We welcome criticism. Always open to new ideas.

Right now we are trying an experiment for the benefit of those who don't like continued stories. "Washout!" is the first of a series of Dellinger novelettes, each complete in itself but all built around the same characters. Next month, "Mixed Orders." Tell us what you think of this experiment. Your letter will not be printed if you say, "Don't print it."

* * *

**Fiction of the Iron Trail**

The author of "Washout!" writes:

MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

All through the central Mississippi Valley is a constant menace of flood. If you have never driven through a swollen torrent, where bridges are buried and water swirls at the abutments, threatening always to break out the trackage and plunge a whole train into the river, you have missed a lot. On the Mop, the Frisco, the Katy, the U. P.

and the Santa Fe, floods have always carried terrorizing moments with them. Men on the Frisco down in the Marias des Cygnes bottoms, around La Cygne and Boicourt, often flag ahead of the trains, feeling with their feet for the washing of trackage. Much of it is backwater from swollen streams. Believe me, it's not a job for a baby to stay with!

Down on the Frisco, around Newberg, Mo.—which, by the way, gave me the idea for Belle Isle—old Jim Crain and the rest of the boys used to get out and steer crossties and logs off the track when the Gasconade and the Little Piney would come down in flood and pour enormous volumes of water into the narrow valley.

In the southern Ozarks I've seen creeks which ordinarily are mere threads of water, spread out over those sycamore-covered bottoms until they were a half mile or more in width and running like a millrace.

The love plot of "Washout!" is merely incidental. I should probably not have thrown it in, but for the fact that most of the railroad boys—until they pass the age where they are too old to be appreciative—have many and various entanglements with the fairer sex, often creating little hells of their own around the terminals where they live.—E. S. DELLINGER, Springer, N. M.

* * *

"Sidetrack the Old Ones" was Dellinger's best story. He certainly described the Frisco's Central Division. I was raised at Monett, Mo., and I know the Frisco fairly well.—BURT BLANKENSHIRE, 6103 Hecla St., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

"Iron Horses" was good, but the crookedness of Conductor Cal Dewberry rather spoiled the effect for me. I wish your authors would cut out the crooked stuff on the part of railroad employees.

You ask "Do readers want railroad love stories?" My answer is a loud and emphatic NO! Keep to informative articles and real railroad yarns, both fiction and true tales. But don't kick the girls out entirely. I could enjoy a story about a girl operator, but don't have her fall in love and wreck the whole works!

Give us lots of humorous stuff like "Boomers' Paradise." Roach certainly can put a carload of chuckles into a darned good railroad story.—LEWIS B. NEWCOMB, P. O. Box 75, North Scituate, Mass.

* * *

Leave out a lot of murder and violence, also "hashers" and trainmasters' daughters. In general, your serials are poor; I guess you know it yourself. Your greatest lack is humor. Put some laughs into RAILROAD STORIES. There is more fun in a round trip on a railroad than in any other occupation. I know it; I used to be a tallowpot.—P. F. BARRETT, 225 W. Centre, St., Shenandoah, Pa.

* * *

I don't like detective stuff because I can see enough of it in the movies.—EDGAR SILBAN, 124 E. Broadway, Port Jefferson, N. Y.

(EDITOR'S QUERY: How often do you see RAILROAD detective stories in the movies?)

## "Narrow Gage"

Just read "Narrow Gage," by C. F. Carter, in your July issue. I was born in the west end (upstairs) of the D. & R. G. depot at Ignacio, Colo., and brought up on five different D. & R. G. platforms. My father, D. O. Hatfield, went to work for the Rio Grande in 1886, five years after the line was completed to Durango, Colo. During the winter of 1886-87, while father was agent at Rockwood, Colo., the Silverton branch, the road was blocked for 92 days!

It is only three miles from Toltec Gorge to Osier, Colo. The rails were laid through the rock tunnel at Toltec, N. M., on July 2, 1881, the day President Garfield was shot, hence the Garfield monument at the west portal of the tunnel.

Bill Jenkens was section foreman at Osier in the early days. One day, after drinking too much, he raised the wrong rail of the western end of a reverse or S curve and a freight train went into the eastern end of Toltec Gorge. Some of the wreckage was still visible when I crossed there in 1926.

Jenkens was fired and he never got over his spite against the road. While I lived at Osier he tried to raise a car of a standing train and take the truck from under it. He liked railroad employees well enough, but hated the D. & R. G. He was postmaster, general merchant, saloonkeeper, deputy sheriff and justice of the peace, as well as owner of a strip of land six feet wide and some two or three miles long, on which he had constructed a rail fence with a toll gate close to his store. The postal laws say that a saloon and post office cannot be housed in the same building, so Jenkens's saloon was four feet lower than his store and post office building, so that made a separate roof and got around the law.—C. N. HATFIELD, Box 632, Cozad, Neb.

* * *

## R. R. Cat Cut off Pay Roll

"Texarkana Tom," the only cat to ever get on a railroad pay roll, has joined the great army of the unemployed. For four years Tom received $1.50 a month as a ratter around the Kansas City Southern warehouse at Texarkana, Ark. He is still on duty, but all he gets now for his trouble is the rats he catches.—R. E. WHITE, Foreman, G. T. W. R. R., Drayton Plains, Mich.

* * *

Daniel Livingstone, B. & M. crossing tender at Lawrence, Mass., has a new shanty mascot—a kitten he saved from drowning.

The animal had fallen into the North Canal in Lawrence, and was striving frantically to hold on to a rather smooth piece of bridge support. Livingstone covered a grappling hook with burlap and lowered it to within reach. The kitten sunk claws deep into the burlap and was drawn to safety.—T. M. H., Lawrence, Mass.

## Railroad Movies

The first story-telling picture ever made, directed by Edwin S. Porter for Edison and released in 1903, was a railroad story, "The Great Train Robbery." From then on the railroad has figured extensively as a background for motion pictures. Some outstanding ones were "The Iron Horse," "Thunder," "Other Men's Women," "Danger Lights," "Subway Express," "Road to Life," "Express 13," "Lightning Flyer," "Cannonball Express," etc.

During the current year we have had "Union Depot," a First National Picture; "Shanghai Express," Paramount; and "The Phantom Express," by Franklin & Stone.

"Murder Express" and "Murder in a Pullman" are now being made by Columbia, while Monogram is producing "The Western Limited." I have requested our reviewer to give me a note on each new picture that comes along with a railroad background. This information will be passed on to the readers of RAILROAD STORIES. —FRANK J. WILSTACH, Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Inc., 28 West 44th St., New York City.

* * *

## How About It, Brothers?

After giving 28 years to train, yard and engine service, I met with a non-railroad accident in Oct., 1931, severely injuring my spine. Confined to hospital for months; now convalescing and badly in need of a body brace, which would cost $50. If I could get that brace, it would enable me to earn a livelihood. Without it I am lost. Is there anything a crippled old ex-rail could do to earn the money to buy such a brace?—GEORGE W. SHANNON, 157 N. E. 3rd St., Miami, Fla.

* * *

## Illustrated Features

"Philippine High Iron" was good reading, but rather vague. In 1900 and 1901 I was stationed at Luzon in the Cavite office of the U. S. Signal Corps, also on a lighthouse tender which took in all lighthouses of the Philippine group.

Burning coffee in locomotives in Brazil sounds like an old story. Some 20 years ago in Iowa, when they had more corn than they knew what to do with, it was used as fuel on the C., B. & Q. Let us hear how other countries handle that problem.—C. K. PENINGTON, 2004 Brainard Ave., Cleveland.

* * *

Chapel's "From Pacific to Atlantic in 100 Minutes" (Feb. issue) sure brought back old memories, as I have soldiered in Panama. It made me kind of homesick for the tropics again. In January, 1921, I was in Troop B, 12th Cavalry, stationed at Corozal. We were transferred from Corozal to Empire some time in January by train. I think our train was the last one to cross and recross the canal. We crossed on bridge No. 57½, shown in the picture on page 336.—EDWARD D. HARMER, 1436 N. Madison Ave., Mason City, Ia.

* * *

Your July issue contained a switching puzzle. The answer in the magazine is all right, of course, but in order to save a little time, why not try this? Back the drag about 3 car lengths from where it is spotted in the picture, cut off car C, tie a binder on it and it is spotted. Then back out on the main, go up to the other switch, make a drop of car D, then back the engine in on the said car D and spot it at Tower A and the job is done. Is that too simple or was it supposed to be done the longest way round?—GREY STARK, Buffalo, Kans.

* * *

## Old Copies of This Magazine

Am a brakeman cut off of the Choctaw Division of the "Katy" out of Denison, Texas. Would like to obtain the Dec., 1929, Jan., 1930, and March, 1930, issues of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.—A. E. MAUPIN, 201 Metropolitan Bldg., Muskogee, Okla.

* * *

I have copies of your magazine from Jan., 1930, up to the present issue, except for Jan. and Feb., 1932. First $3.50 takes the whole lot. Will not sell single copies.—E. W. REITER, Shelly, Pa.

* * *

Want to buy a copy of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for September, 1916. Also other old issues of RAILROAD MAN'S—what have you?—A. E. MILLER, 3448 33rd Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

Would like to buy old numbers of RAILROAD MAN'S. Tell me what you have before sending any copies.—WM. CLIFFORD, 220 Miami St., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

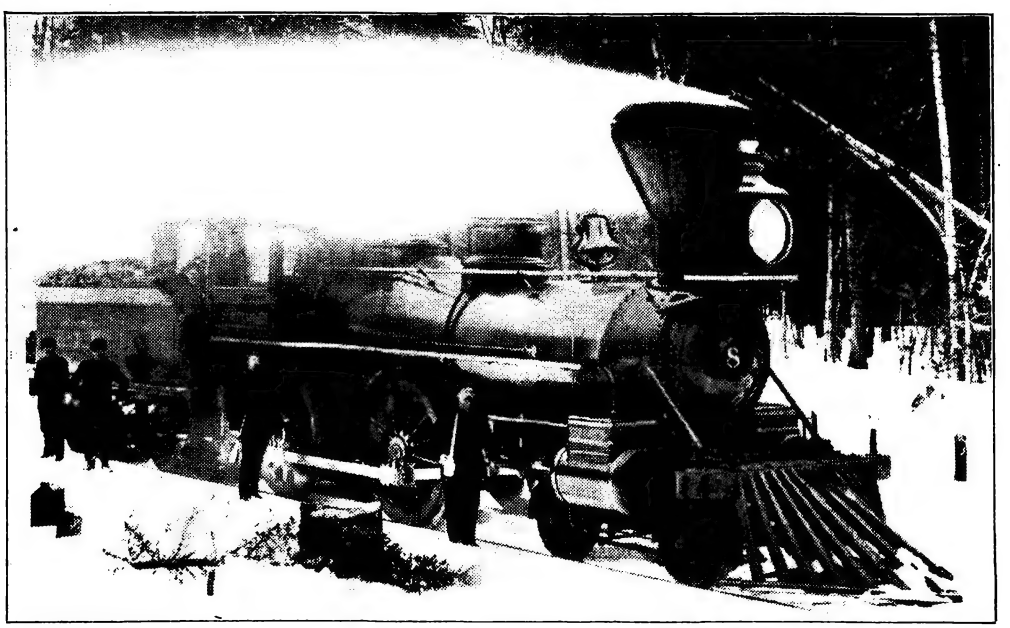
Who will sell me a copy of RAILROAD MAN'S for April, 1930?—F. O. KELLEY, R. F. D. 6, Topeka, Kan.

## In the Maple Leaf Dominion

I would like to hear from fellows working on the Kettle Valley between Midway and Penticton, B. C., or Penticton and Brookmere. I am more interested in that stretch of the C. P. R. than any other section. Can any reader tell me about their motive power, past and present?—DOUGLAS MURDOCH, Box 113, Trail, B. C.

* * *

You seldom print stories concerning the signal end of railroading, which is very important and deserves more attention. There are many untold tales of the signal maintainer who is called at midnight to struggle miles through a blinding blizzard, so that the fast night mail will not be unnecessarily stopped and perhaps



*From Collection of Jos. McLish, 80 Bernard St. W., Montreal*

The Old "Sir Hector Langevin" (Named from a Quebec Prime Minister) on the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R., Now Part of the C. N. R. Photo Made in 1886 near Roberval, Que. Second from the Right Is the Hogger, the Late Jos. McLish. His Son, a C. P. R. Brakeman, Loaned Us This Picture

be unable to start again. I, myself, have made such excursions both on the B. & M. and the C. P. R. Believe me, the game isn't for weaklings! —C. H. CAMERON, 580 Anneth St., Toronto, Ont.

* * *

Charlie Hogan on the New York Central's 009 made the fastest time run some years ago. If I am not mistaken, his engine was renumbered 1086 a few years after—can any reader tell me why?—O. J. WRIGHT, Ex-Hogger, Lavenham, Man.

* * *

"Canada's First Railway," by Earle Davis (June issue), was fascinating to me, as I live beside the old roadbed. In 1850 this road ran between Joliette and Lanoraie, and the engine "Dorchester" was in use on it.—MARCEL COTE, Lanoraie Station, Joliette, Quebec.

* * *

Can any reader give me information about Wm. Connell, age about 38, height 6 feet? Lived at North Bay, Ont., till about 1920-23. Served with the 58th Broad Gage Railroad Operating Co. in France during the war.

Also would like to locate Sergt. Major Black and other buddies who served with the railroad operating division in France.—JAS. F. BYRNE, Greensburg Ave., East McKeesport, Pa.

* * *

There is a trackside grave—of a section foreman, I believe—near Windsor, Ont., on the right-of-way of what was the Grand Trunk. One stormy night as he was walking homeward along the track, he was struck by an engine. The crew did not know about it until next day, when the body was found. They buried him near his home. —F. R. AMBROSE, 133 Sheppler St., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Regarding a comment by C. W. Gross, Bryan, Ohio, on the longest mileage under one superintendent: The Soo Line's Winnipeg Division out of Thief River Falls, Minn., has 720 miles, including the Thief River terminal, all under one supt. For verification address the div. supt. there. —H. JACKSON, 1529 58th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I get two copies of RAILROAD STORIES every month and clip the pictures for scrapbooks. I have tried a lot of hobbies, but this is the only one I really care for. I take my books around and show them to my friends.—W. EFFEMEY, 411 Symington Ave., Toronto, Ont.

* * *

## Answering Mr. Chase

In the July "Spot" department Anthony Chase told about a Santa Fe engine hauling 21 heavy steel cars five miles. Think I know of an instance which beats that.

Two years ago, en route from San Francisco to Chicago, I took Western Pacific No. 2, "The

Scenic Limited." We left the W. P. mole at Oakland, behind engine 106 with fourteen cars, six of them sleepers. This was merely a start. The next evening, pulling out of Salt Lake City, we had a train of TWENTY steel coaches, including ten Pullmans and two diners. Engine 1701 of the Denver & Rio Grande Western was on the head end.

The following morning at Minturn, Colo., we hooked on one of the D. & R. G. W. monster freight engines, the 3625, to help the 1701 over Tennessee Pass, 10,240 feet above sea level. I timed the train climbing "the hill." It took just six minutes and 45 seconds for those two giants to haul the Scenic one mile while ascending the grade. The 3625 was cut off at the top of the hill—but the 1701 continued on into Denver, pulling that train from Salt Lake City to Denver, 745 miles, in 26 hours and 45 minutes.

Anyone who has traveled on the Rio Grande knows that the grades are nothing to be laughed at. For a 1700 class engine to pull a heavy train day in and day out over such a distance, speaks well for the D. & R. G. W. jacks.

Also, several years ago when the passenger business was good, it was a common occurrence for Burlington No. 2, "The Overland Express," to run solid 1,034 miles from Denver to Chicago with 17 to 23 cars.—HENRY D. RENNWALD, 2932 W. 64th St., Chicago.

* * *

Your July issue showed A., T. & S. F. 3719 hauling 21 cars. Can any reader tell if C. N. 6000 type or C. P. 2900 type could beat that record?—OLIVER MILLER, 351 Brock Ave. N., Montreal West, Quebec.

* * *

Regarding Mr. Chase's letter about the strength of the mountain type engine: Last summer C. N. R. mountain type engines hauled the "Transcontinental Limited" through the Canadian Rockies with a load of 18 steel passenger coaches on regular passenger schedule all summer. This train also kept on schedule one trip with 24 coaches! During a tour which passed through here I saw a Pacific type pulling 24 coaches!—L. H. HOMER, 1444 Harold St., North Battleford, Sask.

* * *

## "A Crooked Trail Through Hell"

Fraser's story, "A Crooked Trail Through Hell" (in the June issue), interested me very much because I rode over the Mt. Tamalpais & Muir Woods line in July, 1807, when it was only about a year old. At that time I took a picture of one of its locomotives, an old wood-burner named "Jos. S. Estland," also one of a Mill Valley R. R. locomotive at Sausalito station.—JAS. M. KIMBALL, 1363 E. Capital St., Washington, D. C.

* * *

You certainly got me interested in the Mt. Tamalpais & Muir Woods R. R. with that article in your June issue. I wish some reader would tell me how much rolling stock that road owned. That is, engines, passenger cars and freight cars. Where can I get information on the measurements of any of the jacks?—H. F. CRITTENDEN, 909 E. 26th St., Norfolk, Va.

* * *

I live only a few miles from Mt. Tamalpais and I saw that fire which Fraser described. I made several trips on that railroad and often met Engineer Johnson, who ran the engine up there.

The road, as you know, is no longer operated. It was sold to the United Commercial Co. of San Francisco. Rails were torn up and sold for scrap iron. Ties were sold for stove wood or fence posts—all but about 1,000, which were purchased by the students of Mt. Tamalpais High School and used for a huge bonfire in the school yard. The cars were burned and their iron sold for scrap.

The road had four engines, Nos. 4, 5, 7 and 8, all Shay geared, painted red with gold letters and numbers. No. 8 was the one Johnson ran through the fire. The 7 was caught by the fire on a siding and her cab and foot boards burned off. These engines were all towed in a freight train to Tiburon, Calif., except No. 4, which was hauled on a flat car.

The last move made on the Mt. Tamalpais road was when Engineer Johnson ran No. 4 up an incline onto a flat car. That old veteran had helped to build the road and he helped to tear it up!

The engines were stored in Tiburon yards for a while. Last year 5 and 8 were sold to The Six Companies, Inc., Boulder City, Nev. No. 8 is now there, helping to build Boulder Dam, and 5 will soon go. The 4 was cut up for scrap iron, while 7 is still lying in the yard waiting disposal. Another engine, No. 3, was sold to the Hetch-Hetchy R. R. 10 or 12 years ago.—W. A. SILVERTHORN, Engineer, North Western Pacific R. R., 442 Johnson St., Sausalito, Calif.

* * *

## "Hot Times on the Horny Toad"

Give us more stories by A. B. Clark. I enjoyed his "Hot Times on the Horny Toad." For several years I lived in San Marcial, N. M., and knew most of the railroad brothers he mentioned.—MRS. IRENE SHAW, El Centro, Calif.

* * *

Down on the Horny Toad Division of the Santa Fe, running out of San Marcial, was an engineer named Jack Lyons, better known as "Alkali Jack." One exceedingly hot night in June, 1907, a bunch of us rails were indulging in a friendly game of stud poker in Jess Harry's saloon. It had to be friendly, with three or four Mexicans in the game and the bartender standing guard

with his everready 45's. Everybody was comparatively sober, although the barkeeper was kept busy.

About 2 A.M. the swinging doors flew open and in walked Alkali Jack. He wore absolutely nothing on but a thin night shirt and a pair of sandburn proof sandals he had purchased from a Navajo squaw at Albuquerque! Jack had found it too hot to sleep, so he got up in quest of a cool place. Then he decided that what he needed most was a cool glass of beer, whereupon he walked five blocks from his home to the saloon.

After quenching his immediate thirst and lowering his temperature to a point where there was no grave danger of burning his crown sheet for want of something in his boiler, Jack climbed up on one end of the long stud-poker table and twisted his legs till he was sitting tailor fashion.

"Gimme a $10 stack of chips!" he bawled.

Well, he sat there till daylight rendered the arc lights useless, then double-timed it up the alley to his home. Afterward Jack said his good wife had not missed him from his bed. Such were the type of men who made railroading on that sun-baked desert unforgetable.—NED Y. MCCREA, 823 Reba Place, Evanston, Ill.

* * *

## Foreign Lands Heard From

My name was mentioned in "On the Spot" (April issue). Since then I have received about 70 letters from American railroad fans who wish to correspond with me, and so I thank you very much.—ERNST F. NASSAUER, Ohmstrasse 15, Munich 23, Germany.

* * *

A copy of your magazine came to my hands in a curious manner. Our town holds a collection day and a junk sale annually for the benefit of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. This event was held a few weeks ago and by buying a bundle of magazines I came in possession of one of yours dated December, 1929.

Being a railway man myself, employed by the London & North Eastern as a signalman, I was so delighted with the book that it has traveled round the depot here. I think everyone has become acquainted with it and all grades have found stories suiting their own tastes.

Can you introduce me to any "pen pals" who are interested in our methods of railroad work as I am interested in yours? Either sex will do, as long as they write English and can be relied upon to give correct information.—ROBERT SMITH, 4 Edinburgh Rd., Bathgate, West Lothian, Scotland.

* * *

RAILROAD STORIES finds great favor here in South Africa. It is on sale in every big town and the circulation is increasing as the paper becomes better known. It supplements our own *South African Railways Magazine*.

A locomotive of the 4-8-2 15CA class pulls our crack express, the "Union Limited," from Cape Town to Johannesburg, 961 miles, in about twenty-eight hours. As Johannesburg is 1,000 ft. higher than Cape Town and the train stops at about thirty different places, losing thereby about 3 hours, it can be seen that the running time is almost 40 m. p. h. The return journey is done in less than twenty-seven hours.—JOSEPH A. BRAND, care of Central News Agency, Ltd., P. O. Box 9, Cape Town, South Africa.

* * *

Insertion of my name in the International Engine Picture Club last January brought a gratifying response from more than a dozen collectors. Please note that postage to New Zealand is now 5 cents. Here is a photo of a class AB 4-6-2 type engine in use on the N. Z. Rys. This class is used extensively for passenger and fast freight. Ordinary freight is pulled by 2-8-0, 4-8-0 and 4-8-2 types. There are not many "Mikes" in this country.

Specifications of the AB class locomotives are: Weight with tender, 84¾ tons (English); total length, 62′ 4¼″; diameter of drivers, 54″; 20,000 lbs. t. f.; cylinders, 17″ x 26″; total heating surface, 1,148 sq. ft.; grate area, 33 sq. ft.; tank capacity, 3,500 gallons; coal capacity, 180 cu. ft.; working pressure, 180 lbs.

The picture on page 78 of your December, 1931, issue does *not* show the "first 2-4-2 type." Your caption is incorrect. In 1878 two of this type—named "Lincoln" and "Washington," respective-

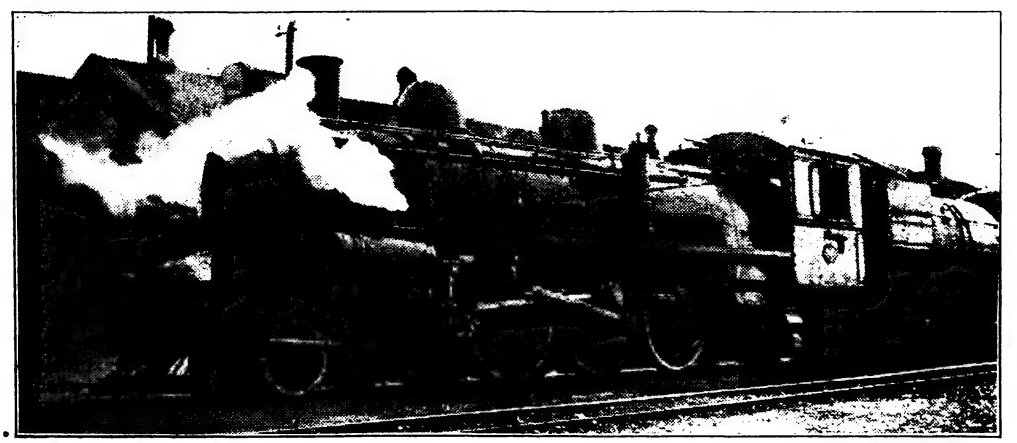


*Photo by H. E. King*

This 4-6-2 Type Wheels Passenger and Fast Freight in New Zealand

ly—were supplied to the N. Z. Govt. Rys. by the Rogers Locomotive Works, of Paterson, N. J., and I think more were supplied by the same firm shortly afterward.

They were real American-looking engines, having cab, lamp-bracket, fluted domes, etc., similar to the Houston & Texas Central engine pictured in your October, 1931, issue. They were even equipped with bells (which are not used in N. Z.). By the way, what are those engine bells used for?

The principal dimensions of the above engines were: Type, 2-4-2; class, K; cylinders, 12" x 20"; drivers, 48"; diameter of other wheels, 30"; weight (with tender), 42½ tons; 4,500 lbs. t. f.; heating surface, 589 sq. ft.; grate area, 8.8 sq. ft.; tank capacity, 1,250 gallons; gage, 42" (the gage of all lines in N. Z.).

I agree with some of your correspondents that if we wanted murder and gangster stories we would buy other magazines instead of RAILROAD STORIES. I prefer fact articles such as "The Battle of the Gages," "Sandy River Blues," "Canada's First Railway," etc. Give us more of them.—F. H. E. KING, care of State Forest Service, Nelson, New Zealand.

* * *

## Abandoned Pikes

I am interested in the old Colorado Midland. Several worn-out engines from that road are now in Portland, Ore. A firm in that city deals in railroad equipment. Go to the end of Sheridan St., Portland, and you can see C. M. engines which have been there since that famous road was junked.—A. R. HOPFER, Box 1048, Medford, Ore.

* * *

"Abandoned Railroad Projects" (April issue) was interesting. I have often seen the South Penn's unfinished bridge across the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, Pa. Have also walked along an abandoned right-of-way stretching from York, Pa., along the Codorus Creek to its junction with the Susquehanna, about 17 miles. The grade was perfect, even to the abutments for a bridge across the creek at one point, but no tie or rail had ever been laid. I was told that was part of the South Penn project.

At a point where this South Penn was to cross the Pennsy, I saw a man with shovel and wheelbarrow working leisurely. I was told *that was the way the owners of the franchise kept the "road" occupied!* I have heard the franchise runs for a short period, and I know it was renewed about 1906 or 1907.

Perhaps some old-timer will recall this little incident on the W. M. back around 1906: The Western Maryland has a 15-mile branch running into York, paralleled by a Pennsy branch in the city. There are several crossovers between the two roads in the city to facilitate interchange switching. I used to work in a shop right by one of these crossovers where I could observe most of the train movements.

One afternoon the W. M. switch engine came up to the crossover and waited. It was an old-time road engine of the 2-6-0 type, I believe old No. 19. Soon the Pennsy switch engine came up with their big wrecker and turned it over to the W. M. crew.

After considerable effort the little goat got the big hook rolling up grade, but when they got half way to the wreck a cylinder head blew out and the Pennsy had to send an engine up to move the wrecker on. The wreck was on the main line near the junction.—FRANK B. NEWTON, 3421 Burt St., Omaha, Neb.

* * *

Print more about the small roads that are going out of existence or being swallowed up by larger pikes.

"By the Light of the Lantern" for June mentioned the Pomeroy & Newark R. R. (P. R. R.—P. & N. Branch). Following is an extract from a newspaper clipping: "John F. Leech was the first P. R. R. ticket agent appointed in the country districts and his position at Pomeroy, in 1870, was as second-class ticket agent. His salary was $15 per month, plus $1 for each car unloaded at Pomeroy warehouse. Cars were not so many in those days, but after the building of the Pomeroy & Delaware City Branch, about 1872, freight business began to boom with the transfer of freight cars from Pomeroy down the branch. A controversy arose, Mr. Leech insisting that he was entitled to the $1 bonus on each car and eventually won. His bonus sometimes exceeded $150 a month besides his salary . . . His brother, Lewis T. Leech, was first mail clerk on the P. & N. passenger trains."—LAWRENCE WOOLSTON, JR., Devon, Pa.

* * *

## Electric Fans

Why not give us "electric fans" a break? Plenty of "juice" lines are real railroads. For instance, the Illinois Terminal System has sleeper service, while the Chicago, South Shore & South Bend and the Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee have parlor-buffet and parlor car service. Let's have an electric department with plenty of pictures. Come on, "juicers!" What do you think about it?—M. A. MACHANIC, 1414 Devon Ave., Chicago.

* * *

Ask some of your fiction authors to tell stories about electric roads.—JAMES N. SMITH, 1813 McCulloh St., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

You ask: "How about trolley cars?" The answer is YES!

There are just as many thrills in electric car lines and subways as can be found on steam lines. I have been an I. R. T. commuter for many years and have seen and heard much excitement on the subways and elevated lines of this city. Has a 16-inch water main ever broken and flooded a steam railroad tunnel the height of rush hour? If Arthur Davis ever comes to New York, I'll be glad to take him over the I. R. T. After seeing it in operation, he'll change his mind about it not being a real railroad.

I understand it is a regular occurrence out in Ohio and Indiana, where interurban lines parallel steam railroad tracks, for electric cars to catch up with steam-trains going in their direction and leave them behind in clouds of dust.

Well, here's wishing you steam railroad fellows would speed up your trains, so the buses and

trucks have a little competition, at least. I agree with Phil Peterson—let's have some trolley stories before the cars become a memory.—ROBERT BANKS, 6 W. 77th St., New York City.

* * *

I was surprised to read the letter of A. R. Davis in your July issue. His attitude toward the trolley car is unfair. Railroaders—electric and steam—have two common enemies, the truck and bus. How will we get fair legislation concerning trucks and buses if there is conflict between the men who pull the throttle and those who pull the controller?

To those who support the trolleys in this debate, I shall say that you support an industry as worthy of praise as the steam railroads. Let us not forget that the trolley has done more to develop the rural sections around many of our cities than the steam railroads could have done.

Therefore, welcome the trolleymen into our midst. When we say "RAILROAD STORIES," think of a magazine for ALL railroaders.—JAMES P. SHUMAN, 712 N. Plum St., Lancaster, Pa.

* * *

## The Old Portland & Ogdensburg

I read O. L. Bourn's comments on the old Portland & Ogdensburg R. R. In June "On the Spot." He must have the P. & O. confused with what is now the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain R. R. running from Swanton east to St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Unless I'm mistaken, the old P. & O. was built from Portland, Me., west through the mountains to Bartlet, Fryeburg, Glen, Willey House, Crawford Notch, Fabyan and Twin Mountain to St. Johnsbury, 131.26 miles from Portland, and was owned and operated by the P. & O. until leased thirty-odd years ago by the Maine Central, who now operate it as their Mountain Division.

Mr. Bourn says he thinks this road never extended east of Lyndonville, Vt. Lyndonville is several miles away from this region and is on the B. & M. He says the old P. & O. made a connection with the M. C. at Lyndonville or thereabouts, but this would have been impossible, I believe, unless he has confused these two roads —the P. & O. and the St. J. & L. C.—LINWOOD W. MOODY, Union, Me.

* * *

I enjoy your true stories very much. Have no use for fiction, or anything pertaining to a lie. Fiction is certainly one big whopper.

O. L. Bourn, of Los Angeles, said in the June number that the real promoter of the Portland & Ogdensburg was Governor E. G. Fairbanks. Wrong. There never was a governor by that name. Governor Horace Fairbanks was elected in 1876 while attending the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

Mr. Bourn said road was a misnomer, for it ended more than 100 miles from either place. That also is wrong. It started from Portland. The Vermont Division started from South Lunenburg, Vt., and was built to Swanton, Vt., where it connected with the Central Vermont. There never was a race between the P. & O. and the C. V., as the C. V. had been built years before. —WILLARD J. CARLYLE, 517 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

## A Head-On in 1888

How many Union Pacific veterans remember the head-on in Wyoming at Milepost 91 on the old Cheyenne & Northern, when Conductor Hader, Engineers Christ, Mattison and Brooks, a fireman and a brakeman lost their lives? This occurred at noon on Decoration Day, 1888.

A stock train coming south on the night of May 29 got a couple of cars off in Jessups Cut on account of soft track and the crew were trying to get them on. When No. 71, the regular mixed train, got to Chug Water, the dispatcher sent my father—who was the operator there at that time—a message to have Conductor Hader cut off his engine at Bordeaux, the next station, and flag to Jessups Cut and find out what in the devil was holding that stock train.

Bordeaux being the dinner station, 71 pulled on to Bordeaux and left her train and the few passengers eating dinner. Hader and his brakeman climbed up in Mattison's engine, the 572, and headed on up the hill, going 25 miles per hour.

Meanwhile, the stock extra had rerailed its cars and was coming down the hill at 25 miles per hour to get into clear at Bordeaux for 71. The cover picture on the June RAILROAD STORIES tells what happened.

Chippy Heenan, tallowpot on 572, had just put in a fire and had stepped to the gangway to watch his own smoke roll out of the old diamond-stack, but saw the other fellows' smoke drifting around the shoulder of the hill. Brooks's tallowpot had put in fire to hold steam on the trip into Bordeaux. Heenan glimpsed the smoke, uttered a wild yell, and unloaded. The head shack on the stock extra saw Heenan's smoke and he, also, unloaded.

Mr. Heenan is still alive and is a retired U. P. engineer, living in Cheyenne, Wyo. D. W. Brice, now a banker living in Wheatland, Wyo., was the operator at Bordeaux who sent the message to Cheyenne reporting the wreck. Mr. Brice finds time to read RAILROAD STORIES after a busy day in the bank.—N. D. Foss, ex-pumper, C. & S., Platte County, Diamond, Wyo.

**WE get more letters and poems than we can find space for. Don't be disappointed if yours is crowded out.**

**Please send us the coupon (page 286) stating your choice of stories, features and departments. Or tell us on a separate sheet of paper. Expressions of opinion help greatly in making up the magazine.**

# ENGINE PICTURE CONTEST

## $200.00 in Cash Prizes and 25 Free Subscriptions

THREE scrambled photos are printed on these two pages: (1) Timken roller-bearing locomotive, built by Alco, (2) Baldwin N. J. Central tank type, and (3) Erie 2-8-4, built by Lima. Three other scrambled pictures appeared in June, three in July, three in August. Twelve in all. Cut out and assemble the pieces. For the best complete sets sent to us, 33 prizes will be awarded:

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25 other prizes, each a year's subscription to RAILROAD STORIES.

### *Rules of Contest*

(1) Everybody eligible except Frank A. Munsey Co. employees and their families.

(2) Cut out all pieces of the 12 engine pictures. Put them together as correctly as you can. Paste them on paper, one or two on a sheet. Save sheets until set is complete. Send us all 12 pictures at the same time.

(3) Write, print or typewrite your name, address and occupation on the back of each sheet. It is not necessary to title the pictures, but you may do so if you prefer. Do not write a letter.

(4) Awards will be based upon accuracy, neatness and ingenuity in presentation. Don't be too elaborate. Simplicity is best.

(5) Address Contest Editor, Railroad Stories, 280 Broadway, New York City. All entries must reach this office not later than 5 p. m., Sept. 30, 1932. Those that arrive marked "postage due" are not eligible. No entries will be returned.

(6) Any contestant may send in as many sets as he or she wishes, but nobody can win more than one of the prizes. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

(7) No preference given to contestants with railroad experience, nor to our subscribers. It is not necessary to buy Railroad Stories. Contestants may copy or trace the cut-out pictures and assemble their entries from the copies they have made.

(8) Decisions of this board of judges must be accepted as final: Freeman H. Hubbard, Managing Editor, Railroad Stories, and G. H. Burck, Associate Editor; W. H. Winterrowd, Vice President, Lima Locomotive Works, Inc.; H. J. Downs, American Locomotive Co.; C. E. Chambers, Supt. of Motive Power, Central R. R. of N. J.; Joseph Lavelle, who has one of the world's largest engine picture collections; and M. B. Richardson, Associate Editor, Railway Age, Mechanical Department.

# The Boomers' Corner

'LD like to hear from old-timers of .e S. P.'s Salt Lake Division of 1920. )stling at Ogden, Montello and Corlin. lown more roundhouse doors and put )ts through the wall than any other on the division. Tell Bill Weir, , that I haven't found an engine fast for me yet—and I have run 'em on es of the pond.—PAT MONAGAN, 420 ne Ave., Palo Alto, Calif. (J. M. & )

* * *

e been somewhat of a boomer as an man, with depot work in three cities senger on five roads.

interested in the news in your June the death of Engineer Charles E. on of the "Erie Limited." On that naiden trip, June 2, 1929, I was ex-essenger from Chicago, Ill., to Sala-N. Y. I do not remember Engineer on as being on this first trip, but I l how surprised we were at being de-)ver the B. & L. E. from Shenango to le, due to a tie-up on the Erie. For we were about 50 minutes off the advertised, but we nearly made it up before reaching Salamanca.

Mr. Thompson was on the Erie Limited westbound, one morning when we stopped at Akron, Ind., due to injectors failing to pull water, and found the water pipe line from tank to boiler broke and tank empty. Of course, that meant fast work on the engine crew's part, not having repairs or water available. Also a delay and two switch engines pulling us to Hammond, Ind.—WILLIAM D. BOWMAN, 165 So. 7th St., Zanesville, Ohio.

* * *

I have worked on about 20 different roads, but am now out of the game. Would like to hear from my old pals of the rail.—JAMES F. LOWERY, 2nd Vice-Commander, Sawtelle Home Post No. 322, Los Angeles.

* * *

The Oahu R. R. of Hawaii gets most of its revenue from the pineapple and sugarcane business. This is seasonal, and not many men are used at other times. I would not advise any one to come here looking for a job.—JAMES L. GRAHAM, 1045 Spencer St., Honolulu.

# Railroad Rimes

WHILE waiting for answers to the question, "What is your favorite railroad poem?" we want to thank all who have contributed to this department. We get more songs and poems than we can find room for, but we're grateful just the same.

* * *

### A BOY'S WISH

**SUMPIN' grand that's what I'll be,**
**Not a doctor nor a priest,**
**Nor a one who fixes telephones,**
**Nor a man what drives a beast,**
**But sumpin' grand's what I want**
**To be and do round here**
**And say, I'll be in heaven**
**When I'm an engineer!**

—*Locomotive Engineers Journal,* clipped by A. H. CLARK, Boston, Ga.

* * *

The author of this poem, B. H. Terry, 239 N. Linden St., Sapulpa, Okla., must be a freight conductor, judging from the way he handles the subject:

### PUT THE HOGGER IN THE CRUMMY

**LET me sit on the right-hand side,**
**A-hold of the throttle and Johnson bar,**
**And make our rough wild hogger ride**
**At the other end on the old way car.**

**Just watch him try to stay in the hack**
**When I start the train with the air and the slack,**
**And hear him holler when his head I drove**
**Right in behind the crummy stove,**

**And as the train goes into the sag,**
**Knock him out with the slack in that drag.**
**And let him lay there on the floor,**
**Afraid to stand us, for fear he'd get more.**

**I'd head right in on the longest track,**
**And cut her off a long way back;**
**When the hogger walks in, to him I'd say:**
**"Well, how was the ride you got today?"**

Here are five verses of a poem requested by J. C. Dodds, Caledon, Ont., Canada:

### THE PENSIONED ENGINEER

**OUT to the shops on a storage track**
**Is an old sweetheart of mine;**
**She is battered and worn, faded and shorn,**
**The old Nine Forty-nine.**
**She was brand new when I was set up—**
**A beautiful sight to see—**
**And I was the proudest man on the line**
**When the M. M. gave her to me.**

**Today when I saw her there was nobody 'round,**
**So I spoke to my old time pal;**
**And I said in a voice that I knew she knew:**
**"How've they been treating you, gal?**
**The years have been long since last we met,**
**The going been mighty hard;**
**My name is now on the pension list**
**And you are in the discard.**

**"Things have changed an awful lot**
**Since the year of seventy-nine,**
**When we were pulling the fast express,**
**The finest train on the line.**
**All the old-time bunch are gone**
**That we knew, both you and I;**
**Let's hope they're on the pay roll**
**Of the Roundhouse in the sky.**

**"I'm sitting once more in your cab, old gal,**
**As I did in the days gone by;**
**Your lever bar is out of gear,**
**Your water glass rusty and dry.**
**But I'll be the fireman and engineer,**
**And I'll open your throttle wide;**
**And over the rails of memory**
**We'll go for one last ride.**

**"Over the rails of memory,**
**We'll have the right of way,**
**And head for the station of Auld Lang Syne**
**In the land of yesterday.**
**And as the mileposts of the years fly by**
**Sometimes we'll laugh, sometimes we'll sigh."**

—J. W. NEALON, in *Locomotive Engineers Journal.*

* * *

Would like the words of the poem entitled "The Train No. 3."—NICK LOIK, 3636 N. Osceola Ave., Chicago.

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